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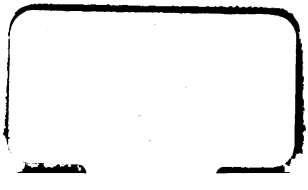
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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

ASTOR LIBRARY

VOL. XIX.

London:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset-House.)

1832.

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PREFACE.

HERE we are with our Nineteenth Volume complete. We do not carry it to Court to gain patronage, neither do we preface it with a costly dedication to a purse-pround patron; but we present it at the levee of the people, as a production in which the information and amusement of one and all are equally kept in view. We know that instances have occurred of authors tiring out their patrons. A pleasant story is told of Spencer, who sent the manuscript of his Faery Queen to the Earl of Southampton, the Mecænas of those days; when the earl reading a few pages, ordered the poet to be paid twenty pounds; reading further, another twenty pounds; and proceeding still, twenty pounds more; till losing all patience, his lordship cried, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined." We have no fear this will be our fate; especially as we strive to effect all that can be accomplished in our economical form to follow as well as direct the public taste.

Experience has taught us in the conduct of nineteen volumes of this Miscellany, that the most effectual method of conveying instruction, or aiding the progress of knowledge, is by combining it with amusement; or, in other words by at once aiming at the head and heart. The world is already too full of precept upon precept; and a smattering of principles is too often found in the place of practice. How can this order of things be improved but by setting forth duties as innocent pleasures, sweetening utility with entertainment, and garnishing fact with fancy. A man need not study Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations to become rich, nor seek the glories of nature in artificial Systems. But the contrary notion has probably given rise to the observation, that, "what the present generation have gained in head, they have lost in heart." It should not, however, be so, with the abundance of materials we have for social improvement.

We hope the reader has recognised the influence of these feelings in the many illustrations of men, manners, and times, which it has ever been our object to garner into the pages of THE MIRROR. Hence the traits of domestic life in all ages, and the tales and traditions of the family hearth, when pointed with a moral, receive our special attention. In this department, as well as in the playful fancies of poetry, in embellishing the softer sympathies of nature,—we have been materially

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aided by our Correspondents; to all of whom we proffer our best thanks.

In the present volume, the Public Journals of the day have not been disregarded; while sterling literature, of the *utile cum dulce* character, has been studied; and new books have been consulted, not so much for the purpose of exposing their defects, as exhibiting their perfections. Art has contributed its novelties; and the progress of Natural Science has developed many new beauties appreciable by every reader.

The ENGRAVINGS are somewhat more numerous than usual; in all numbering sixty-three; and they are accompanied by illustrative letter-press of concise, but we trust, entertaining character.

In Popular Antiquities we may mention Old Fishmongers' Hall, which has disappeared since the date of our last volume; the Castles of Pontefract, Wilton, and Dunheved, with traits of their historic lore; the Lady Chapel, in Southwark, and its changing history; Brighton about a hundred years since; the Arbalest, or Cross-bow explained with Cuts; Old Bankside, and the First Theatres; the venerable Melrose on the Tweed; St. Pancras (Old) Church; and the castellated palace of the Alhambra, in Spain.

Among the Architectural novelties are the Law Institution, in Chancery Lane; the Lowther Arcade, in the Strand; Staines New Bridge; and two scenes of the picturesque wonders of the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park.

In Zoology, the most popular study of the day, there are upwards of a score of novelties. Among them are a dozen Vignettes from the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, and in Surrey; and illustrations of Rare Arctic Birds observed during the last overland expedition to the Polar Sea, by Captain Sir John Franklin.

In the ensuing volume, we have determined upon enlarging our letter-press page; whilst a new and handsome type has been cast expressly for this work. By these improvements, as well as by the renewed vigour of our artists, and a like zeal on our own part, THE MIRROR will be found still worthy of its old friends, and attractive to new patrons. Its economy need not be again enforced, although in this respect, our contemplated alterations cannot but be received as additional points for the encouragement of a discerning public.

London, June 28, 1832.

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MEMOIR

OF

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES GREY,

EARL GREY, K.G.,

FIRST LORD OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY, &c. &c.

DE BON VOULOIR SERVIR LE ROI.—*Family Motto.*

THE family of GREY—the Greys of the North, as they are styled distinctively from the Greys of the South,*—is of Saxon origin.† They have held manors in Northumberland from the earliest records to the present time. The direct founder of the present branch was Baron Grey of Werke, ennobled by James I. and advanced to the earldom of Tankerville by William III. which titles became extinct in 1710; and the heiress carried the estates by marriage to Charles Bennet, Lord Ossulston, who was, in consequence, created Earl of Tankerville, in 1714.

The father of Earl Grey was Sir Charles Grey, who entered the army at an early age, had a command in the American war, and commanded in chief the military forces in the expeditions against the French West India Islands, the successful result of which was the annexing of Martinique, St. Lucie, Guadaloupe, &c. to our empire. He married, in 1762, Elizabeth, daughter of George Grey, Esq. of Southwick, in Durham, (of a different family,) by whom he had five sons and two daughters. He was created Lord Grey of Howick, in 1801; and Viscount Howick, and Earl Grey, in 1806. He died in the following year, and was succeeded by his son, Charles, second and present earl.

Mr. Grey was born March 13, 1764, and educated at Eton, in the same class with the late Mr. Lambton, (father of the present Lord Durham,) Mr. Whitbread, and others, with whom he afterwards acted in political life. He was then sent to King's College, Cambridge, where he displayed first-rate abilities. On his leaving the University, he set out on the tour of Europe, though only eighteen years of age. In Italy, he was introduced to the late Duke of Cumberland, in whose household he obtained an appointment. He returned to England in 1786, and soon after his arrival, was, by the interest of his family, returned to parliament for the county of Northumberland, when he joined the Whigs, it has been stated, to the surprise of his family, whose principles were those of Toryism.

At a subsequent general election, as an expensive contest was expected for Northumberland, Mr. Grey declined nomination, and was returned to parliament for Appleby, which borough he represented till his succession to the peerage. In the House of Commons his great talents soon shone forth; and,

* Wilton Castle, on the Wye, was for several centuries the baronial residence of the Greys of the South, who derived from it their first title, and became its owners in the time of Edward I.—See *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 305.

† The barony of Werke was given to the family of Ros, Barons of Hemsley, in Yorkshire, by Henry I. for the service of two knights' fees, and was in their possession till 1399; but in the next year was found to belong to Sir Thomas Grey, of Heton. It gave title of baron in 1622, to Sir William Grey, who died in 1674. The village of Werke, and its ruined castle, are all that remain of the possessions of the barony; the former consisting of a miserable cluster of thatched cottages; the latter of mere fragments of ashlar work, near its foundations and lines of its moat. The village stands on the margin of the Tweed: and the castle is celebrated in the border annals. Heton, of which we have just spoken, in Edward the First's reign, belonged to William de Heton; and in the next reign, to Sir Thomas Grey, captain of Norham Castle. Sir John Grey, of Heton, in 1420, was graced with the order of St. George, or the Garter; and from him the estate descended to the Tankervilles.

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in conjunction with Fox, Sheridan, Lambton, Ponsonby, and others, he maintained an intrepid opposition to the doctrines of that darling of fame, Mr. Pitt. Immediately after his entrance into Parliament, his discussion of the minister's important treaty of commerce, may be said to have established his reputation, by the force of his eloquence, as well as by the enlarged views which he seemed to have acquired of commercial relations; which knowledge is more frequently the result of gradual experience than of early attainment.

In these stormy times Mr. Grey ranked among the head and front of contending politics. He was appointed one of the managers of that magnificent political drama—the impeachment of Warren Hastings, when he displayed great acumen in that part of the accusation termed the Benares Charge.

In 1791, we find Mr. Grey taking the lead in a measure, which, in the language of a great orator (Burke) "shed a lustre on the character and humanity of the nation." The subject to which we allude, was the melancholy situation of those who were unable to satisfy the demands of importunate creditors, and consequently subjected to the operation of a rigorous code of laws. His observation in moving for a parliamentary committee to inquire into the present practice and effect of imprisonment for debt is worthy of quotation: "it was desirable to distinguish the unfortunate debtor from the knavish one, to place the creditor in that situation which afforded the fairest and the speediest means of compensation, and to regulate the jails of this country in such a manner as to prevent unnecessary hardship and restraint. Whether they considered the practice of confining for debt men who had no means of discharging such debt, or, on the contrary, fraudulent debtors, whose creditors by no process could compel them to pay; these circumstances were alone sufficient to constitute an inquiry into the state of the laws relating to debtor and creditor." This motion being acceded to, a committee consisting of Mr. Grey, Mr. Pitt, Sir John Sinclair, Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Martin, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, and other legal gentlemen, was immediately appointed. The origin of this inquiry is an indicative of the liberal policy of the statesman as it is of the humanity of the mover.

In 1792, Mr. Grey instituted an inquiry into the conduct of ministers with regard to the recently threatened hostilities with Russia. His animadversion upon the vacillating and ruinous measures of government were characterized by that fearless intrepidity, truth, energy, and eloquence, which have distinguished his political career. The motion for the inquiry was lost, though the powerful remarks of the mover drew from Mr. Pitt the following memorable confession: "All unlimited confidence is unconstitutional; and I hope the inglorious moment will never arrive, when this house will abandon the privilege of examining, condemning, and correcting the abuses in the executive government. It is the dearest privilege you possess, and should never be relinguished."

During the schisms occasioned in this country by the French revolution, Mr. Grey enrolled himself in a political society, called the Friends of the People. He also became a member of the Whig Club, then in the zenith of its celebrity. His active advocacy of the cause of a reform in parliament was equal within and without the house of commons. To quote one of his Lordship's most recent speeches, "In 1786 he had voted for reform. He had supported Mr. Pitt in his motion for shortening the duration of parliaments. He had given his best assistance to the measure of reform introduced by Mr. Flood, before the French revolution; and, on one or two different occasions, he had originated motions on the subject."* One of these was in 1793, when he presented a petition for reform and a shorter duration of parliament, from the Society of the Friends of the People: his motion for a committee was lost by 280 to 41. Another occasion to which his Lordship alludes, was in 1797, when he proposed, in his plan of parliamentary reform, to give to the county

* Speech on the second reading of the Reform Bill, in the House of Lords, Oct. 4, 1831.

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of York four new members; to divide each county into two districts, each returning a member. Copyholders and leaseholders were to have equal rights of voting with freeholders, as were all householders paying taxes in cities and boroughs; and parliaments were to be triennial. This motion was, however, negatived by 149 votes.

In 1795, Mr. Grey opposed with great firmness, Mr. Pitt's motion for the adjustment of the Prince of Wales's debts, and moved for the reduction of the Prince's income. He professed himself ready to support the real splendour of the royal family "as any slippery sycophant of a court;" but said he thought there was more true dignity in manifesting a heart alive to the distresses of millions, than in all those trappings which encumber royalty without adorning it. He asked whether the legislature should give an example of encouraging extravagance at a moment when the prevailing fashion of prodigality among people of fortune was rapidly destroying their independence, and making them the tools of the court, and the contempt of the people. He knew the refusal to pay his debts would be a severe privation to the Prince of Wales; but it would be a just penalty for the past, a useful lesson for the future, and a proper deference to the severe pressure and privations endured by the people." Mr. Grey's amendment was supported by what was then a strong minority—99 to 260; and the original motion carried: his conduct on this occasion seems never to have been forgotten by the Prince of Wales, the Regent or the King. It should here be mentioned, that, with equal justice, Mr. Grey subsequently defended the rights of His Royal Highness from the shackles proposed to be laid on him as Regent.

Mr. Grey's opposition to Mr. Pitt's measures continued unabated for many years, while he remained equally steady in his attachment to Mr. Fox. His bitter hostility to the union between Ireland and England may be said to have produced one of his most celebrated speeches. Neither was he dazzled, nor misled by the splendid talents of Burke, at this time in highest repute. When Mr. Fox was deserted by Lords Fitzwilliam, Carlisle, and other alarmists, Mr. Grey unchangingly adhered to him; and when Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville formed a Whig ministry, in 1806, Mr. Grey, then, by his father's elevation to the peerage, become Lord Howick, was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and one of the Cabinet Council. He next succeeded Mr. Fox as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and leader in the House of Commons. This ministry was ill-formed, and wanted unity of purpose: their abolition of the Slave Trade was a redeeming measure, in which Lord Howick bore a conspicuous part; but his lordship's motion for the emancipation of the Catholics brought about his dismissal from the ministry.

Lord Howick, soon after, by the death of his father, succeeded to the title of Earl Grey; and by the death of his uncle, Sir Henry Grey, to the family estate. Ill health, for a time, kept his lordship from public life: he retired with no place but that of a Governor of the Charter House, and without pension or sinecure. Upon the resignation of the Duke of Portland, in 1809, his successor, Mr. Perceval, proposed a coalition with Lords Grenville and Grey, which was at once rejected by the latter. In the following year, his lordship "felt it his duty to arraign and to expose the gross mismanagement of the government, and their repeated and dangerous misconduct," in Parliament. In the same session, he charged the lord chancellor (Eldon) with a crime little short of treason, in having set the great seal, in 1801 and 1804, to commissions for giving the royal assent to several bills, whilst the King was in a state of mental infirmity, under medical care, and subject to personal control. The motion was negatived by a majority of 189 to 64; "but Lord Eldon has not forgotten the accusation, or forgiven the mover."* In 1812, another attempt was made to bring Lord Grey, with Lord Grenville, into the cabinet; but this was rejected as promptly as before.

Lord Grey again retired to private life. In 1817, his lordship reappeared,

* Life and Reign of George IV. by William Wallace, Esq. 3 vols. 1831.

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and moved an amendment to the parliamentary address to the throne, urging rigid economy, retrenchment, and an inquiry into the state of the nation. In the same year he brought before the House of Lords, the notable circular of Lord Sidmouth for the prosecution of libels by magistrates. "It is a singular fact," observes an acute historical writer,* "that Lord Grey, on this occasion, made an able and erudite law argument; which all the law lords, including Lord Ellenborough, made vain efforts to refute; and which Lord Ellenborough had the manliness to eulogize;" notwithstanding which Lord Grey's motion for a copy of the opinion of the law officers of the crown was negatived.

During the trial of Queen Caroline, the wisdom-tempered zeal of Lord Grey ranked him amongst the most efficient, as he was the most eloquent, of her defenders: his lordship, in conjunction with Lord King, also made successive attempts, by motions, to quash the investigation.

To the administration of the Earl of Liverpool, it need scarcely be added, Earl Grey was thoroughly hostile: his aversion to the policy of Mr. Canning was equally decided; and the same independent spirit urged him to oppose the measures of the Wellington cabinet, except the memorable measure of Catholic Emancipation, by the proposal of which he had lost office in the year 1810. His lordship's eloquent efforts in this cause must be alive in the recollection of the reader.

We are now fast approaching the consummation of one of the grand objects of his lordship's political life. By the dissolution of the Wellington cabinet, in 1830, Lord Grey became at the head of the present administration. His first act was the introduction of the grand measure for parliamentary reform, which, for sixteen months past, has interested the whole population of this mighty empire. His lordship's emphatic expressions, on this occasion, are "familiar as household words." "He made it a condition on accepting office, that Parliamentary Reform should be introduced as a government measure. That condition having been assented to by his most gracious sovereign, by this measure he was prepared to stand or fall." Gratifying as would be the task, we need not detail the incidents of the last few months of his lordship's career. Our eulogium would be poor indeed, while nine-tenths of the journals of our country are perpetuating his good deeds; while his political integrity has become exemplary to every cabinet in Europe; and millions are about to burst forth in "the loud festivity of mirth" to celebrate the virtue of their popular minister.

Earl Grey married in 1794, Mary Elizabeth Brabazon, daughter of Lord Ponsonby, by whom his lordship has had a numerous family: the eldest son and heir apparent being Viscount Howick, born in 1802. In our outline of Lord Grey's public life, the reader may have observed his Lordship's fondness for the retirement of the domestic circle. This accords with his recent declaration in parliament: "he was fond of retirement, and in domestic life he lived happy in the bosom of his family. Nothing could have tempted him to embark on these stormy seas—

Bankrupt of life, but prodigal of ease—

nothing but an overpowering sense of the duty which he owed to his country." Even apart from political distinction, Earl Grey must be considered happy indeed; but honoured in public and cherished in private life, his pre-eminence is proud indeed. Shakspeare tells of the "divinity" that "doth hedge a king:" yet who would enjoy more than the consciousness of having been true to his sovereign, his country, and his honour.

* Life and Reign of George IV. By W. Wallace, Esq. 3 vols. 1831.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 528.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1832. [Price 2d.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

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SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

In our volume, just completed, we noticed the origin of this Establishment; and the annexed engravings report favourably of its progress. They represent

Two of the Entrance Lodges.

Another rustic building, the appropriation of which is not yet decided.

And a glazed circular building intended as a Refreshment room, but at present occupied by tropical birds, &c.

All three buildings are thatched, and they enliven the picturesqueness of the grounds, which, in a few months will form the most delightful promenade in the environs of the metropolis. Their extent, as we have stated, is about fifteen acres. Mr. Loudon, the intelligent editor of the *Gardeners' Magazine* objects to their plan, although, "speaking of the gardens as such, he is, on the whole, highly gratified with them. Their chief defect, at present, is a want of unity in the different scenes which come successively into view; that is, in proceeding along the walks, the different buildings and other objects, to the right and left, meet the eye with nearly equal claims to attention, and rather puzzle than delight the spectator. We call this a defect, because it may yet be remedied by planting. The object, in such a garden, ought to be, to lead the visiter to one scene after another, and to keep every scene so far distinct, either from that which has been just passed, or that which is next to come, as that its full unmingled expression shall be produced. At the same time, there ought to be just as much indicated of the coming scene as will excite curiosity and invite the stranger to proceed. The theory on this subject has been beautifully laid down by Morel and Girardin."

The Editor then proceeds to speak of the prompt and spirited manner, in which the buildings of the Surrey Gardens have been executed:—

"The London Zoological Society has certainly the merit of taking the lead in this description of garden; but Mr. Cross has not only proceeded more rapidly than they have done, but has erected more suitable and more imposing structures than are yet to be found in the gardens in the Regent's Park. What is there, for example, in the latter garden which can be at all compared with the circular glass building of 300 ft. in diameter, combining a series of examples of tropical quadrupeds and birds, and of exotic plants? In the plan of this building, the animals (lions, tigers, leopards, &c.) are kept in separate cages or compartments towards the centre; exterior to them is a colonnade, supporting the glazed roof, and also for cages of birds; within this colonnade will be placed hot-water pipes for heating the whole, and beyond it is an open paved area for spectators; next, there is a channel for a stream of water, intended for gold, silver and other exotic fishes; and, beyond, a border, under the front wall, for climbing plants, to be trained on wires under the roof. It is singular that the elevation of this building is almost a *fac simile* of the elevation which we made in May last for the hot-houses of the Birmingham Horticultural Society's garden; the only difference being, as it will afterwards appear, the addition, in our plan, of exterior pits, and of pediments over the entrance porches. The curvilinear sash-bars in Mr. Cross' building are of iron, by Brown of Clerkenwell, and the glazing is beautifully executed by Drake of the Edgeware Road."*

Notwithstanding the wintry aspect of the day, we found a group of visiters in this new curvilinear building, who were inspecting their mightinesses the lions and large quadrupeds. There were likewise family parties in the walks, and each of the rustic buildings had its visiters. One of the prettiest additions is a beaver-dam, with picturesque and tower-like crag for the larger specimens of the *Falco* tribe. The enclosures for Indian and other rare cattle also aid the interesting character of the whole scene. A long glazed building is likewise in progress for monkeys, who may thus disport their recreant limbs in an exotic atmosphere. Apart from these attractions, the grounds themselves have some of the most beautiful features of landscape gardening: they abound with what artists consider *bits* of the picturesque. The quadrupeds and birds must surely rejoice at their removal from the murky dens of Exeter 'Change to so delightful a region as the present, even slightly as it assimilates with the luxuriance and vastness of their native forests and plains.

Above all, we are happy to find that two eminent naturalists, Messrs. Swainson and Gray have become "honorary zoologists" to this Establishment: all the animals will be first submitted to their inspection, and the species accurately defined by them; so that the advancement of zoological science will be associated with popular gratification.

* Gardeners' Magazine, Dec. 1831.

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REVENUE AND DEBT

Of the principal States in Europe, 1829; *given from official documents, by President Von Malchutst, Minister of Finance to the King of Wurtemberg,*

	REVENUE.	DEBT.
Russian Empire	£17,420,000	£35,550,000
Austria	13,940,000	78,100,000
France	39,020,000	194,400,000
Great Britain	51,500,000	819,600,000
Prussia	8,149,000	29,701,000
The Netherlands	6,590,000	148,500,000
Sweden	2,170,000	
Norway	354,000	252,100
Denmark	1,238,000	3,729,000
Poland	1,306,000	5,740,000
Spain	6,420,000	70,000,000
Portugal	2,110,000	5,649,000
Two Sicilies	3,521,000	18,974,000
Sardinia	2,750,000	4,584,000
States of the Church	1,238,000	17,142,000
Grand Duchy of Tuscany	623,400	1,834,000
Switzerland	440,000	
Ottoman Empire in Europe	2,475,000	8,667,000
Bavaria	2,573,000	11,311,000
Saxony	1,009,000	3,300,000
Hanover	990,000	2,384,000
Wurtemberg	851,950	2,595,000
Baden	901,290	1,676,000
Hesse (Darmstadt)	537,260	1,184,900
Hesse (Electorate)	476,000	220,000

W. G. C.

SWIMMING.

(To the Editor.)

THE practice of swimming is so pleasurable, and so conducive to health, and a knowledge of the art of such evident utility, that it is strange that in sea-girt England we should possess no treatise on the subject at all commensurate with its importance. There is a large work on the subject by Bernardi, a Neapolitan, too voluminous and discursive for general use; and by being in the Italian language, a sealed book to the English reader. A translation of this work into German was reviewed in the 67th number of the *Quarterly Review;* and after the observations made by the reviewer, it was really to be hoped that *we* should before now have possessed some valuable translation of Bernardi.

Great numbers are deterred from attempting to acquire the art of swimming by the time which they know must be consumed, under the present system of learning, before the exercise can be so far learned as to make it a pleasant recreation.

The substance of Bernardi's practical theory appears to be, the "adapting the habitual movements of the body on land to its progress in water;" and it is attested by a commission, appointed by the Neapolitan Government to investigate Bernardi's system, that "the new method is sooner learnt than the old, to the extent of advancing a pupil in one day as far as a month's instruction according to the old plan."

My reason for addressing you is, that the appearance of this communication, or a remark of your own in your widely diffused periodical, may possibly meet the eye of some individual willing and able to clothe Bernardi in an English garb.

M. L. T.

The Sketch-Book.

THE HON. MRS. NAPIER.

"Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walked hand in hand with time."

You ask me for a single reminiscence of the olden time, which may challenge your sympathy for female suffering, and is as yet unhacknied. You shall have one.

The recent perusal of a file of old Newspapers has brought it freshly to memory, and if your sympathy can be excited by the recital of an event of a private nature, which gave occasion in its time to deep and heartfelt regret, and occurred towards the close of the revolutionary war; I will detain you for a few moments by reverting to the year 1780, and by taking you with me within the British lines at New York.

It is only an incident, I confess, but it is of a character to furnish a scene for the "mind's eye," an incident which, though it could never occupy a very prominent place upon the canvass, might prove itself a fine auxiliary, spreading a sweet and tender effect over the more distant parts of the picture. There are many similar events which seem fated to be lost in the rapid changes of feeling and the constant revolutions of business; many too that would give interest to the tale, and pathos to the ballad. It is not generally known that some of the élite of the English nobility served in this country during the revolution, but the fact may be ascertained by referring to the biographical notices which from time to time appear in foreign publications.

Many gallant young men, who were the only hope of their families, and made their first essay in arms against their transatlantic brethren, were doomed to fall at the onset of their career.

Some of the choicest blood of English chivalry bedewed the plains of Brandywine, and valour, birth and merit were alike an unavailing sacrifice in the struggle at Saratoga.

There was one distinguished family in England, which lost its head at this

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memorable battle, and in which the voice of weeping was heard upon the advent of its melancholy tidings. I allude to that of Sir Francis Carr Clerke, the aid de camp of general Burgoyne, who, although he possessed hereditary honours, and a fair estate in Lancashire, was at the age of twenty nine mortally wounded in the wilds of America, and now sleeps in an obscure grave near that of the unfortunate Frazer.

Several of our prints have lately copied an obituary of the Earl of Balcarras, who was also at Saratoga and had two remarkable rencontres with general Arnold, the one, when at the head of the British Light Infantry, he defended himself against his desperate valour, and the other when he subsequently refused to recognise him as an acquaintance at the court of St. James, even upon the introduction of the King himself.

He was one of the most important witnesses examined in relation to the military conduct of his commander, and his testimony is the most interesting part of the celebrated narrative of the Expedition. He is said to have been to the last, frank, communicate and hospitable, and to have abounded in anecdotes of his American campaign.

Perhaps he had not forgotten, and if he had, certain old matrons of Williamstown in Massachusetts have not, a scene which took place at the village inn, upon his march to Cambridge as a prisoner of war, and when for the gratification of female curiosity, Lord Napier, or himself, mounted a chair, and was exhibited by his comrades, notwithstanding his muddy and threadbare habiliments, as a specimen of a "real lord."

Be this as it may, we all know there is, or very lately was in existence a house in Wall street at New York, which, was long pointed out to the curious as the head quarters of the Duke of Clarence,* when he was a stripling officer under the command of Admiral Digby, and it would not be difficult to seat ones-self in the very same window seat in Brooklyn whence the veritable Earl of Caithness was wont with "half an eye" to watch the Union flying at the flag staff in the Fort, or "vertere in se," turn his glance upon his own regiment quartered on his own side of the river.

The late Earl of Harrington was also in America, a captain in the 29th foot, and a supernumerary aid of general Burgoyne. He was very soon exchanged, and in two years after, we heard of his surrender at discretion to the fair heiress of Brompton park. He has recently been most distinguished as the father of that eminent fop, Lord Petersham, the envy of Bond street and the pride of the pave. This sort of notoriety, though not exactly for the same reason was that which immortalized "Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley." The celebrated Lady Harriet Ackland, although we never could forgive her second marriage with Mr. Brudenell, (chaplain to the artillery) upon the major's being killed in a duel in England, has rendered herself for ever famous. The exhibition of her devotion to him amid the horrors of battle, and the tedious hours of sickness, has been celebrated by the classic pen of Burgoyne, as a "picture of the spirit, the enterprize, and the distress of romance realized, and regulated, upon the chaste and sober principles of rational love and connubial duty."

The baroness of Reidesel will also be long remembered, from the display of similar qualities; but there were many, very many others, some of them of equal rank, whose misfortunes in America had no such happy termination, who were exposed to similar privations, and encountered similar hardships, yet were fated to return no more to their native land.

I happened, I think it was in January, 1780, about the middle of the month, to be at Flushing, Long Island; of course I was too young to be a combatant, so I wandered about among my friends as circumstances directed; sometimes among the whigs and sometimes among the tories, having by the aid of friends in both armies a passport to the one or the other side. At this particular time, I observed a funeral procession of rather an extraordinary character. In its appearance it was partly civil and partly military. A carriage dressed in sable plumes was followed by a number of military men with the usual badges of mourning. They belonged to the 22nd, 38th, and 80th regiments; the latter Grenadiers. It proceeded in silence along the street, having started from a public house kept by a man of the name of Vanderbilt. I could not perceive any persons attending as principal mourners, although great grief was discoverable in the countenances of those present. Upon further inquiry I found that it was the funeral of the honourable Mrs. Napier, and that the corpse was now to be carried to the vault of lieutenant governor Colden at Springfield, whence, at a convenient opportunity, it was to be removed to England. She was only twenty three years of age when she died. Young and beautiful, she was the idol of her

* His present Majesty, William IV.

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family, which she had not hesitated to forsake, that she might follow the fortunes of her husband. He commanded a company of Grenadiers in the 80th regiment, and was the son of lord Napier, a Scottish nobleman.

If I mistake not, he had seen service with the army of Canada, and after its surrender to general Gates, was enabled by an early exchange, to retire with his wife to Long Island, for the benefit of her health. They had two daughters, one of the age of three years, and the other of two, who were the dear solace of their retirement. If it be true that

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of love,
> And feed his *sacred* flame."

the reunion of these young people must have been blissful.

An expedition to the southward was soon the unwelcome cause of their separation. They parted; and it was during his absence that this hapless woman became alarmingly ill. From this illness she never recovered. She was from the first sensible of her danger, and she felt a strong presentiment that she would see her husband no more; and for those to whom her heart instinctively clung with the affection of a daughter, she could only address her secret prayers, divided as she was from them, by the wide waters of the Atlantic.

Her two little girls were about to be thrown upon the charity of strangers, and as no one could foresee the issue of the expedition, in which their beloved father was engaged, she could not but fancy them orphans in a foreign land, far from every relative, and exposed to the thousand mischances that lie in wait for unprotected infancy. These distressing reflections would also seem to have been heightened by the consideration that it was very uncertain whether the king's troops would be able to maintain their position at New York. Anticipating the confusion of a retreat, and the hurry of an embarkation increased by the approach of danger, must she not have shuddered at the fate of these two little innocents destitute of every claim to protection but that of helplessness.

And then too, she was about to die in a foreign land! to mingle her ashes with a soil neither kindred to her heart, nor consoling in its associations. No gentle hand smoothed her dying pillow; no well known voice responded to her last sighs. What a moment for such a young and interesting woman. What agonies may we not imagine to have been her's? Her career of life, of rank, of honour, closing with circumstances so little befitting their proud claims. What horrors would we not naturally attribute to that hour of accumulating anguish, to that child, to that mother, to that wife? What wretchedness to that fatal moment which was about to sever their purest, freshest, sweetest ties? *Quite otherwise.* This admirable young woman, died with serenity and resignation. Religion shed its light upon her heart, and faith "that daughter of the skies," renewed her sinking spirit with life and hope. She fearlessly committed her infants to their father in heaven, and in the full assurance of a triumph over death and the grave, she gently yielded up her spirit to him who gave it.

Colonel Archibald Hamilton, who then resided at Flushing, and appears to have been a distinguished personage, connected with the Lothian family, immediately carried the children to his own home, where they remained until the return of their father, tenderly taken care of and cherished.

The feelings of that father upon his return are not for me to describe. Those agonies which affection may feel, but which are too sacred thoughtlessly to be portrayed, were on this occasion deep and withering. That cheek which toil and exposure had not yet blanched, was now pale with care and furrowed by grief.

I never learned what became of the children; whether they returned to their "ain countrie," to grow up to womanhood within the halls of Thirlstane, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," or early slept on the hill side of Selkirk, covered by the heath and shaded by the broom. Perhaps at this moment they live in a green old age, the chronicles of that fated period, when the mother country by her ill-starred policy threw away one of her brightest jewels. Individual suffering increased and rendered poignant beyond the usual lot of humanity, marked a contest which was founded upon unprovoked aggression.

And here was one of its victims, a sweet and modest flower, that was transported from its native bed, to sink under the stormy climate, and the rude winds to which her fate exposed her. Under other circumstance she might have lived to grace society and throw around her the influence of virtue, taste and education. But she was doomed to fall like the blossom from the tree.

(From the *Scrap Table*, a volume of pleasant sketches, published at Boston, North America.)

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Spirit of Discovery.

THE POISONED VALLEY.

At the Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held on the 28th ult., considerable interest was excited by an extract from a letter of Mr. Alexander Loudon, communicated to the Society by John Barrow, Esq. The letter contains the account of a visit to a small valley in the island of Java, which is particularly remarkable for its power of destroying, in a very short space of time the life of man, or any animal exposed to its atmosphere. It is distant only three miles from Batur, in Java; and on the 4th of July, Mr. Loudon, with a party of friends, set out on a visit to it. It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and, following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it, with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for the purpose of making experiments.—On arriving at the mountain the party dismounted, and scrambled up the side of a hill. a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. In consequence of the heavy rain that had fallen in the night, this was rendered more difficult, and occasioned much fatigue. When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin the inconvenience was no longer found. The scene that now presented itselfis described as of the most appalling nature. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, about 30 or 35 feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there.—The attention of the party was immediately attracted to the number of skeletons of human beings, tigers, boars, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, which lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapour was perceived issuing from it, nor any opening through which it might escape, and the sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it, and each of the party, having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty in breathing. A dog was now fastened at the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs without moving or looking round, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a half, and another which was thrown after it died in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effects of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. Two hours were passed in this valley of death, and the party had some difficulty in getting out of it, owing to the rain that had fallen. The human skeletons are supposed to be those of rebels, who have been pursued from the main road, and taken refuge in the valley without a knowledge of the danger to which they were thus exposing themselves.—(The effects, as here described, are identical with those at the Grotto del Cane, at Naples, and no doubt arise from the same cause. These seem more strange in an open valley; but the mephitic air at the Grotto is so heavy that you may stand upright without inconvenience, as it rises but a few inches above the surface.)—*Morning Chronicle.*

CHOLERA.—VAPOUR BATH.

(To the Editor.)

As you know that a variety of remedies are put forth for the Cholera Morbus, and as the external application of heat, either by friction, or water or vapour baths, is among the most effectual means of arresting the fatal termination of that dreadful malady, perhaps the following description of a vapour bath may claim a place in the *Mirror*:—

It is not generally known in England, that the settlers in the remote parts of North America make use of the following simple mode of procuring a vapour bath.

The patient is enveloped in blankets, which are closely fastened about the neck, leaving the head exposed. He sits on a chair (under the chair is placed a basin, or deep dish, with half a pint of either alcohol or whisky, which is ignited)—the blankets lap over each other,

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enveloping the whole, and are closed to the floor, by other blankets, &c., as much as possible. In a very few minutes the patient is in a profuse perspiration; he is then immediately put to bed between warm blankets.

The simplicity and easy application of the above bath render it invaluable, as the most ignorant persons may use it with safety; and in such a disorder as the cholera morbus it may be found of excellent effect, before the possible arrival of a medical practitioner.

G. I. B.

THE THREE KINGS' ISLANDS, OFF NEW ZEALAND.

These islands have a barren aspect, are of moderate height, and may be seen on a clear day at a distance of twenty-five miles. They lie in an angular position, in a north, south, and east direction. The eastern island is the longest, and may be a mile in length; the other two are about equal, both in size and height, and may be about a quarter of a mile in length. At the south-east end of the western island, adjoining are several high rocks, which at a distance of seven or eight miles have the appearance of separate islets: these rocks extend five or six miles to the E.N.E., with the sea breaking a little without them.

On the east side of the largest of these islands there is reported to be a small, sandy bay, where a boat could land in fine weather. In it there is a good spring of fresh water, some goats, and abundance of wild celery. These islands do not appear to occupy more space than eight miles from north to south, and nearly the same distance from east to west. There is no danger to be apprehended at the distance of two miles on the south side, as we passed them at that distance.*—*Mr. G.B.'s Journ. of New Zealand, March* 28, 1829.

EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

Amongst the various afflictions which have been produced on nervous persons and young children, by being suddenly frightened, it is probably not generally known that loss of hearing is not one of the least unfrequent. In Mr. Curtis's new work on the Diseases of the Ear, two cases are related in which children were alarmed: in the one instance, by being put into a dark cellar by a servant, and in the other by being frightened by an elder sister; and in both of these cases the effect was such that total deafness ensued. The former case was attended with the loss of speech. These cases are mentioned to show the danger and impropriety of children being frightened by servants or others, as it is an evil the effects of which remain a long time, sometimes until death—not unfrequently producing fits, and a long train of diseases.—*From a Correspondent.*

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

The literary and scientific world will hear with much interest that two enterprising individuals, of the name of Colthurst and Tyrwhitt, gentlemen by birth and education, are about to proceed immediately to Africa at their own expense, with a view of exploring the interior of that country. Their intention is to proceed from Benin, on the western coast, through to Egypt, their object being to solve the problem of the mighty Nile. They have our best wishes for the success of so noble and spirited an enterprise.—*Times.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT NAVY OF ENGLAND.

History mentions a great fleet of Julius Cæsar; a fleet of King Edgar, consisting of 3,600 sail; a fleet of Lewis, son to Philip King of France, of 600 sail, that arrived at Sandwich, to assist the English Barons against King John;—but those, doubtless, were but as so many cottages to castles, in respect of the present ships of war.

Henry the Eighth, in the fifth year of his reign, built a ship, then accounted the greatest that had ever been seen in England, and named it Henry Grace de Dieu, or the Great Henry: it was of a thousand tons.

In the eighth year of King James was built, by the Londoners, a ship of 1,200 tons, and called the Trades Increase; which being lost in the East Indies, King James caused another to be built, of 1,400 tons; which being given to Prince Henry, was by him named The Prince.

King Charles the Martyr, perceiving the great increase of shipping in our neighbour nations, and that the sovereignty of these seas was like to be disputed, amongst other great ships of war, built one greater than any ship of war either in England or in any other country of Europe, and named it the Royal

* A current was experienced off these islands, setting S.S.W. at the rate of three miles an hour. The day previous to making the land, a strong current appeared to set from the N.W.

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Sovereign, which, for its size, &c., shall be more particularly described. The Royal Sovereign, being a ship of the first rate or rank, built in the year 1637, is in length, by the keel, 127 feet; in breadth, by the beam, 47 feet; in depth, 49 feet; her draught of water, 21 feet; of burden, in all, 2,072 tons; and 1,492 tons, besides guns, tackle, &c. This mighty moving castle has six anchors: whereof the biggest weighs 6,000 lbs., and the least 4,300. It hath 14 cables: whereof the greatest is 21 inches in compass, and weighs 9,000 lbs., her least cable being eight inches in compass, weighing near 1,300 lbs. To the Royal Sovereign belong eighteen masts and yards: whereof the greatest, called the mainmast, is 113 feet long, and 38 inches diameter; her main yard 102 feet long, and 23 inches diameter; and her main top, 15 feet diameter. She hath ten several sorts of sails of several names (as every ship of every one of the sixth rate has): whereof her greatest sail, called her maincourse (together with her bonnet) contains 1,640 yards of canvass, Ipswich double; and the least sail, called fore-top-gallant-sail, contains 130 yards of canvass. The charge of one complete suit of sails for the Sovereign is 404*l.* stirling money; the weight of the sea store, in point of ground tackle and other cordage, is sixty tons, eight hundred and odd pounds. She carries a long-boat of fifty feet, a pinnacle of thirty-six feet, and a skiff of twenty-seven feet long. The weight of her rigging, three and thirty tons.

She hath three tier of guns, all of brass: whereof there are forty-four upon her upper tier, and twenty-two in her lower tier—in all, one hundred guns. She carries, in all, of officers, soldiers, and mariners, eight hundred and fifty men. Finally, her whole charges for wages, victuals, ammunition, wear and tear, for every month at sea, costs the king 3,500*l.* stirling, as hath been computed by a very skilful person.

The charges of building a ship of the first rate, together with guns, tackle, and rigging (besides victualling), doth ordinarily amount to about 62,432*l.* Those of lower rates proportionably.—*Angliæ Notitia.* G. K.

Old Poets.

CHILDREN.

Riches of children 'pass a prince's throne
Which touch the father's heart with secret joy,
When without shame he saith, "these be mine own."
Sir P. Sidney.

FAME.

Then came they to the foul and loathsome lake,
Dark, deep, and miry, of a dreadful hue,
Where was the aged man that never stinted
To carry bundles of the names imprinted.
This was the man, whom (as I told before)
Nature and custom so swift of foot had made,
He never rested, but ran evermore.
And with his coming he did use his trade;
A heap of names within his cloak he bare,
And in the river did them all unlade;
Or, to say truth, away he cast them all
Into this stream, which Lethe we do call.
This prodigal old wretch no sooner came
Unto this cursed river's barren bank,
But desperately, without all fear of blame,
Or caring to deserve reward or thank,
He hurl'd therein full many a precious name
Where millions soon unto the bottom sank:
Hardly in every thousand one was found
That was not in the gulf quite lost and drown'd;
Yet all about great store of birds there flew,
As vultures, carrion crows, and chattering pies,
And many more of sundry kinds and hue,
Making lewd harmony with their loud cries:
These, when the careless wretch the treasure threw
Into the stream, did all they could devise,
What with their talons some, and some with beak,
To save these names, but found themselves too weak.
For ever as they thought themselves to raise,
To bear away those names of good renown,
The weight of them so heavy downward weighs,
They in the stream were driven to cast them down,
Only two swans sustained so great a prize,
In spite of him who sought them all to drown:
These two did still take up whose names they list,
And bare them safe away, and never miss'd.
Sometime all under the foul lake they dived,
And took up some that were with water cover'd,
And those that seem'd condemned they reprived.
And often as about the bank they hovered,
They caught them, ere they to the stream arrived,
Then went they with the names they had recovered,
Up to a hill that stood the water nigh,
On which a stately church was built on high.
This place is sacred to immortal fame,
And evermore a nymph stands at the gate,
And took the names wherewith the two swans came,
Whether they early come, or whether late.
Then all about the church she hang'd the same,
Before that sacred image in such rate
As they might then be well assured for ever,
Spite of that wretch, in safety to persever.
Sir J. Harrington.

CARE OF CHILDREN.

All as the painful ploughman plies his toil
With shear and coulter shearing through the soil,
That costs him dear and ditches it about,
Or crops his hedge to make it undersprout,
And never stays to ward it from the weed,
But most respects to sow therein good seed;
To th' end when summer decks the meadows plain,
He may have recompense of costs and pain.
Or like the maid who careful is to keep
The budding flower, that first begins to peep
Out of the knop and waters it full oft,
To make it seemly show the head aloft,
That it may (when she draws it from the stocks)
Adorn her gorget white and golden locks.
So wise Merari all his study styl'd
To fashion well the manners of his child.
Hudson.

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GOD.

——How soever things in likelihood dissent
In birth, life, death, our God is first, the middle, and event.
And not what he can do he will, but what he will he can,
And that he do or do it not, behoves us not to to scan. WARNER.

NIGHT.

Now from the fresh, the soft, and tender bed,
Of her still mother gentle Night outflew
The fleeting balm on hills and dales she shed,
With honey drops of pure and precious dew,
And on the verdure of green forests spread,
The virgin primrose and the violet blue;
And sweet breath Zephyr on his spreading wings
Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace and quiet brings.
The thoughts and troubles of broad waking day
They softly dip in mild oblivion's lake.
FAIRFAX.

Now the world's comforter with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl (Night's herald) shrieks; 'tis very late,
The sheep are gone to fold, the birds to nest,
The cool black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good night.
SHAKSPEARE.

WIT.

THE wit the pupil of the soul's clear eye,
And in man's world the only shining star,
Looks in the mirror of the phantasy,
Where all the gathering of the senses are,
From thence this power the shape of things abstracts,
And them within her passive part receives,
Which are enlightened by that part which acts,
And so the form of single things receives;
But after by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating and comparing things,
She doth all universal natures know
And all effects into their causes bring.
Our wit is given Almighty God to know,
Our will is given to love him being known,
But God could not be known to us below
But by his works, which through the sense are known.
DAVIS.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

Effects of the Dissolution.

THE progress of the Reformation was attended (as all great national convulsions are) with many and sad excesses. The work of destruction, when long continued, is in itself a thing which hardens the heart; and the Reformation was full of it. Monk and nun turned out of house and home, pensioned indeed, but (except in the case of superiors, who were treated with more lenity) pensioned with a miserable equivalent; their dwelling-places, beautiful as many of them were, laid low, that all hope of return might be cut off; their cells surrendered to the bats and owls; their chapels made a portion for foxes, the mosaic pavements torn up, the painted windows dashed in pieces, the bells gambled for, or sold into Russia and other countries,* though often before they reached their destination buried in the ocean—all and utterly dismantled, save where, happening to be parish churches also, as was the case at St. Alban's, Tewkesbury, Malvern, and elsewhere, they were rescued in whole, or in part, from Henry's harpies, by the petitions or the pecuniary contributions of the pious inhabitants;† libraries, of which most monasteries contained one, treated by their new possessors with barbaric contempt; "some books reserved for their jakes, some to scour their candlesticks, some to rub their boots, some sold to the grocers and soap-boilers, and some sent over sea to book-binders, not in small numbers, but at times whole shipsful, to the wondering of foreign nations; a single merchant purchasing at forty shillings a piece two noble libraries to be used as grey-paper, and such as having already sufficed for ten years were abundantly enough (says the eye-witness whose words are here quoted) for many years more;"‡ these were some of the coarser features of those times; howbeit there were many besides these. For the churches were now treated with gross irreverence; horses and mules were led through them; they were profaned by dogs and hawks, by doves and owls, by stares and choughs;§ they were plundered of their plate by churchwardens, or other powerful parishioners,‖ who might argue, that if they spared, others would spoil; or who might wish ill to the cause of the Reformation, and take such means to scandalize it. London, says Latimer, was never so full of ill; charity was waxen cold in it. "Oh, London, London," cries this earnest old man, "repent! repent! for I think God more displeased with London, than he ever was with the city of Nebo."¶ Such was the profligacy of its youth, that he marvels the earth gaped not to swallow it up. There were many that denied the immortality of the soul, and the existence of a heaven or a hell.** Manly sports and pastimes had been exchanged for the gaming-table. Divorces, even amongst the inferior classes of society,

* Some Account of Shrewsbury, p. 128.

† See the Petition of the Inhabitants of Holm Cultram, in Cumberland, to Cromwell, praying for the preservation of the abbey church there, A.D. 1538. Ellis's Original Letters, ii. 89.

‡ Spelman, Hist. and Fate of Sacrilege, p. 202. The extract is from a letter of John Bale to Leland.

§ Homily on keeping clean of Churches.

‖ Strype's Cranmer, 177.

¶ Latimer's Sermons, i. 60, 61.—Id. i. 176.

** Id. i. 167.

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were become common; for marriage being declared no sacrament, probably many chose to interpret the declaration to mean that it was no bond.* The elementary bread of the eucharist was expressed by base and indecent nicknames.† The alehouses were filled with profane disputants upon the mysteries of our faith, and the dissolute scoffers made songs upon them:‡ "Green Sleeves," "Maggy Lauder," and "John Anderson my Jo," with numbers more, were all of this class of compositions; and psalms (in this instance, perhaps, without any intentional levity) were set to hornpipes. To crown all, a multitude of disaffected persons were at large in the country, speaking evil of dignities, and exciting the idle, the hungry, and the aggrieved, to riot and rebellion; bearding the government with audacious demands of changes, both civil and ecclesiastical, to be made at their pleasure, couched in language the most imperative and insolent; "such," Cranmer observes in his answer to them, "as was not at any time used of subjects to their prince since the beginning of the world."§

Fox's Book of Martyrs.

For a history of that noble army of martyrs of whom it now becomes our business to speak, we are indebted to John Fox, himself an exile in Mary's reign, and like most of those who then lived abroad, a friend of the Puritan principles at home. He had access to the archives and registers of the bishops; Grindal, who was himself a great collector of such materials, amongst others, supplying him with what he knew; and in many instances to the letters of the martyrs themselves;‖ of all which documents, says Strype, he has been found, by those who have compared his books with his authorities, to have made a faithful use. He lived many years after his first edition was published, which was in 1563, and in the interval laboured to render it still more perfect; suppressing where he found reason to doubt, as in the story of Cranmer's heart remaining unconsumed when the rest of his body was reduced to ashes;¶ enlarging where he was furnished with fresh matter which he thought trustworthy, as in the story of Gardiner's being stricken with sickness on the day of Cranmer's martyrdom;** and taking journeys in order to confront witnesses and sift evidence when his facts chanced to be called in question;†† such was his industry. But, independently of all knowledge of this, his pains-taking, the internal evidence of the book is enough to establish its general good faith. There is a simplicity in the narrative, particularly in many of its minute details, which is beyond all fiction; a homely pathos in the stories which art could not reach. Sometimes an expression casually drops out which suffices to prove the testimony to be that of an eye-witness; thus, where the terrible death of Ridley is described, the martyrologist speaks in general in his own person; yet we read, that "after the legs of the sufferer were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain, he showed that side toward *us* clean, shirt and all untouched with flame," as though the informant (whose words the historian had here neglected to accommodate) had been himself the spectator. Sometimes there is a frank confession of ignorance, where a less scrupulous writer would have been under a great temptation to supply the defect of information by conjecture; thus, in the details of the same execution of Ridley and Latimer, it is observed, that after they rose from their knees the one talked with the other a little while, but what they said, adds Fox, "I can learn of no man." Above all, there is such candour in the developement even of his most favourite characters, their failings as well as their virtues so fairly told, that it is plain they have not been packed. Thus it is by him we are taught that Cranmer moved the King to the execution of Joan of Kent, though Cranmer's general disposition would seem repugnant to such an office, and though no mention is made in Edward's Journal of any such interference, or, indeed, of any reluctance on his own part which should render it needful: thus of Latimer, he does not conceal that he probably subscribed on one occasion certain articles which the bishops presented to

* Lathmer's Sermons, i. 176, 220.

† Strype's Cranmer, 175.

‡ Fox, 1048. Percy's Reliques of English Poetry, ii 291. Shakspeare's Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. 2.

§ Strype, Append, 88.

‖ Strype's Annals, pp. 239, 240, 241. Strype's Life of Grindal, pp. 11, 17, 22, fol., where will be found much information as to the manner in which Fox's book was composed.

¶ Compare p. 444 of the first edition (very scarce) with subsequent editions.

** This incident has been made the subject of much criticism to the disparagement of Fox. He, however, gives it as hearsay only; and, though the circumstantial details might not have been reported to him correctly, the substantial fact may be true nevertheless. Fox, too, was personally connected with the family of the Duke of Norfolk (at whose house the scene is said to have occurred), being once tutor in it.—Strype's Annals, pp. 110, 368.

†† Strype's Annals, p. 262.

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him, of fear rather than of conscience;* and of Hooper, his favourite, if he had one among the martyrs, that he disputed too pertinaciously, and to the breach of mutual charity, with his opponents on the subject of the episcopal habits, and that the prospect of their approaching death for the common cause, and nothing less, could effect the cordial union of the parties. Neither does he suppress any instance of kindness by which the sufferings of the martyrs were mitigated; and as St. Luke tells us of the centurion entreating Paul courteously, so does Fox relate of Saunders, that when his wife came to the prison gate, with her young child in her arms, to visit her husband, the keeper, though he durst not suffer her to enter the prison, yet took the little babe out of her arms and brought him to his father, to his exceeding great joy: and of Hooper's guard, that they interceded with the sheriffs of Gloucester on behalf of their charge, that he might not be sent to the common gaol, they declaring at large how quietly, mildly, and patiently he had behaved himself in the way, and adding, that they would rather themselves be at the pains to watch with him than that he should be so handled: and of Rowland Taylor, that his wife and son Thomas were permitted to sup with him in the Counter, "by the gentleness of his keepers;" and afterwards, that of his guard three out of the four used him friendly. It was to be expected that a work which, had it been published a few years sooner (supposing this possible), would probably have added its author to the catalogue of his own martyrs, should excite no small stir amongst the Catholics, and so it came to pass. But they weakened the force of their attack by betraying prematurely the spirit which animated them, sarcastically inquiring, even before its publication, when the "Golden Legend" was to appear, and denouncing the "Calendar of Saints," which they had heard was to be prefixed to it, as blasphemy against their own. But Fox went on, as he says, without fear and without favour; and no sooner was Elizabeth, to whom he dedicated, out of the way, than an examination of the book appeared, by Parsons the Jesuit, in his "Three Conversions of England," which has furnished more modern objectors with most of the weapons of their warfare. But Parsons writes in a temper which defeats itself. He deals in vague vituperation, rather than in specific accusations of error; or where he ventures upon the latter, he often either wilfully or ignorantly misreads Fox, as in the vapid pleasantry wasted upon Joan Lashford, a married maid, as he is pleased to call her;† or he triumphs over him by exposing some flaw in the character of a martyr with an *eureka*, which the honest martyrologist himself did not affect to conceal, and for the knowledge indeed of which Parsons is altogether indebted to him, as where he makes himself merry with the discordant sentiments of nine martyrs executed together, though their want of uniformity is a fact which he learns from Fox himself, who at the same time asserts that their disagreement was in smaller things only;‡ or he prefers charges against him at random without troubling himself to ascertain whether there is foundation for them or not, as where he accuses him of defacing or destroying the records of cathedrals, which he had been permitted to use, lest they should convict him of negligence or fraud; and this not upon investigation of the fact, but simply, "he presuming it," as though a charge so serious was to be an affair of presumption only;§ or, lastly, he comments upon his author in so fiendish a temper of mind, as would be in itself enough to satisfy every calm and dispassionate judge that he spoke not of truth or a love for it, but of mere malice; as where, after debasing the circumstances of Rowland Taylor's story throughout, he concludes with a repetition of his joke about the worms in Hadley churchyard, as given in Fox, and subjoins "this noteth Fox in the margin for a goodly apophthegm of Dr. Taylor, martyr; and with this, he saith, he went to the fire; *where we must leave him eternally as I fear*;"‖ and in a similar vein he has the heart to write of Latimer and Ridley, "they were burned together, each of them taking gunpowder to despatch himself quickly, as by Fox is seen, which yet is not read to have been practised by old martyrs, and it seemeth that these men would have the fame of martyrdom without the pain; and *now they have incurred the everlasting pain*, if by their end we may judge."¶ The man who could write thus can scarcely lay claim to our credence; for his prejudice has evidently stifled in him every sense by which a regard for truth can be guaranteed.

It is not thought out of place to introduce here this brief vindication of a book, which, so far as it is a contempo-

* Fox, iii. 459.

† Three Conversions, ii. 215. ‡ Id. 230.
§ Id. ii. 81, and Strype's Annals, p. 240.
‖ Id. ii. 81, and Strype's Annals, p. 336.
¶ Id. iii. 23.

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rary history, has been, both of old, and of late, an object of unfair depreciation, but from which no right-hearted Protestant can rise, without being at once a sadder and a better man;—a book out of which we shall now fearlessly draw our information, whilst we offer to our readers a few examples of those terrible sufferings which it is at once humiliating to think that man could inflict, and animating to think that man could so nobly bear.—*Family Library*, vol. xxvi.

SONGS,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

From the "Summer Fête," just published.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;
But, as I'm not particular—wit, love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay—humble and strange as my tastes may appear—
If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And with wine such as this is six days out of seven.
So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound
May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan;
But as we are *not* sages, why—send the cup round—
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're told,
To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for mankind;
But talk of *new* pleasures!—give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnance of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!
In the meantime, a bumper—your Angels, on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But, as we are *not* angels, why—let the flask fly,
We must only be happy *all* ways that we can.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,
On land or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;
And this fond heart is glowing
To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come:
Thou com'st not—No, thou com'st not!

'Tis the time when night flowers
Should wake from their rest,
'Tis the hour of all hours,
When the lute murmurs best.
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till thy glance they see,
And the hush'd lute is keeping
Its music for thee:
Yet thou com'st not—No, thou com'st not!

Who 'll buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who 'll buy?
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools' supply,
We've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing 's in it;
And nine pins set, like systems, up,
To be knock'd down the following minute.
Who'll buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather.
Tetotums we've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble;
Alike their short and dizzy lot,
A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.
Who'll buy? &c. &c.

Here misers may their bones inter
In shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While, for their heirs, we've quicksilver,
That, fast as heart can wish, will caper.
For aldermen we've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.
Who'll buy? &c. &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
But whatsoe'er the whims that seize you,
This oldest of all mortal firms,
Folly and Co., will try to please you.
Or, should you wish a darker hue
Of goods that we can recommend you,
Why then—as we with lawyers do—
To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.
Who'll buy? &c. &c.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AT OXFORD.

At the commencement of Michaelmas term, that is, at the end of October, in the year 1810, I happened one day to sit next to a fresh man at dinner: it was his first appearance in hall. His figure was slight, and his aspect remarkably youthful, even at our table, where all were very young. He seemed thoughtful and absent. He ate little, and seemed to have no acquaintance with any one. I know not how it was that we fell into conversation, for such familiarity was unusual, and, strange to say, much reserve prevailed in a society where there could not possibly be occasion for any. We have often endeavoured in vain to recollect in what manner our discourse began, and especially by what transition it passed to a subject sufficiently remote from all the associations we were able to trace. The stranger had expressed an enthusiastic admiration for poetical and imaginative works of the German school. I dissented from his criticisms. He upheld the originality of the German writings. I asserted their want of nature. "What modern literature," said he, "will you compare to theirs?" I named the Italian. This roused all his impetuosity; and few, as I soon discovered, were more impetuous in argumentative conversation. So eager was our dispute, that when the servants came to clear the tables, we were not aware that

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we had been left alone. I remarked, that it was time to quit the hall, and I invited the stranger to finish the discussion at my rooms. He eagerly assented. He lost the thread of his discourse in the transit, and the whole of his enthusiasm in the cause of Germany; for as soon as he arrived at my rooms, and whilst I was lighting the candles, he said calmly, and to my great surprise, that he was not qualified to maintain such a discussion, for he was alike ignorant of Italian and German, and had only read the works of the Germans in translations, and but little of Italian poetry, even at second hand. For my part, I confessed, with an equal ingenuousness, that I knew nothing of German, and but little of Italian! that I had spoken only through others, and like him, had hitherto seen by the glimmering light of translations. It is upon such scanty data that young men reason; upon such slender materials do they build up their opinions. It may be urged, however, that if they did not discourse freely with each other upon insufficient information —for such alone can be acquired in the pleasant morning of life, and until they educate themselves—they would be constrained to observe a perpetual silence, and to forego the numerous advantages that flow from frequent and liberal discussion. I inquired of the vivacious stranger, as we sat over our wine and dessert, how long he had been at Oxford, how he liked it, &c.? He answered my questions with a certain impatience, and resuming the subject of our discussion, he remarked that "Whether the literature of Germany, or of Italy, be the most original, or in the purest and most accurate taste, is of little importance! for polite letters are but vain trifling; the study of languages, not only of the modern tongues, but of Latin and Greek also, is merely the study of words and phrases; of the names of things; it matters not how they are called; it is surely far better to investigate things themselves." I inquired, a little bewildered, how this was to be effected? He answered, "through the physical sciences, and especially through chemistry;" and raising his voice, his face flushing as he spoke, he discoursed with a degree of animation, that far outshone his zeal in defence of the Germans, of chemistry and chemical analysis. Concerning that science, then so popular, I had merely a scanty and vulgar knowledge, gathered from elementary books, and the ordinary experiments of popular lecturers. I listened, therefore, in silence to his eloquent disquisitions, interposing a few brief questions only, and at long intervals, as to the extent of his own studies and manipulations. As I felt, in truth, but a slight interest in the subject of his conversation, I had leisure to examine, and I may add, to admire, the appearance of my very extraordinary guest. It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much, that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, and almost feminine, of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the autumn, as he said, in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. In times when it was the mode to imitate stage-coachmen as closely as possible in costume, and when the hair was invariably cropped, like that of our soldiers, this eccentricity was very striking. His features were not symmetrical, (the mouth, perhaps, excepted,) yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration, that characterizes the best works, and chiefly the frescoes, (and into these they infused their whole souls,) of the great masters of Florence and of Rome. I recognised the very peculiar expression in these wonderful productions long afterwards, and with a satisfaction mingled with much sorrow, for it was after the decease of him in whose countenance I had first observed it. I admired the enthusiasm of my new acquaintance, his ardour in the cause of science, and his thirst for knowledge. I seemed to have found in him all those intellectual quali-

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ties which I had vainly expected to meet with in an University. But there was one physical blemish that threatened to neutralize all his excellence. "This is a fine, clever fellow!" I said to myself, "but I can never bear his society; I shall never be able to endure his voice; it would kill me. What a pity it is!" I am very sensible of imperfections, and especially of painful sounds—and the voice of the stranger was excruciating; it was intolerably shrill, harsh and discordant; of the most cruel intension—it was perpetual, and without any remission—it excoriated the ears. He continued to discourse of chemistry, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing before the fire, and sometimes pacing about the room; and when one of the innumerable clocks that speak in various notes during the day and the night at Oxford, proclaimed a quarter to seven, he said suddenly that he must go to a lecture on mineralogy, and declared enthusiastically that he expected to derive much pleasure and instruction from it. I am ashamed to own that the cruel voice made me hesitate for a moment; but it was impossible to omit so indispensable a civility—I invited him to return to tea; he gladly assented, promised that he would not be absent long, snatched his cap, hurried out of the room, and I heard his footsteps, as he ran through the silent quadrangle, and afterwards along the High-street. An hour soon elapsed, whilst the table was cleared, and the tea was made, and I again heard the footsteps of one running quickly. My guest suddenly burst into the room, threw down his cap, and as he stood shivering and chafing his hands over the fire, he declared how much he had been disappointed in the lecture. Few persons attended; it was dull and languid, and he was resolved never to go to another. "I went away, indeed," he added, with an arch look and in a shrill whisper, coming close to me as he spoke—"I went away, indeed, before the lecture was finished. I stole away; for it was so stupid, and I was so cold, that my teeth chattered. The Professor saw me, and appeared to be displeased. I thought I could have got out without being perceived; but I struck my knee against a bench, and made a noise, and he looked at me. I am determined that he shall never see me again."

"What did the man talk about?

"About stones! about stones!" he answered, with a downcast look and in a melancholy tone, as if about to say something excessively profound. "About stones!—stones, stones, stones!—nothing but stones!—and so drily. It was wonderfully tiresome—and stones are not interesting things in themselves!"

New Monthly Magazine.

WAR SONG,

FOR THE ARMY TO BE SENT AGAINST THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Come, tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and your boa!
Each proud virgin amazon, onward with me!
Come, rouse for the fight, all ye maids who adore*
The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bohea!

Come, clatter the tea-cups, and brandish each spoon,
Beat loudly the tea-tray, the kettle, and urn;
No more for the lover or sweet honey-moon,
But for Twankay and war let your soft bosoms burn!

Shall a petticoat savage—the horrible bore—
Infringe on our rights, and deny us our tea?
No, no! by the gown which my grandmother wore,
We'll smother the wretch in a chest of Bohea!

Come, launch, by brave maidens, each tea-chest canoe,
And spread out your large Canton crapes to the air;
The kettle sings muster-call—hark! the cats mew!
"Young Hyson" 's the word, the "delight of the fair!"

Great Twining a tea-wreath shall twine for us all—
The fairest of females looks far more divine at tea;
If we conquer, we'll drink twenty cups; if we fall,
Why—"*nec possum vivere cum te, nec sine te.*"

Twenty cups! think of Johnson, when kind Mrs. Thrale
Filled him fifty at least, and he wished they were bowls:
With ardour like his, which among ye can fail?
Come, Doctor, and kindle your thirst in our souls!

Then onward, brave maidens, push off from the coast,
For such brogueless tyrants we care not a pin;
But do not forget, my fair tea-drinking host,
A stout Witney blanket to toss the wretch in!

Oh! the plunder of Pekin! what silks and what shawls!
The Chinese, in spite of themselves, shall be free:
For, we'll bombard the city with hot force-meat balls,
And blow up their warriors with gunpowder tea!

Then tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and your boa,
And with war-cry of "Hyson-dust!" onward with me;
Come, brandish your tea-spoons, ye maids who adore
The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bohea!

Monthly Magazine.

* We are aware that this rhyme is rather unusual; but we may parody the maxim of *Sir Lucius*—"When patriotism guides the pen, he must be a brute that would find fault with the rhyme."

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Useful Domestic Hints.

ECONOMIC HINTS.

Box-wood as a substitute for Hops.—M. Du Petit Thouars lately stated to the Philomathic Society of Paris, that more box-wood than hops was employed in making almost all the beer brewed in Paris. Box-wood contains a powerful sodorific principle with a bitter taste, which has lately been separated, and is now known under the name of Buxinia. —*Bull. Un.*

Receipt for making Grape Wine, used in 1819.—Water, 4¾ gallons, beer measure; grapes, 5 gallons, beer measure, crushed and soaked in the water seven days; sugar, 17½ lbs. at 10½*d.* The sugar came to 15*s.* 8½*d.*; and the grapes to perhaps 5*s.* The cask in which it was made held exactly 6¾ gallons, of beer measure, and produced 34 bottles of wine clear. A bottle of the above wine, kept ten years, proved very good.

Wine from the common Bramble.—Five measures of the ripe fruit, with one of honey and six of water, boiled, strained, and left to ferment, then boiled again, and put in casks to ferment, are said to produce an excellent wine. In France the colour of wine is often rendered darker by a mixture of blackberries with the grapes.—*Recueil Industriel.*

Receipt for making Tomato Sauce.—Take tomatoes when ripe, and bake them till they become quite soft; then scoop them out with a tea-spoon, and rub the pulp through a sieve. To the pulp put as much Chile vinegar as will bring it to a proper thickness, with salt to your taste. Add to every quart ½ oz. of garlic and 1 oz. of shallots, both sliced very thin. Boil it one quarter of an hour; then strain, and take out the garlic and shallots. After standing till quite cold, put the sauce into stone bottles, and let it stand a few days before it is corked up. If, when the bottles are open, the sauce should appear to be in a fermenting state, put some more salt and boil it over again. The sauce should be the thickness of rich cream when poured out, and is, in my opinion, far superior to the famed Bengal chattny, to which it bears considerable resemblance.

Economical Fuel.—A good fire on a winter day, at a mere trifling expense, is of importance to a poor man. One pennyworth of tar or rosin water will saturate a tub of coals with triple its original quantity of bitumen (the principle of heat and light), and, of course, render one such tub of three times more value than it was when unsaturated.

Where there are extensive fir and pine woods which have been subjected to the injurious practice of close pruning, the knots left will frequently be found oozing out resin. This gardeners' labourers and cottagers might collect, reduce to a fine powder, and mix up with small coal, horse droppings, and clay, into fire-balls.—*Gardeners' Mag.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

COPY OF A LETTER RECEIVED BY A YOUNG LADY FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN.

"DEAR ELIZABETH,—I arrived a few months since in this over-grown metropolis—Modern Babolon I believe they call it—more properly, I should think, Gabble-on, for my head goes round like a whipping-top, being kept in rotatory motion by all the discordant sounds in the 'Enraged Musician.' Having been but a short time in town, I have not had the pleasure of seeing many of the metropolitan wonders. The following places were visited by me lately:—The British Museum, my dear girl—never saw such a collection of mutilated articles: statues, like the boroughs in schedule B in the Reform Bill; manuscripts, in languages scarcely understood, and such like curiosities. St. Paul's—a great building—I dare say the Londoners are very proud of it: a fine whispering gallery, where you may hear what is said at the most distant part: no place for kissing—worse than a friend's parlour. Guildhall: a very antique building, with two huge figures—to frighten little children, I suppose. There was a fine feast: numbers of fine folks in their Sunday clothes, whom I should suppose lived very queer at home—perhaps upon tripe, for the victuals disappeared so fast. I had almost forgot to mention the pleasures of Bartholomew Fair, a place unequalled for dirt and noise—where was to be seen horses that had run at races, though they had never been on a course; bears turned to pigged-faced ladies; play-booths, where more fun was to be seen outside than in—men dressed like baboons, and women screaming, 'Show them in, only a penny a-piece!' Oysters, ginger-beer, hot pork, hot beef-steaks, and gingerbread-nuts by the bushel. Had almost forgot, my dear girl, to apologize for not having paid you a visit since your removal to the suburbs—peaceful

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abode!—nothing equal to my lodgings, next door to a coppersmith, opposite to a box-maker, with a shoemaker overhead, and a good woman who takes in children to 'dry-nurse' in the parlour. Hope soon to see you, having to give you a kiss for each of your cousins, quarter cousins, friends, and acquaintances.—I remain, your's truly,

"A COUNTRY COUSIN."
W. G. C.

CHINESE PROVERBS AND APOTHEGMS.

"IT is very difficult to govern women and servants."

[This is a maxim of Confucius, who assigns this reason. "For if you treat them with gentleness and familiarity, they lose all respect; if with rigour you will have continual disturbance."]

"If the river is deep, which you are to pass on foot, go through it clothed in the ancient manner; if shallow, tuck up your garments."

[The Chinese believe that at first men went naked, or at most loosely clad in the skin of some animal. Vide Mart. Hist. p. 18. This proverb is applied to inculcate the necessity of accommodating one's self to the different circumstances of life.]

"Know when to stop seasonably."

"Learn to be content with what suffices."

"What need have we of riches? (saith a Chinese moralist.) Produce me the man, who, content with a straw cottage, and a little enclosure of canes, employs himself in reading the writings of our wise men, or in discoursing on virtue; who desires no other recreation than to refresh himself with the cool air by moonshine, and whose whole solicitude is to preserve in his heart the love of innocence and of his neighbour." P. Du Halde, 2. 103.

Similar to this proverb are the Latin, "Quod satis est cui contingat nihil amplius optet."

The French, "Qui a assez, n'a plus rien à desirer."

And the English "Enough is as good as a feast."

"Let us love others, as we love ourselves."—*Confucius.* G L. S.

ANCIENT TOM AND JERRY.

THE Emperor Nero would frequently ramble in the streets of Rome, diguised by night, with a band of disorderly companions, abusing all that fell in their way. In the beginning of Nero's reign, Otho, who wes then distinguished as a young man of graceful person but licentious manners, was one of Nero's favourites and accompanied him from his palace, to visit the meanest taverns and scenes of debauchery which Rome contained.

Suetonius tells us—"The Emperor Otho, would stroll out in dark nights, and where he met a helpless, or drunken man, he gave him the discipline of the *Blanket*, which was a kind of punishment called *sagatio*; alias '*Tossing in a Blanket*:"

"Ah, oh! he cried—what street, what lane, but knows
"Our purgings, pumpings, *blanketings*, and blows?" POPE.

In truth, Nero and Otho were the Tom and Jerry (or something worse) of ancient days, and if now in existence they would be *tossed* into a jail or tread-mill, or else find *special good bail.**

P. T. W.

* Sir Richard Birnie would never suffer *imperial larking* to go unpunished.

AN Irish footman, who got a situation at the west end of London, on entering a room where there was a vase with golden fish, exclaimed, "Well, by J——, this is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive."

ANAGRAMS.

Fits creep on	Perfections.
All my ten i sent....	Sentimentally.
Timon is least	Testimonials.
A mild bear	Admirable.
Our big hens.....	Neighbours.
Peters cable	Respectable.
Grin o ant	Ignorant.
I cant tell soon	Constellation.
Saint lucy heals it ..	Enthusiastically.
A minor in soup	Parsimonious.
On a trial	Variegated.
Tame nests	Statesman

W. G. C.

LIFE INSURANCE.

IN a storm one night,
When all was fright,
'Mongst the passengers and crew;
An Irish clown,
Like a block sat down,
And seem'd as senseless too.
Conduct like this,
Was much amiss,
And not to be endur'd,
But when ask'd why,
He made reply,
"Good folks, my life's insur'd."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 529.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1832. [Price 2*d*.

FISHMONGERS' HALL.

ARMS OF THE COMPANY.

These Cuts may be welcome illustrations of the olden magnificence of the City of London. The first represents the river or back front of the Hall of the Fishmongers' Company: the second cut, the arms of the Company, is added by way of an illustrative pendent. These insignia are placed over the entrance to the Hall in Lower Thames-street; they are sculptured in bold relief, and are not meanly executed. The Hall, or the greater part of it, has been taken down to make room for the New London Bridge approaches; the frame-work of the door, and the arms still remain—*stat portus umbra*.

The Hall merits further notice; not so much for its architectural pretensions as for its being the commencement of a plan which it could be wished had been

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completed. The reader may probably remember that after the Great Fire of London, the King (Charles II.) desired WREN, in addition to his designs for St. Paul's, to make an accurate survey and drawing of the whole area and confines of the waste metropolis; and "day, succeeding day, amidst ashes and ruins, did this indefatigable man labour to fulfil his task." He prepared his plans for rebuilding the city, and laid them before the King. That part of Sir Christopher's plan which relates to the present subjects, was as follows: "By the water-side, from the bridge to the Temple, he had planned a long and broad wharf or quay, where he designed to have arranged all the halls that belong to the several companies of the city, with proper warehouses for merchants between, to vary the edifices, and make it at once one of the most beautiful ranges of structure in the world."* King Charles, however, as Mr. Cunningham observes, "was never obstinate in any thing for his country's good," and the idea was dropped: but Wren erected the above Hall as a specimen of his intention of ornamenting the banks of the Thames. The original hall was destroyed by the Great Fire.

The ancient importance of the Fishmongers' Company may be thus explained:—

During the days of papacy in England, fish was an article not of optional, but compulsive consumption, and this rendered the business of a fishmonger one of the principal trades of London. Fish Street Hill, and the immediate vicinity, was the great mart for this branch of traffic, from its close connexion with the river, and here lived many illustrious citizens, particularly Sir William Walworth, and Sir Stephen Fisher.

Strong prejudices were however entertained against the fishmongers, and to so great an extent was it carried, that in the fourteenth century, they prayed the king, by Nicholas Exton, one of their body, that he would take the company under his protection, "lest they might receive corporeal hurt." The parliament itself appears to have imbibed the general distrust, for in 1382 they enacted, "that no fishmonger should be mayor of the city." This was repealed, however, the following year.

The fishmongers consisted of two companies, the salt fishmongers, incorporated in 1433, and the stock fishmongers in 1509. The two companies were united by Henry VIII. in 1536. Before the junction, they are said by Stow, who calls them "jolly citizens," to have had six halls, two in Thames Street, two in Fish Street, and two in Old Fish Street, and six lord-mayors were elected from their body in twenty-four years. But being charged with forestalling, contrary to the laws and constitutions of the city, they were fined five hundred marks by Edward I. in 1290. In 1384, these, as well as others concerned in furnishing the city with provisions, were put under the immediate direction of the mayor and aldermen, by an act of parliament still in force.†

The Hall, on the west side of the ward of Bridge Within, was of brick and stone, and may be said to have had two fronts. The fore entrance was from Thames Street by a handsome passage, leading into a large square court, encompassed by the Great Hall, the Court Room, and other grand apartments, with galleries. The back, or river front, had a double flight of stone steps, by which was an ascent to the first apartments. The door was ornamented with Ionic columns supporting an open pediment, in which was a shield, with the arms of the company. The building was finished with handsomely rusticated stone, and had a noble effect.

The Hall was of capacious proportions, and extended nearly the whole length of the building. The ceiling, as well as that of the adjoining Court Room, exhibited some fine specimens of old plaster-work. We witnessed the dismantling of the premises previous to their being taken down. It was indeed a sorry breaking up. The long tables which had so often, to use a hackneyed phrase, "groaned" beneath the weight of civic fare—the cosy high-backed stuffed chairs which had held many a portly citizen—nay, the very soup-kettles and venison dishes—all were to be submitted to the noisy ordeal of the auction hammer.

We remember in the upper end of the hall, and just behind the chair, there stood in a niche, a full-sized statue, carved in wood by Edward Pierce, statuary, of Sir William Walworth, a member of this company, and lord-mayor during the rebellion of Wat Tyler. The knight grasped a real dagger, said to be the identical weapon with which he stabbed the rebel; though a publican of Islington pretended to be possessed of this dagger, and in 1731, lent it to be publicly exhibited in Smithfield, in a show called "Wat Tyler," during Bartholomew

* Quoted by Cunningham in his "Life of Wren," from a contemporary authority.

† Wards of London.

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Fair. Below the niche was this inscription:

"Brave Walworth, knight, lord-mayor, yt slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarms;
The king, therefore, did give in lieu
The dagger to the cytye's arms.
In the 4th year of Richard II. Anno Domini
1381."

A common, but erroneous belief is perpetuated in this inscription, for the dagger was in the city arms long before the time of Sir William Walworth, and was intended to represent the sword of St. Paul, the patron saint of the corporation.

The funeral pall of Sir W. Walworth curiously embroidered with gold, is preserved amongst the relics, as well as a plan of the splendid show at his installation, 1380.

The Fishmongers' Company is fourth upon the list of the city corporations, under the name and style of "the Wardens and Commonalty of the mystery of Fishmongers of the city of London." It is a livery company, and very rich, governed by a prime and five other wardens, and a court of assistants.

The company supports a free Grammar School at Holt Market, in Norfolk, founded by Sir John Gresham; Jesus Hospital, at Bray, in Berkshire, founded by William Goddard, Esq. for forty poor persons; St. Peter's Hospital, near Newington, Surrey, founded by the company; twelve alms-houses at Harrietsham, in Kent, founded by Mr. Mark Quested; a fellowship in Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge founded by Mr. Leonard Smith; a scholarship in the same college, founded by William Bennet, Esq. Mr. Smith, executor.

The *Arms* of the Company are in a shield supported by a merman and mermaid, the latter with a mirror in her hand. The Keys refer to St. Peter, the Patron Saint of the Company.

HOLY SEPULCHRE, HECKINGTON CHURCH.

(*To the Editor.*)

From the description of the Holy Sepulchre in Heckington Church, given in your last volume, stating that it stood there in the summer of 1789, such of your readers as have no means of knowing to the contrary, may infer that it is not now in existence.* I am led to trouble you with a few lines on the subject, as this specimen still in the best preservation, deserves as full an account as your limits will admit. The sepulchre nearly, and the stalls also mentioned by you, which have been cleaned completely, remain now in the same state as the artist originally left them. An architect, Mr. T. Rickman, who visited the neighbourhood a short time ago, gives the following account, which was printed in a work † on the topography of the neighbourhood, soon after his visit: he says, "The sepulchre, of which there are not many specimens now remaining, consists of a series of richly ornamented niches, the largest of which represents the tomb, having angels standing beside it; the side niches have the Maries and other appropriate figures, and in the lower niches are the Roman soldiers reposing; these niches have rich canopies, and are separated by buttresses and rich finials, having all the spaces covered by very rich foliage." He further observes, that "the stalls exhibit a specimen of pure decorated work, as rich as the finest sculpture of foliage and small figures can render it, and hardly surpassed by any in the kingdom, and the sepulchre is of the same excellent character. The various small ornaments about these stalls and niches form one of the best possible studies for enrichments of this date: and it is almost peculiar to this church, that there is nothing about it, except what is quite modern, that is not of the same style of architecture."

As the above gentleman's description of the present state of the church at Heckington will give a clearer idea of many others in the county of Lincoln, we perhaps cannot do better than close this account with it. "This beautiful church, of pure decorated character, is one of the most perfect models in the kingdom, having, with one exception, (that of the groined or interior ceiling which is wanting, and appears never to have been prepared for,) every feature of a fine church, of one uniform style, without any admixture of *later* or *earlier* work. Its mutilations are comparatively small, consisting only in the destruction of the tracey of the north transept window, and some featherings in other windows, and the building and wall to enclose a vestry. The plan of the church is a west tower and spire, nave and aisles, spacious transepts, and a large chancel, with a vestry attached to

* We omitted to state that our interesting particulars of the Heckington Sepulchre were from *Vetusta Monumenta*, a splendid folio work published by the Antiquarian Society.

† Sketches of New and Old Sleaford, County of Lincoln, and of several places in the Neighbourhood, p. 224. 8vo. Baldwin and Co.

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the north side. The nave has a well proportioned clesestory. There is a south porch, a rich font, the tomb of an ecclesiastic, and the assemblage of niches before described. In the chancel and some of the church walls are very good brackets. The vestry has a crypt below it. Fully to describe this church would require a much larger space than can be allotted to it, but it may be well to remark, that every part of the design and execution is of the very best character, equal to any in the kingdom."

That this church was built on or near to the site of the one given by Gilbert de Guant, the style of architecture being of much later date, fully demonstrates; and it is more than probable that on its rebuilding, the patent of Edward III. was obtained. Certain it is that no specimen of an earlier style now remains; but tradition says that the foundation of the church was laid in the year 1101, and the building completed in A. D. 1104, at a cost only of £433. 9s. 7d. This statement, if worthy of credit, must be referred to an earlier and less costly edifice than the present.

J. H. S.

TRAVELING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(To the Editor.)

Guernsey, Dec. 17, 1831.

Your ingenious and talented correspondent, *Vyvyan*, in writing on the shrimp, (the *Mirror*, p. 361, vol. xviii.) remarks that "The sea roamer may often have observed numbers of little air-holes in the sand, which expand as the sun advances. If he stirs it with his foot, he will cause a brood of young shrimps, who will instantly hop and jump about the beach in the most lively manner," &c.: these "jumpers" as they are facetiously called, are not shrimps, but sea-fleas, and they possess the elasticity for which their namesakes are so remarkable. They are as different as possible from young shrimps; and if "old shrimps" *could* "tell tales," I doubt not but that on inquiring of them, they would tell their "companions at breakfast table" the same thing. Your correspondent further adds, that "strange stories are told of the *old* shrimp," and I think, on investigation, he will find that he has told a very "strange story" of *young* shrimps. In a future communication I will give you a correct account or history of the shrimp, (if it be acceptable,) from the time when it is first spawned until it arrives at perfection.

H. W.

(To the Editor.)

Vyvyan has not in his *Notes* named any county but South Wales, generally, where he says, "Any person who can enclose a portion of land around his cottage or otherwise, in one night, becomes owner thereof in fee." These persons in Wales are called Encroachers, and are liable to have ejectments served upon them by the Lord of the Manor, (which is often the case) to recover possession. The majority of the Encroachers pay a nominal yearly rent to the Lord of the Manor for allowing them to occupy the land. If they possess these encroachments for sixty years without any interruption, or paying rent, then they become possessed of the same. It is usual to present the Encroachments at a Court Leet held for the manor, and upon perambulating the manor, which is generally done every three or four years, these encroachments are thrown out again to the waste or common.

J. P.

*** We readily insert these corrections of Vyvyan's "Notes," especially as we believe our readers to take considerable interest in their accuracy.

The Sketch-Book.

MY FIRE.

(For the Mirror.)

On new year's morning, soon after daybreak, I entered my study, which is a little room some eight feet square, and from a wayward fancy of my own, closely resembles the cell of an alchymist. Its walls are hung with black drapery, on which appear the mystical signs of the planetary bodies, Hebrew, Persian, and various cabalistic characters, the dark enigmas of the work of transmutation, and the invocations or prayers for success employed by the alchymist. Here and there pieces of their quaint and uncouth shaped apparatus, the aludel, the alembic, and the alkaner, the pelican, the crucible, and the water-bath, occupy their respective stations. The clumsy, heavy, oaken table in the centre is covered with copies of scarce and valuable alchymical tracts, in company with the *caput mortum* and the hour-glass. A few antiques, consisting of half-a-dozen cloth-yard arrows, the stout yew bow of the green clad yeoman, the ponder-

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ous mace and helmet of the valiant knight, and other relics of the days of chivalry, complete the decorations of this my sanctum.

In consequence of its dark and gloomy aspect, and the feeling of awe with which the family and servants regard its mystical contents, I have its undisturbed enjoyment; nobody feels a wish to enter it even in the day time, and I verily believe they would not do so at the witching hour of night, lest the mystical signs should take summary vengeance on their unhallowed intrusion.

The neighbours imagine me to be an adept in the "black art," an astrologer, or a fortune-teller, but I have no pretentions whatever to any such titles; this report has got abroad in consequence of a maid-servant having once had the temerity to peep through the key-hole, and observed on the wall opposite her "line of sight," some triangular characters. She had been in the habit of poring over a dream book, and the art of casting nativities; the Prophetic Almanac was her oracle, and its terrific title-page she informed her fellow servant "had just those queer triangle things as was hung on the walls of young master's study." She was "sure that he could tell her fortune." This important intelligence, delivered with due confidence to her fellow servant, of course spread like wildfire among the other occupants of the "lower regions," and from them amongst the handmaidens of sundry other dwellings. Thus has my astrological character been established.

As all domestics are excluded my sanctum, of course I am obliged to "do for myself," and this I prefer to being "done for," or having my room "set to rights," according to their notions of neatness; my feelings on this point are exactly those of Scott's *Antiquary;* I therefore "do for myself," and consequently, it follows I must light my own fire. Than on the morning I have mentioned, the "grand agent" of the chemist was never more required. The "air bit shrewdly, and it was "bitter cold" upon entering the sanctum, although I had not quitted it many hours, having watched the "old year out and the new year in," and then taken a short nap; yet Jack Frost had been active during my absence, and cooled down the air of the sanctum some degrees below the freezing point, at the same time coating the window panes with his beautiful crystalline figures. The dark walls did look most awful, seen through the dun yellow light of the fog, which met my view upon drawing aside the cabalistically hung curtains. I cast a look at the Rumford grate; its black cold bars "grinned most horrible and ghastly." A sympathy was instantly established between them and my nasal organ, for I found a drop of pure crystal pendant from its extremity. Here, thought I, is an admirable question for "*The Plain Why and Because.*" *Why* does a drop of water hang from the nose on a frosty morning? *Because* the natural heat of the body sends up vapour into the head, and that being exposed most to cold, the vapour condenses, and a drop of water runs from the nostril, as it would do from the head of a still. Upon looking at anything very cold, sympathy excites the same action. This "Why and Because" was succeeded by another—Why does my fire-grate grin so coldly? Because you will not be "done for," else Eliza could have raised a flame there for you an hour ago. The truth of this reply was so forcible that I resolved to "do for myself" without delay, and evolve the "grand agent." I went to the door, expecting to see my usual supply of fuel; none was to be found. What means this? said I, and was about to make my wants known, but changed my intent as quickly, and being a little excited by such neglect, determined not to be dependent upon the domestics, but make a fire of my own. Now then for the materials. Paper, as all persons know, who have "lit their own fires," is the foundation; it was also mine: sundry letters in reply to sundry unsuccessful applications written on "thick double laid post," as the advertisements say, I seized upon, and thrust their crumpled forms between the sooty bars of the grate with some wood, the model of a mechanical invention of my own, which had been rejected by a Society, and why, I knew not; I severed limb from limb, and disposed their fragments across and athwart on the letters previously mutilated. How to obtain my coal posed me for a moment; but I recollected that in a geological cabinet under my window, I was the possessor of a mass of pure Staffordshire, weighing some twenty pounds. The doors of the cabinet flew open, and out it came; I had a strong affection for this lump of coal, having extracted it myself from the mines, and carried it many a weary mile on my return home. I felt loth to commit it to the flames; but this was necessity, "stern necessity:" one or two blows of the mineralogical hammer destroyed my scruples, and

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produced the proper cleavages in the mass of coal. I laid the precious stratum, *super stratum* upon the two former, and other deposits of *papyrus* and *lignum*; such was my "coal formation." The magic touch of a Promethean elicited my "grand agent" to the thick laid post; it consumed rather sluggishly, but the dry pine wood of the broken model caught the flame and entered into fair combustion, cracking and sparkling, and now and then sending out a hiss of pyroligenous vapour; hissing yourself thought I. The fiery example was soon followed by the coal at first slowly sending up wreaths of dirty, green, yellow smoke, but as the fire waxed warmer these disappeared, and vivid hissing jets of ignited gas shot forth in abundance. The hissing annoyed me; why, I could not divine; but as the heat increased I cooled from the state of excitement produced by the testy destruction of my papers, model, and specimen. I sat down at the fire; had I not better, said I, have made my wants known to the servant, than have acted as I have done? No, I hate asking for what, as a duty should have been ready to my hands. I endeavoured to persuade myself that I did not regret the deed I had done, but could not succeed; something whispered me that I should suffer for it. I felt myself an "uncomfortable gentleman." I began to trace my fire from its origin up to its present state of perfection; the letters were of no consequence—none—the model I made myself and can make another—certainly—the coal I paid dearly for by fatigue, but I can get another lump, and send it home by coach, yes; then why am I so uncomfortable. I looked at the glowing fire which was getting insufferably hot, and gave it a passionate poke, exclaiming, I wish I could stop your draught. Draught! draft, I repeated, what has become of my draft that I received yesterday for my last paper? I began to recollect myself where I had laid it, and quickly came to the awful conclusion that I had placed it carefully between the folds of one of the sacrificed letters.

Misery and destruction, said I, that draft has caused my rapid fire! it is gone and for ever! Fool that I was; why did I not "blow up" the servants for paper, wood, and coals, and be "done for properly" instead of thus "doing for myself." Ye alchymistical spirits, said I, invoking the dark drapery, aid me to extract my gold from yonder ashes! but they were deaf to my calls, and the old *caput mortum* seemed to grin in mockery. I could bear it no longer, and rushing from the sanctum, met the servant girl on the stairs. "A draft! a draft!" repeated I; she thought me mad; I was mad with vexation. "Sir," said she, "you will catch cold if there is a draught such a day as this." A cold day as this, you wretch, Eliza, why did you not bring my coals to the door this morning, then I could have had my fire without a draft; I want a ten guinea draft, not a foggy, frosty draught. The girl stood amazed, but replied, "Please, sir, I didn't bring the coals this morning because you said never to do so on a Sunday, sir." "Sunday," I exclaimed, "is this Sunday?" "Lord bless me, sir, yes, and new year's day too, sir; happy new year, sir," said the provoking little wench, who was now joined by another. I could stand it no longer, but slunk back into the sanctum "like a burnt child that dreaded the fire," hearing them exclaim, "I thought how it would be, them odd things in his room has quite turned his brain, poor young gentleman, he did not even know it was Sunday, and new year's day neither."

I really did not know it was Sunday, for my calculaters were destroyed by the circumstance of our having kept Christmas Day on the Monday. I was aware that it was new year's day, and had intended to begin 1832 with good works, instead of which I commenced it with destroying my property, thus literally "doing for myself," and unlike most other people who invariably suffer from a draught, I am suffering from the loss of one.

PYRAMIS.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ADVENT.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the North Riding of Yorkshire, the young folks retain a very ancient custom during Advent. They make a wax figure representing the infant Jesus, and place it in a small wooden case, with evergreens, which hide all but the figure. A napkin is thrown over the box; and the puppet is thus carried about, and exhibited from door to door, by a boy, the others chanting some supplicatory lines. The same custom prevails in Wales.

In Italy, a wax figure representing the Virgin, inclosed in a beautifully carved wooden case, is placed on the back of an ass, and exhibited through the country during Advent. Every traveller on seeing it prostrates himself immediately, and crosses himself, and considers him-

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self in duty bound to bestow his charity on the proprietor. Others carry emblematical figures through the different towns, or sit by the road side, and uncover the effigy to every passer-by.

W. H. H.

CURIOUS MANORIAL RIGHT.

(For the Mirror.)

At Ripley Castle, in Yorkshire, the seat of Sir William Ingilby, there is in the great staircase an elegant Venetian window, in the divisions of which, on stain-glass, are a series of escutcheons, displaying the principal quarterings and intermarriages of the Ingilby family since their settling at Ripley, during a course of 430 years.

In one of the chambers of the tower is the following sentence, carved on the frieze of the wainscot:—"In the yeire of owre Ld. MDLV. was this howse buyldyd, by Sir Wyllyam Ingilby, Knight, Philip and Marie reigning that time."

John Pallisser, of Bristhwaite, formerly held his lands of the manor of Ripley, by the payment of a red rose at Midsummer, and by carrying the boar's head to the lord's table all the twelve days of Christmas. W. G. C.

Notes of a Reader.

EUGENE ARAM.

We intend to quote a few scenes and snatches from Mr. Bulwer's extraordinary novel of this name. At present, however, we can only introduce the ill-fated hero.

(Two young ladies, daughters of the lord of the Manor, approach Aram's house:—)

"Madeline would even now fain have detained her sister's hand from the bell that hung without the porch half embedded in ivy; but Ellinor, out of patience—as she well might be—with her sister's unseasonable prudence, refused any longer delay. So singularly still and solitary was the plain around the house, that the sound of the bell breaking the silence had in it something startling, and appeared, in its sudden and shrill voice, a profanation to the deep tranquillity of the spot. They did not wait long—a step was heard within—the door was slowly unbarred, and the Student himself stood before them.

"He was a man who might, perhaps, have numbered some five and thirty years; but at a hasty glance, he would have seemed considerably younger. He was above the ordinary stature; though a gentle, and not ungraceful bend in the neck rather than the shoulders, somewhat curtailed his proper advantages of height. His frame was thin and slender, but well knit and fair proportioned. Nature had originally cast his form in an athletic mould, but sedentary habits and the wear of mind seemed somewhat to have impaired her gifts. His cheek was pale and delicate; yet it was rather the delicacy of thought than of weak health. His hair, which was long, and of a rich and deep brown, was worn back from his face and temples, and left a broad high majestic forehead utterly unrelieved and bare; and on the brow there was not a single wrinkle—it was as smooth as it might have been some fifteen years ago. There was a singular calmness, and, so to speak, profundity of thought, eloquent upon its clear expanse, which suggested the idea of one who had passed his life rather in contemplation than emotion. It was a face that a physiognomist would have loved to look upon, so much did it speak both of the refinement and the dignity of intellect.

"Such was the person—if pictures convey a faithful resemblance—of a man, certainly the most eminent in his day for various and profound learning, and a genius wholly self-taught, yet never contented to repose upon the wonderful stores it had laboriously accumulated."

(Aram thus describes his own character:—)

"Ah!" said Aram, gently shaking his head, "it is a hard life we bookmen lead. Not for us is the bright face of noon-day or the smile of woman, the gay unbending of the heart, the neighing steed and the shrill trump; the pride, pomp, and circumstance of life. Our enjoyments are few and calm; our labour constant; but that is it not, Sir?—that is it not? the body avenges its own neglect. We grow old before our time; we wither up; the sap of our youth shrinks from our veins; there is no bound in our step. We look about us with dimmed eyes, and our breath grows short and thick, and pains, and coughs, and shooting aches come upon us at night; it is a bitter life—a bitter life—a joyless life. I would I had never commenced it. And yet the harsh world scowls upon us: our nerves are broken, and they wonder we are querulous; our blood curdles, and they ask why we are not gay; our brain grows dizzy and indistinct (as with me just now), and, shrugging their shoulders, they whisper their neighbours that we are mad. I wish I had worked at the plough, and

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known sleep, and loved mirth—and—and not been what I am.

"As the Student uttered the last sentence, he bowed down his head, and a few tears stole silently down his cheek. Walter was greatly affected—it took him by surprise: nothing in Aram's ordinary demeanour betrayed any facility to emotion; and he conveyed to all the idea of a man, if not proud, at least cold."

OLD JESTS.

PERSONS who gloat over dust and black-letter need scarcely be told that the best of "modern" jests are almost literally from the antique: in short, that what we employ to "set the table on a roar" were employed by the wise men of old to enliven *their* cups, deep and strong;—that to jest was a part of the Platonic philosophy, and that the excellent fancies, the flashes of merriment, of our forefathers, are nightly, nay hourly, re-echoed for our amusement. Yet such is the whole art of pleasing: what has pleased will, with certain modifications, continue to please again and again, until the end of time.

But we may displease; and, as Hamlet says, "We must speak by the card." The *Athenæum* a fortnight since drew forth a batch of these jests with antique humour richly dight, and here they are. The reader will recognise many old acquaintances, but he need not touch his hat, lest his politeness weary him. These old stories are but "pick'd to be new vann'd."

Hierocles' Facetiæ.

1. An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other in a rage said, "I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

2. A speculative gentleman, wishing to teach his horse to do without food, starved him to death. "I had a great loss," said he; "for, just as he learned to live without eating, he died."

3. A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

4. A young man told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. "Why then do you sleep without your shoes?" was the reply.

5. A robustious countryman, meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

6. A gentleman had a cask of Aminean wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask but could find no traces of an opening. "Look if there be not a hole in the bottom," said a bystander. "Blockhead," he replied, "do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom?"

7. A young man meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard that you were dead."—"But," says the other, "you see me alive."—"I do not know how that may be," replied he: "you are a notorious liar, but my informant was a person of credit."

8. A man, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

9. During a storm, the passengers on board a vessel that appeared in danger seized different implements to aid them in swimming, and one of the number selected for this purpose the anchor.

10. One of twin-brothers died: a fellow meeting the survivor asked, "Which is it, you or your brother, that's dead?"

11. A man whose son was dead, seeing a crowd assembled to witness the funeral, said, "I am ashamed to bring my little child into such a numerous assembly."

12. The son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His parent replied, "I should be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come safe."

13. A man wrote to his friend in Greece begging him to purchase books. From negligence or avarice, he neglected to execute the commission; but fearing that his correspondent might be offended, he exclaimed when next they met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter that you wrote me about the books."

14. A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake; rascal! you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

15. A citizen, seeing some sparrows in a tree, went beneath and shook it,

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holding out his hat to catch them as they fell.

16. A foolish fellow, having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

17. A man meeting his friend, said, "I spoke to you last nigh in a dream." "Pardon me," replied the other, "I did not hear you."

18. A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing, declared that he would not again go into the water until he had learned to swim.

(To understand the next, we must premise that a horse with his first teeth was called by the Greeks "a first thrower.")

19. A man selling a horse was asked if it was a first thrower. "By Jove," said he, "he's a second thrower, for he threw both me and my father."

20. A fellow had to cross a river, and entered the boat on horseback; being asked the cause, he replied, "I must ride, because I am in a hurry."

21. A student in want of money sold his books, and wrote home, "Father, rejoice; for I now derive my support from literature."

We thank the wits of the *Athenæum* for these piquancies: they are in the right true Attic vein, and are therefore characteristic of that clever Journal.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

(*From* Part xiii.—*Botany*.)

Why have vegetables the function of transpiration?

Because the sap, on arriving in the leaves, loses and gives out the superabundant quantity of water which it contained.

Why are limpid drops often observed hanging at the points of leaves at sunrise?

Because of the vegetable transpiration condensed by the coldness of the night. It was long thought that they were produced by dew; but Mushenbroëk first proved the above, by conclusive experiments. He intercepted all communication between a poppy and the ambient air, by covering it with a bell; and between it and the earth, by covering the vessel in which it grew with a leaden plate. Next morning the drop appeared upon it as before.—*Richard.*

One of the hydrangea tribe perspires so freely, that the leaves wither and become crisp in a very short space of time, if the plant be not amply supplied with water: it has 160,000 apertures on every inch square of surface, on the under disk of the leaf.

Why is more or less of a gummy, resinous, or saccharine matter found in every tree?

Because it is formed by branches of those returning vessels that deposit the new alburnum.

Why is it inferred that these juices must be prepared in the plant itself, by various secretions, and changes of the fluids which it absorbs?

Because we find, that in the same climate, nay, even in the same spot of ground, rue has its bitter—sorrel its acid—and the lettuce its cooling juices; and that the juices of the various parts of one plant, or even of one fruit, are extremely different. Sir James Smith mentions the peach-tree as a familiar example. "The gum of this tree is mild and mucilaginous. The bark, leaves, and flowers, abound with a bitter secretion, of a purgative and rather dangerous quality, than which nothing can be more distinct from the gum. The fruit is replete, not only with acid, mucilage, and sugar, but with its own peculiar aromatic and highly volatile secretion, elaborated within itself, on which its fine flavour depends."—*Introduction to Botany, 6th edit.*

Why are these juices readily found in the bark?

Because they appear to be matured, or brought to greater perfection, in layers of wood or bark that have no longer any principal share in the circulation of the sap. Thus, the vessels containing them are often very large, as the turpentine cells of the fir tribe, in all the species of which these secretions abound. The substance from which spruce-beer is made, is an extract of the branches of the *Abies Canadensis*, or Hemlock Spruce; a similar preparation is obtained from the branches of *Dacrydium*, in the South Seas.

Why, in the spring, is the herbage under trees generally more luxuriant than it is beyond the spread of their branches?

Because the driving mists and fogs becoming condensed on the branches, cause a frequent drip beneath the tree not experienced in other places; and thus keep up a perpetual irrigation and refreshment of the soil.

Why are certain plants useful or injurious to others that grow in their vicinity?

Because of certain fluids which the roots excrete from their slender extremities; and in this manner the likings and antipathies of certain plants may be accounted for. Thus, it is well known that the creeping thistle is hurtful to

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oats, *erigeron acre* to wheat, *scabiosa arvensis* to flax, &c.

Why are some resins odorous?

Because they contain essential oil; some afford benzoic acid when heated, and these have been termed balsams; such as tolu balsam and benzoin.

Common resin is obtained by distilling the exudation of different species of fir; oil of turpentine passes over, and the resin remains behind.

Why are the varieties of the cashew tribe, called varnish-trees?

Because their large flowers abound in a resinous, sometimes acrid, and highly poisonous juice, which afterwards turns black, and is used for varnishing in India. One kind is the common cashew nut. All these varnishes are extremely dangerous to some constitutions; the skin, if rubbed with them, inflames, and becomes covered with pimples that are difficult to heal; the fumes have also been known to produce painful swelling and inflammation.

Why do these varnishes, at first white, afterwards turn black?

Because the recent juice is an organized substance, consisting of an immense congeries of small parts, which disperse the sun's rays in all directions, like a thin film of unmelted tallow; while the varnish which has been exposed to the air loses its organized structure, becomes homogeneous, and then transmits the sun's rays, of a rich, deep, uniform, red colour.

The leaves of some species of Schinus are so filled with a resinous fluid, that the least degree of unusual repletion of the tissue causes it to be discharged; thus, some of them fill the air with fragrance after rain; and other kinds expel their resin with such violence when immersed in water, as to have the appearance of spontaneous motion, in consequence of the recoil. Another kind is said to cause swellings in those who sleep under its shade.—*Brewster's Journal.*

Why is the soap-tree so called?

Because its bark, if pulverized, and shaken in water, soon yields a solution, frothing, as if it contained soap. It is a native of Chili; the trunk is straight, and of considerable height; the wood is hard, red, and never splits; and the bark is rugged, fibrous, of ash-grey colour externally, and white within.

Why is a species of myrtle called the wax-tree?

Because the leaves and stem, when bruised, and boiled in water, yield wax, which concretes on cooling. Mr. Brande observes, "the glossy varnish upon the upper surface of many trees is of a similar nature; and though there are shades of difference, these varieties of wax possess the essential properties of that formed by the bee: indeed, it was formerly supposed that bees merely collected the wax already formed by the vegetable: but Huber's experiments show, that the insect has the power of transmuting sugar into wax, and that this is in fact a secretion."

The wax-palm of Humboldt has its trunk covered by a coating of wax, which exudes from the spaces between the insertion of the leaves. It is, according to Vaquelin, a concrete, inflammable substance, consisting of ⅓ wax, and ⅔ resin.

Why are some oils called vegetable butters?

Because they become solid at the ordinary temperatures. Such are cocoa-nut oil, palm oil, and nutmeg oil.

Why are some volatile oils obtained by expression?

Because they are contained in distinct vesicles in the rind of fruits, as in the lemon, orange, and bergamot.

Why is the oil of poppy-seed perfectly wholesome?

Because it is in no degree narcotic; nor has it any of the properties of the poppy itself. This oil is consumed on the Continent in considerable quantity, and employed extensively in adulterating olive oil. Its use was at one time prohibited in France, by decrees issued in compliance with popular clamour; but it is now openly sold, the government and people having grown wiser.

Why is the juice of the poppy called opium?

Because of its derivation from the Persian *afioun*, and the Arabian *aphium*. The botanical name of the poppy, *papaver*, is said to be derived from its being commonly mixed with the pap, papa, given to children in order to ease pain and procure sleep.

Why does opium produce sleep?

Because it contains an alkaline substance called Morphia. The same drug contains a peculiar acid called the Meconic; and a vegetable alkali named Narcotine, to which unpleasant stimulating properties are attributed by Majendie.

Why is sugar so generally found in plants?

Because it is not only the seasoning of most eatable fruits, but abounds in various roots, as the carrot, beet, parsnip, and in many plants of the grass, or cane kind, besides the famous sugar cane.

Sir James Smith observes that "there

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is great reason to suppose sugar not so properly an original secretion, as the result of a chemical change in secretions already formed, either of an acid or mucilaginous nature, or possibly a mixture of both. In ripening fruits, this change is most striking, and takes place very speedily, seeming to be greatly promoted by heat and light. By the action of frost, as Dr. Darwin observes, a different change is wrought in the mucilage of the vegetable body, and it becomes starch."

M. Berard considers gum and lignin as the principles in unripe fruits which chiefly tend to the formation of sugar during their ripening, and he has given several analyses of fruits in illustration of these views. Mr. Brande also considers the elements of water as probably concerned in the change.

The Naturalist.

THE SUGAR CANE.

At the island of Tahiti (Otaheite) South Pacific Ocean, there are several varieties of the sugar cane, differing, however, in their qualities. The number of varieties are eight, and are as follow :—

1. Rutu—of good quality.
2. Avae—of indifferent quality.
3. Irimotu—a rich cane, but does not grow to a large size.
4. Patu—a good cane, of a red colour.
5. To-ura—a dark-striped cane, hard and good.
6. Toute—a bad cane, of a red colour.
7. Veu—a good cane.
8. Vaihi—this attains a large size, and is considered of the best quality. It is said by the natives to have been introduced from the Sandwich Islands.

At Manilla (Island of Luçonia) the planters mention three cultivated varieties of the sugar cane :—

1. Cana negra—black sugar cane.
2. " morada—brown "
3. " blancha—white "

of which the black or cana negra is considered the best, from its strength and the quantity of syrup contained in it.

Mr. G. B.'s MS. Journal, 1829-30.

THE BARN OWL;

and the Benefits it confers on Man. By Charles Waterton, Esq.

This pretty aerial wanderer of the night often comes into my room; and after flitting to and fro, on wing so soft and silent that he is scarcely heard, he takes his departure from the same window a which he had entered.

I own I have a great liking for this bird; and I have offered it hospitality and protection on account of its persecutions, and for its many services to me, —I say services, as you will see in the sequel. I wish that any little thing I could write or say might cause it to stand better with the world at large than it has hitherto done: but I have slender hopes on this score; because old and deep-rooted prejudices are seldom overcome; and when I look back into the annals of remote antiquity, I see too clearly that defamation has done its worst to ruin the whole family, in all its branches, of this poor, harmless, useful friend of mine.

Ovid, nearly two thousand years ago, was extremely severe against the owl. In his *Metamorphoses* he says :—

" Fœdaque fit volucris, venturi nuncia luctus,
Ignavus bubo, dirum mortalibus omen."*

In his *Fasti* he openly accuses it of felony .—

" Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes."†

Lucan, too, has hit it hard :—

" Et lætas juranter aves, bubone sinistro;"‡

and the Englishman who continued the *Pharsalia*, says—

" Tristia mille locis Stygius dedit omina bubo."§

Horace tells us that the old witch Canidia used part of the plumage of the owl in her dealings with the devil :—

" Plumamque nocturnæ strigis."‖

Virgil, in fine, joined in the hue and cry against this injured family :—

" Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Sæpe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces."¶

In our own times we find that the village maid cannot return home from seeing her dying swain, without a doleful salutation from the owl :—

" Thus homeward as she hopeless went,
The churchyard path along,
The blast grew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song."

Amongst the numberless verses which might be quoted against the family of the owl, I think I only know of one

* " Ill-omen'd in his form, the unlucky fowl,
Abhorr'd by men, and call'd a screeching owl."—*Garth's Trans.*

† " They fly by night, and assail infants in the nurse's absence."

‡ " Even the ill-boding owl is declared a bird of good omen."

§ " The Stygian owl gives sad omens in a thousand places."

‖ " A feather of the night owl."

¶ ———" And, on her palace top,
The lonely owl with oft repeated scream
Complains, and spins into a dismal length
Her baleful shrieks."—*Trapp's Trans.*

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little ode which expresses any pity for it. Our nursery maid used to sing it to the tune of the Storm, "Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring railer." I remember the first two stanzas of it:—

"Once I was a monarch's daughter,
And sat on a lady's knee;
But am now a nightly rover,
Banish'd to the ivy tree—
Crying, hoo boo, hoo hoo, hoo hoo,
Hoo hoo hoo, my feet are cold!
Pity me, for here you see me,
Persecuted, poor, and old."

I beg the reader's pardon for this exordium. I have introduced it, in order to show how little chance there has been, from days long passed and gone to the present time, of studying the haunts and economy of the owl, because its unmerited bad name has created it a host of foes, and doomed it to destruction from all quarters. Some few, certainly, from time to time, have been kept in cages and in aviaries. But nature rarely thrives in captivity, and very seldom appears in her true character when she is encumbered with chains, or is to be looked at by the passing crowd through bars of iron. However, the scene is now going to change; and I trust that the reader will contemplate the owl with more friendly feelings, and quite under different circumstances. Here, no rude schoolboy ever approaches its retreat; and those who once dreaded its diabolical doings are now fully satisfied that it no longer meddles with their destinies, or has any thing to do with the repose of their departed friends. Indeed, human wretches in the shape of body-snatchers seem here in England to have usurped the office of the owl in our churchyards; "et vendunt tumulis corpora rapta suis."*

Up to the year 1813, the barn owl had a sad time of it at Walton Hall. Its supposed mournful notes alarmed the aged housekeeper. She knew full well what sorrow it had brought into other houses when she was a young woman; and there was enough of mischief in the midnight wintry blast, without having it increased by the dismal screams of something which people knew very little about, and which every body said was far too busy in the churchyard at nighttime. Nay, it was a well-known fact, that if any person were sick in the neighbourhood, it would be for ever looking in at the window, and holding a conversation outside with somebody, they did not know whom. The gamekeeper agreed with her in every thing she said on this important subject; and he always stood better in her books when he had managed to shoot a bird of this bad and mischievous family. However, in 1813, on my return from the wilds of Guiana, having suffered myself, and learned mercy, I broke in pieces the code of penal laws which the knavery of the gamekeeper and the lamentable ignorance of the other servants had hitherto put in force, far too successfully, to thin the numbers of this poor, harmless, unsuspecting tribe. On the ruin of the old gateway, against which, tradition says, the waves of the lake have dashed for the better part of a thousand years, I made a place with stone and mortar, about 4 ft. square, and fixed a thick oaken stick firmly into it. Huge masses of ivy now quite cover it. In about a month or so after it was finished, a pair of barn owls came and took up their abode in it. I threatened to strangle the keeper if ever, after this, he molested either the old birds or their young ones; and I assured the housekeeper that I would take upon myself the whole responsibility of all the sickness, woe, and sorrow that the new tenants might bring into the Hall. She made a low courtesy; as much as to say, "Sir, I fall into your will and pleasure:" but I saw in her eye that she had made up her mind to have to do with things of fearful and portentous shape, and to hear many a midnight wailing in the surrounding woods. I do not think that up to the day of this old lady's death, which took place in her eighty-fourth year, she ever looked with pleasure or contentment on the barn owl, as it flew round the large sycamore trees which grow near the old ruined gateway.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

* "And sell bodies torn from their tombs."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

BLONDEL DE NESLE.

"Blondel De Nesle, the favourite minstrel of Richard Cœur de Lion, and an attendant upon his person, devoted himself to discover the place of his confinement during the crusade against Saladin, emperor of the Saracens. He wandered in vain from castle to palace, till he learned that a strong and almost inaccessible fortress upon the Danube was watched with peculiar strictness, as containing some state-prisoner of distinction. The minstrel took his harp, and approaching as near the castle as he durst, came so nigh the walls as to hear the melancholy captive soothing his imprisonment with music. Blondel touched his harp; the prisoner heard

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and was silent: upon this the minstrel played the first part of a tune, or lay, known to the captive; who instantly played the second part; and thus, the faithful servant obtained the certainty that the inmate of the castle was no other than his royal master."—*Tales of a Grandfather*, p 69.

The Danube's wide-flowing waters lave
The captive's dungeon cell,
And the voice of its hoarse and sullen wave
Breaks forth in a louder swell,
And the night-breeze sighs in a deeper gust,
For the flower of chivalry droops in dust!

A yoke is hung over the victor's neck,
And fetters enthral the strong,
And manhood's pride like a fearful wreck,
Lies the breakers of care among;
And the gleams of hope, overshadow'd, seem
The phantoms of some distemper'd dream.

But the heart—the heart is unconquer'd still—
A host in its solitude!
Quenchless the spirit, though fetter'd the will,
Of that warrior unsubdued;
His soul, like an arrow from rocky ground,
Shall fiercely and proudly in air rebound.

But the hour of darkness girds him now
With a pall of deepest night,
Anguish sits throned on his moody brow,
And the curse of thy withering blight,
Despair, thou dreariest deathliest foe!
His senses hath steep'd in a torpid woe.

From the dazzling splendour of gloriest past
The warrior sickening turns,
To list to the sound of the wailing blast,
As the wan lamp dimly burns:
For the daring might of the lion-hearted
With Freedom's soul-thrilling notes hath parted.

O'er his harp-string droops his palsied hand,
And the fitful strain alone
Murmurs the notes of his native land—
Does echo repeat that moan
From the dungeon wall so grim and so drear?—
No —an answering minstrel lingers there.

Up starts the listening king—a flash
Of memory's gifted lore
Bursts on his soul—a deed so rash,
What captive would e'er deplore?
Since bonds no longer unnerve the free,
And valour hath won fidelity.

Dark child of sorrow, sweet comfort take,
In thy lone heart's widowhood,
Some charmed measure may yet awake
Arresting affliction's flood,
And thy prison'd soul unfetter'd be
By the answering spirit of sympathy!

Metropolitan.

ASMODEUS AT LARGE.

The design of this paper, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, is by no means novel; but the fine, cutting satire—the pleasant, lively banter on our vices and follies—which pervades every page of the article, is a set-off to the political frenzy and the literary lumber of other Magazines of the month. Each of them, it is true, has a readable paper, but one gem only contributes to a Magazine in the proportion of one swallow to a summer.

Here are three pages of the *New Monthly* Devil:

"A stranger, Sir, in the library," said my servant in opening the door.

"Indeed! what a short, lame gentleman?"

"No, Sir; middle-sized,—has very much the air of a lawyer or professional man."

I entered the room, and instead of the dwarf demon Le Sage described, I beheld a comely man seated at the table, with a high forehead, a sharp face, and a pair of spectacles on his nose. He was employed in reading the new novel of "The Usurer's Daughter."

"This cannot be the devil!" said I to myself; so I bowed, and asked the gentleman his business.

"Tush!" quoth my visiter; "and how did you leave the Doctor?"

"It is you, then!" said I; "you have grown greatly since you left Don Cleofas."

"Wars fatten our tribe," answered the Devil; "besides shapes are optional with me, and in England men go by appearances more than they do abroad; one is forced to look respectable and portly; the Devil himself could not cheat your countrymen with a shabby exterior. Doubtless you observe that all the swindlers, whose adventures enliven your journals, are dressed 'in the height of fashion,' and enjoy 'a mild prepossessing demeanour.' Even the Cholera does not menace 'a gentleman of the better ranks;' and no bodies are burked with a decent suit of clothes on their backs. Wealth in all countries is the highest possible morality; but you carry the doctrine to so great an excess, that you scarcely suffer the poor man to exist at all. If he take a walk in the country, there's the Vagrant Act; and if he has not a penny to hire a cellar in town, he's snapped up by a Burker, and sent off to the surgeons in a sack. It must be owned that no country affords such warnings to the spendthrift. You are one great moral against the getting rid of one's money."

On this, Asmodeus and myself had a long conversation; it ended in our dining together, (for I found him a social fellow, and fond of a broil in a quiet way,) and adjourning in excellent spirits, to the theatre.

"Certainly," said the Devil, taking a pinch of snuff, "certainly, your drama is wonderfully fine, it is worthy of a civilized nation; formerly you were contented with choosing actors among human kind, but what an improvement to go among the brute creation! think what a fine idea to have a whole play turn upon the appearance of a broken-backed lion! And so you are going to raise the drama by setting up a club;

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that's another exquisite notion! You hire a great house in the neighbourhood of the theatre; you call it the Garrick Club. You allow actors and patrons to mix themselves and their negus there after the play; and this you call a design for exalting the drama. Certainly you English are a droll set; your expedients are admirable."

"My good Devil, any thing that brings actors and spectators together, that creates an *esprit de corps* among all who cherish the drama, is not to be sneered at in that inconsiderate manner."

"I sneer! you mistake me; you have adduced a most convincing argument—*esprit de corps!*—good! Your clubs certainly nourish sociality greatly; those little tables, with one sulky man before one sulky chop—those hurried nods between acquaintances—that monopoly of newspapers and easy chairs—all exhibit to perfection the cementing faculties of a club. Then, too, it certainly does an actor inestimable benefit to mix with lords and squires. Nothing more fits a man for his profession, than living with people who know nothing about it. Only think what a poor actor Kean is; you would have made him quite a different thing, if you had tied him to a tame gentlemen in the 'Garrick Club.' He would have played 'Richard' in a much higher vein, I doubt not."

"Well," said I, "the stage is your affair at present, and doubtless you do right to reject any innovation."

"Why, yes," quoth the Devil, looking round; "we have a very good female supply in this quarter. But pray how comes it that the English are so candid in sin? Among all nations there is immorality enough, Heaven knows; but you are so delightfully shameless: if a crime is committed here, you can't let it 'waste its sweetness;' you thrust it into your papers forthwith; you stick it up on your walls; you produce it at your theatres; you chat about it as an agreeable subject of conversation; and then you cry out with a blush against the open profligacy abroad! This is one of those amiable contradictions in human nature that charms me excessively. You fill your theatres with ladies of pleasure—you fill your newspapers with naughty accounts—a robbery is better to you than a feast—and a good fraud in the city will make you happy for a week; and all this while you say: '*We* are the people who send vice to Coventry, and teach the world how to despise immorality.' Nay, if one man commits a murder, your newspapers kindly instruct his associates how to murder in future, by a far safer method. A wretch kills a boy for the surgeons, by holding his head under water; 'Silly dog!' cries the Morning Herald, 'why did not he clap a sponge dipped in prussic acid to the boy's mouth?'"

Here we were interrupted by a slight noise in the next box, which a gentleman had just entered. He was a tall man, with a handsome face and very prepossessing manner.

"That is an Author of considerable reputation," said my Devil, "quiet, though a man of wit, and with a heart, though a man of the world. Talking of the drama, he once brought out a farce, which had the good fortune to be damned. As great expectations had been formed of it, and the author's name had transpired; the unsuccessful writer rose the next morning with a hissing sound in his ears, and that leaning towards misanthropy, which you men always experience when the world has the bad taste to mistake your merits. 'Thank Fate, however,' said the Author, 'it is damned thoroughly—it is off the stage— I cannot be hissed again—in a few days it will be forgotten—meanwhile I will take a walk in the Park.' Scarce had the gentleman got into the street, before, lo! at a butcher's shop blazed the 'very head and front of his offending.' 'Second night of its appearance, the admired Farce of ———, by ———, Esq.' Away posts the Author to the Manager. —'Good Heavens! Sir, my farce again! was it not thoroughly damned last night?' —'Thoroughly damned!' quoth the Manager, drily; 'we reproduce it, Sir —we reproduce it (with a knowing wink,) that the world, enraged at our audacity, may come here to damn it again!' So it is, you see! the love of money is the contempt of man: there's an aphorism for you! Let us turn to the stage. What actresses you have!—certainly you English are a gallant nation; you are wonderfully polite to come and see such horrible female performers! By the by, you observed when that young lady came on the stage, how timidly she advanced, how frightened she seemed. "What modesty!" cry the audience; "we must encourage her!" they clap, they shout, they pity the poor thing, they cheer her into spirits. Would you believe that the hardest thing the Manager had to do with her was to teach her that modesty. She wanted to walk on the stage like a grenadier, and it required fifteen lessons to make her be ashamed of herself. It is in these things that the stage mimics the world, rather behind the scenes than before!"

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"Bless me, how Braham is improved!" cried a man with spectacles, behind me; "he acts now better than he sings!"

"Is it not strange," said Asmodeus, "how long the germ of a quality may remain latent in the human mind, and how completely you mortals are the creatures of culture? It was not till his old age that Braham took lessons in acting; some three times a week has he of late wended his way down to the comedian of Chapel-street, to learn energy and counterfeit warmth; and the best of it is, that the spectators will have it that an actor feels all he acts; as if human nature, wicked as it is, could feel Richard the Third every other night. I remember, Mrs. Siddons had a majestic manner of extending her arm as she left the stage. 'What grace!' said the world, with tears in its eyes, 'what dignity! what a wonderful way of extending an arm! you see her whole soul is in the part!' The arm was in reality stretched impatiently out for a pinch from the snuff-box that was always in readiness behind the scenes."

It is my misfortune, Reader, to be rapidly bored. I cannot sit out a sermon, much less a play; amusement is the most tedious of human pursuits.

"You are tired of this, surely," said I to the Devil; "let us go!"

"Whither?" said Asmodeus.

"Why, 'tis a starlit night, let us ride over to Paris, and sup, as you promised, at the Rocher de Cancale."

"*Volontiers.*"

Away—away—away—into the broad still Heavens, the stars dancing merrily above us, and the mighty heart of the City beating beneath the dusky garment of Night below.

"Let us look down," said Asmodeus; "what a wilderness of houses! shall I uncover the roofs for you, as I did for Don Cleofas; or rather, for it is an easier method, shall I touch your eyes with my salve of penetration, and enable you to see at once through the wall?"

"You might as well do so; it is pleasant to feel the power, though at present I think it superfluous; wherever I look, I can only see rogues and fools, with a stray honest man now and then, who is probably in prison."

Asmodeus touched my eyes with a green salve, which he took out of an ivory box, and all at once, my sight being directed towards a certain palace I beheld . . . .

The Gatherer.

A CLERGYMAN preaching in the neighbourhood of Wapping, observing that most part of his audience were in the seafaring way, very naturally embellished his discourse with several nautical tropes and figures. Amongst other things, he advised them "to be ever on the watch, so that on whatsoever tack the evil one should bear down on them, he might be crippled in action." "Ay, master," said a son of Neptune, "but let me tell you, that will depend upon your having the weather gage of him."

A POACHER escaping one morn with his pillage,
Unexpectedly met with the lord of the village;
Who seeing a hare o'er his shoulder was thrown,
Hail'd him quickly, "You fellow is that hare your own."
"My own!" he replied, "you inquisitive prig,
Gad's curse, pompous sir, do you think I've a wig?"

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "TO BOOT."

Bote or *Bota*, in our old law books, signifies recompense, repentance, or fine paid by way of expiation, and is derived from the Saxon. Hence our common phrase "to boot," speaking of something given by way of compensation.

P. T. W.

OLD SONG.

"SYR TANKARDE he is as bold a wight
As ever Old England bred;
His armoure it is of the silver bright,
And his coloure is ruby red;
And whene'er on the bully ye calle,
He is readye to give ye a falle;
But if long in the battle with him ye be,
Ye weaker are ye, and the stronger is he,
For Syr Tankarde is victor of alle.

"A barley-corn he mounts for a speare,
His helmet with hops is hung,
He lightes the eye with a laughing leere,
With a carolle he tipps the tongue—
And he marshals a valyant hoste
Of spices and crabbes and toaste;
And the stoutest of yeomen they well can o'erthrow,
When he leads them in beakers and jugs to the foe,—
And Syr Tankarde his prowess may boaste.

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FRENCH—ENGLISH LOVE.

The following is a copy of a letter addressed some years ago to a lady of fortune at Portsmouth, upwards of four score years of age, by a French prisoner of war at Porchester Castle:—

"*Porchester.—Madam*—Me rite de English very leet, and me very fears you no saave vat me speak; but me be told dat you vant one very fine man for your hosband; upon my soul me love you very well; and thou you be very old woman, and very cross, and ugly, and all de devil, and the English no like you, upon my soul we have one great passion for you, and me like you very well for all dat; and me told dat de man for you must be one very clen man, and no love de drink. Me be all dat: indeed me be one very grand man in France—upon my soul me be one count, me have one grand equipage in France, and me be very good for de esprit: indeed me be one grand bean-a-la-mode—one officier in de regiment: me be very good for de Engleterres. Indeed you be one very good old woman upon my soul; and if you have one inclination for one man, me be dat gentleman for you—one grand man for you. Me will be your hosband, and take de care for yourself, for de house, for de gardin, for de Schoff, for de drink, and for de little childs dat shall come. Upon my soul me kill myself very soon, if you no love me for this grand amour. Me be, madam, your great slave, votre tres humble serviteur, Pres A. Boire." W. G. C.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

It is well known that Peter of Colechurch, the founder of *Old* London Bridge, did not live to witness the completion of the structure, but died in 1205, and was buried in a crypt within the centre pier of the bridge, over which a chapel was erected, dedicated to St. Thomas-à-Becket. Mr. Brayley, in his *Londiniana*, wrote about five years since that "if due care be taken when the old bridge is pulled down, the bones and ashes of its venerable architect may still be found;"—and, true enough, *the bones of old Peter were found on removing the pier about a fortnight since.*

TAME LIONS.

Hanno, a Carthaginian, was the first who tamed a lion. He was condemned to death, for what his fellow-citizens considered so great a crime. They asserted that the republic had to fear the worst consequences from a man who had been able to subdue so much ferocity. A little more experience, however, convinced them of the fallacy of that ridiculous judgment. The triumvir Antony, accompanied by an actress, was publicly drawn by lions in a chariot.

Sad-using.

CITY OF LYONS.

Lyons is situated on a sort of peninsula, formed by the confluence of two great rivers—the Rhone and the Laone. All the bridges, with the exception of one of stone, are of wood; and although in general more useful than ornamental, they are justly admired for the boldness of their construction. They form numerous and convenient communications between the city and the faubourgs.

Lyons is walled round, and strongly fortified. In 1791 it contained 121,000 inhabitants; but, in consequence of the siege of 1793, and the cruelties practised at that memorable period of French history, the numbers were reduced to less than 80,000. In 1802, the numbers were 88,662; and in 1827, the fixed population had increased to 97,439;—but there was a floating population, estimated at 43,684, which, with the inmates of the barracks and hospitals, stated at 8,600, made the total population at that period 149,723; and by adding the population of the suburbs, reckoned at 36,000, the whole amount of the inhabitants at the period of the census, in 1827, was 185,723; at the present time it is said to be, in round numbers, 200,000.

In 1828, the number of workshops in all branches of the silk trade within the walls, amounted to 7,140; that of the silk frames or looms to 18,829; and from 10,000 to 12,000 in the communes.

W. G. C.

The ditty sung by the first grave-digger in *Hamlet*, beginning—

"In youth, when I did love, did love"—

was written by Lord Vaux, an ancestor of Lord Brougham. It will be found entire in *Percy's Reliques.*

Epitaph in Betturbbet churchyard, Ireland.

Here lies father, mother, and sister Nan. Father was drowned on his passage from America, mother died in Scotland; and sister Nan in Cork; had they all *lived* they would have been buried here.

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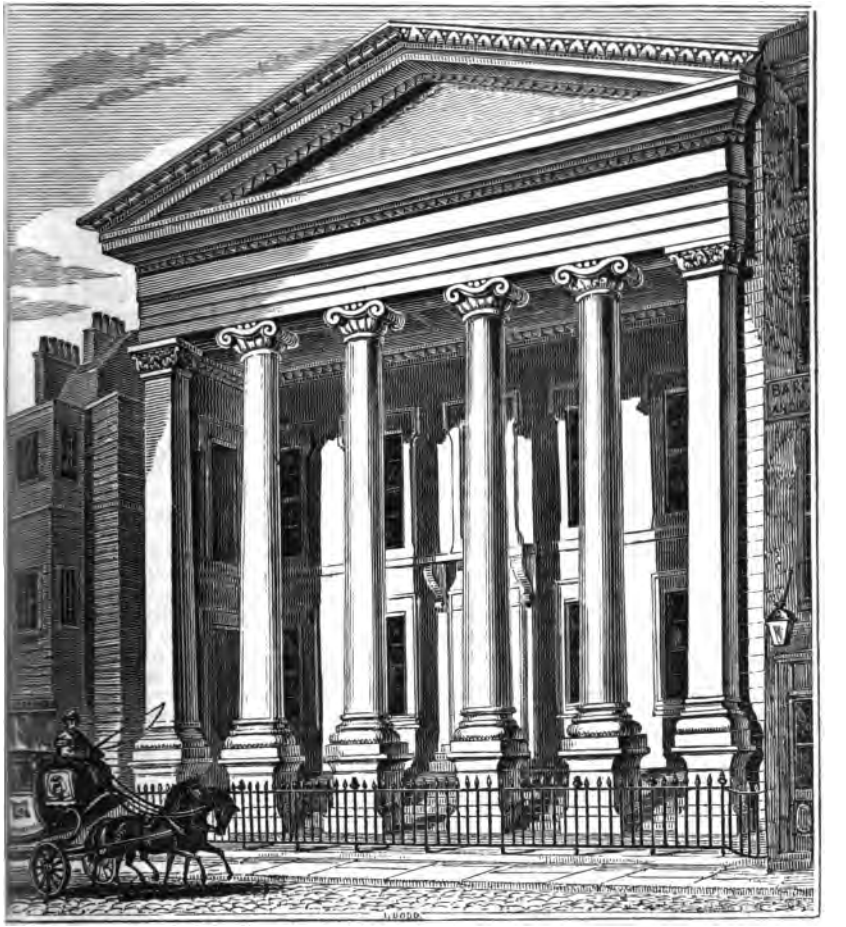
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 530.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1832. [Price 2d.

LAW INSTITUTION.



This handsome portico is situate on the west side of Chancery Lane. It represents, however, but a portion of the building, which extends thence into Bell Yard, where there is a similar entrance. The whole has been erected by Messrs. Lee and Sons, the builders of the new Post Office and the London University; whose contract for the present work is stated at 9,214*l*. The portion in our engraving is one of the finest structures of its kind in the metropolis. The bold yet chaste character of the Ionic columns, and the rich foliated moulding which decorates the pediment, as well as the soffit ceiling of the portico, must be greatly admired. We should regret this handsome structure being pent up in so narrow a street as Chancery Lane, did not the appropriateness of its situation promise advantages of greater importance than mere architectural display.

From the Fourth Annual Report, we

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learn that "the plan of the *Law Institution* originated with some individuals in the profession, who were desirous of increasing its respectability, and promoting the general convenience and advantage of its members." Rightly enough it appeared to them "singular, that whilst the various public bodies, companies, and commercial and trading classes in the metropolis, and indeed in many of the principal towns in the kingdom, have long possessed places of general resort, for the more convenient transaction of their business; and while numerous institutions for promoting literature and science amongst all ranks and conditions of society, have been long established, and others are daily springing up, the attorneys and solicitors of the superior courts of record at Westminster should still be without an establishment in London, calculated to afford them similar advantages; more particularly when the halls and libraries of the inns of court, the clubs of barristers, special pleaders, and conveyancers, the libraries of the advocates and writers to the signet at Edinburgh, and the association of attorneys in Dublin, furnish a strong presumption of the advantages which would probably result from an establishment of a similar description for attorneys in London.

"For effecting the purposes of the institution, it was considered necessary to raise a fund of 50,000*l.* in shares of 25*l.* each, payable by instalments, no one being permitted to take more than twenty shares. The plan having been generally announced to the profession, a large proportion of the shares were immediately subscribed for, so that no doubt remained of the success of the design, and the committee therefore directed inquiries to be made for a site for the intended building, and succeeded in obtaining an eligible one in Chancery Lane, nearly opposite to the Rolls Court, consisting of two houses, formerly occupied by Sir John Silvester (and lately by Messrs. Collins and Wells,) and Messrs. Clarke, Richards and Medcalf, and of the house behind, in Bell Yard, lately in the possession of Mr. Maxwell; thus having the advantage of two frontages, and, from its contiguity to the law offices and inns of court, being peculiarly adapted to the objects of the institution.

"It is the present intention of the committee to provide for the following objects:—*viz.*—*A Hall*, to be open at all hours of the day; but some particular hour to be fixed as the general time for assembling: to be furnished with desks, or inclosed tables, affording similar accommodations to those in Lloyd's Coffee House; and to be provided with newspapers and other publications calculated for general reference.

"An Ante-room for clerks and others, in which will be kept an account of all public and private parliamentary business, in its various stages, appeals in the House of Lords, the general and daily cause papers, seal papers, &c.

"A Library to contain a complete collection of books in the law, and relating to those branches of literature which may be considered more particularly connected with the profession; votes, reports, acts, journals, and other proceedings of parliament; county and local histories; topographical, genealogical, and other matters of antiquarian research, &c. &c.

"An Office of Registry in which will be kept accounts and printed particulars of property intended for sale, &c.

"A Club Room which may afford members an opportunity of procuring dinners and refreshments, on the plan of the University, Athenæum, Verulam, and similar clubs.

"A suite of rooms for meetings.

"Fire-proof rooms, in the basement story, to be fitted up with closets, shelves, drawers, and partitions, for the deposit of deeds, &c."

Upon reference to the list of members to Jan. 1831, we find their number to be 607 in town, and 88 in the country, who hold 2000 shares in the Institution. A charter of incorporation has recently been granted to the Society by his Majesty, by the style of "The Society of Attorneys, Solicitors, Proctors, and others, not being Barristers, practising in the Courts of Law and Equity in the United Kingdom," thus giving full effect to the arrangements contemplated by this building in Chancery Lane.

HOPE.

(For the Mirror.)

He mark'd two sunbeams upward driven
Till they blent in one in the bosom of heaven;
And when closed o'er the eye lid of night,
His own mind's-eye saw it doubly bright,
And as upward and upward it floated on
He deemed it a seraph—and anon
Through its light on heaven's floor he made,
The shadow bright of his dead love's shade,
In her living beauty, and he wrapt her in light,
Which dropped from the eye of the *Infinite*.
And as she breathed her heavenward sigh,
'Twas halved by that light all radiantly,
As it lit her up to eternity.
Then the future opened its ocult scroll,
And his own inward man was refined to soul,
And straightway it rose to the realms above,
On the wings of thought till it joined his love,
And though from that beauteous trance he woke
Still linger'd the thought—and he called it—
hope!

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LOVE'S KERCHIEF.

(For the Mirror.)

It was a custom in my time to look through a handkerchief at the new year's moon, and as many moons as ye saw (multiplied by the handkerchief,) so many years would ye be before ye were wed.

When sunset and moon-rise
Chill and burn at once on the earth—
When love-tears and love-sighs
Tickle up boisterous mirth—
When fate-stars are shooting,
Sparks of love to the maid
To fill her funeral eye with light,
And owlets are hooting
Her sire's ghost, which she's unlaid
With vexation, down backward in night;
Then the lover may spin from that light of her eye,
(As through his sigh it glances silkily,)
With the wheel of a dead witch's fancy,
The thread of his after destiny—
All hidden things to prove.
Then make a warp and a woof of that thread of sight,
And weave it with loom of a fairy sprite,
As she works by the lamp of the glow-worm's light,
While it lays drunk with the dew-drop of night,
And ye'll have the *kerchief* of love:
Then peep through it at the waning moon,
And ye shall read your fate—anon!

A SKETCH OF SINGAPORE.*

Near the village of Kampong Glam† I observed a poor-looking bungalow, surrounded by high walls, exhibiting effects of age and climate. Over the large gateway which opened into the inclosure surrounding this dwelling were watch-towers. On inquiry, I found this was the residence of the Rajah of Johore, who includes Sincapore also in his dominions. The island was purchased of him by the British Government, who now allow him an annual pension. He is considered to have been formerly a leader of pirates; and when we saw a brig he was building, it naturally occurred to our minds whether he was about to resort to his old practices. We proposed visiting this personage; and on arriving at the gateway were met by a peon, who, after delivering our message to the Rajah, requested us to wait a few minutes, until his *Highness* was ready. We did not wait long, for the Rajah soon appeared, and took his seat in lieu of a throne, upon the highest step of those which led to his dwelling. His appearance was remarkable: he appeared a man of about forty years of age—teeth perfect, but quite black, from the custom of chewing the betel constantly. His head was large; and his shaven cranium afforded an interesting phrenological treat. He was deformed; not more than five feet in height, of large body, and short, thick, and deformed legs, scarcely able to support the ponderous trunk. His neck was thick and short, and his head habitually stooped; his face bloated, with the lower lip projecting; and large eyes protruding, one of them having a cataractal appearance. He was dressed in a short pair of cotton drawers, a sarong of cotton cloth came across the shoulders in the form of a scarf, and with tarnished, embroidered slippers, and handkerchief around the head (having the upper part exposed) after the Malay fashion, completed the attire of this singular creature.

As much grace and dignity was displayed in our reception as such a figure could show, and chairs were placed by the attendants for our accommodation. He waddled a short distance, and, notwithstanding the exertion was so extraordinary as to cause large drops of perspiration to roll down his face, conferred a great honour upon us by personally accompanying us to see a tank he had just formed for fish, and with a flight of steps, for the convenience of bathing. After viewing this, he returned to his former station, when he re-seated himself, with a dignity of look and manner surpassing all description; and we took our departure, after a brief commonplace conversation.

I remarked, that on his approach the natives squatted down, as a mark of respect: a custom similar to which prevails in several of the Polynesian islands.

Mr. G. B.'s MS. Jour., Nov. 15, 1830.

* Singapoor is derived from Sing-gah, signifying to call or touch at, bait, stop by the way; and poor, a village (generally fortified), a town, &c.—(Marsden's Malay Dictionary. It is considered at this island, or rather at this part of the island where the town is now situated (the name, however, has been given by Europeans to the whole island), there was formerly a village, inhabited principally by fishermen. The Malays, who traded from the eastward to Malacca, and others of the ports to the westward, touched at this place. Singa also signifies a lion (known by name only in the Malay countries), from which the name of the island has been (no doubt erroneously) supposed to be derived.

† Kampong Glam, near Sincapore, has its name derived, it is said, from Kampong, signifying a village; and Glam, the name of a particular kind of tree.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ROYAL AND NOBLE GLUTTONY.

(For the Mirror.)

The Emperor Claudius had a strong predilection for mushrooms: he was poisoned with them, by Agrippina, his niece and fourth wife; but as the poi-

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son only made him sick, he sent for Xenophon, his physician, who, pretending to give him one of the emetics he commonly used after debauches, caused a poisoned feather to be passed into his throat.

Nero used to call mushrooms the relish of the gods, because Claudius, his predecessor, having been, as was supposed, poisoned by them, was, after his death, ranked among the gods.

Domitian one day convoked the senate, to know in what fish-kettle they should cook a monstrous turbot, which had been presented to him. The senators gravely weighed the matter; but as there was no utensil of this kind big enough, it was proposed to cut the fish in pieces. This advice was rejected. After much deliberation, it was resolved that a proper utensil should be made for the purpose; and it was decided, that whenever the emperor went to war a great number of potters should accompany him. The most pleasing part of the story is, that a blind senator seemed in perfect ecstacy at the turbot, by continually praising it, at the same time turning in the very opposite direction.

Julius Cæsar sometimes ate at a meal the revenues of several provinces.

Vitellius made four meals a day; and all those he took with his friends never cost less than ten thousand crowns. That which was given to him by his brother was most magnificent: two thousand select dishes were served up: seven thousand fat birds, and every delicacy which the ocean and Mediterranean sea could furnish.

Nero sat at the table from midday till midnight, amidst the most monstrous profusion.

Geta had all sorts of meat served up to him in alphabetical order.

Heliogabalus regaled twelve of his friends in the most incredible manner: he gave to each guest animals of the same species as those he served them to eat; he insisted upon their carrying away all the vases or cups of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of which they had drunk; and it is remarkable, that he supplied each with a new one every time he asked to drink. He placed on the head of each a crown interwoven with green foliage, and gave each a superbly-ornamented and well-yoked car to return home in. He rarely ate fish but when he was near the sea; and when he was at a distance from it, he had them served up to him in sea-water.

Louis VIII. invented a dish called *Truffes a la purée d'ortolans*. The happy few who tasted this dish, as concocted by the royal hand of Louis himself, described it as the very perfection of the culinary art. The Duc d'Escars was sent for one day by his royal master, for the purpose of assisting in the preparation of a glorious dish of *Truffes a la purée d'ortolans;* and their joint efforts being more than usually successful, the happy friends sat down to *Truffes a la purée d'ortolans* for ten, the whole of which they caused to disappear between them, and then each retired to rest, triumphing in the success of their happy toils. In the middle of the night, however, the Duc d'Escars suddenly awoke, and found himself alarmingly indisposed. He rang the bells of his apartment, when his servant came in, and his physicians were sent for; but they were of no avail, for he was dying of a surfeit. In his last moments he caused some of his attendants to go and inquire whether his majesty was not suffering in a similar manner with himself, but they found him sleeping soundly and quietly. In the morning, when the king was informed of the sad catastrophe of his faithful friend and servant, he exclaimed, "Ah, I told him I had the better digestion of the two." W. G. C.

The Sketch-Book.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

DURING the rage of the last continental war in Europe, occasion—no matter what—called an honest Yorkshire squire to take a journey to Warsaw. Untravelled and unknowing, he provided himself no passport: his business concerned himself alone, and what had foreign nations to do with him? His route lay through the states of neutral and contending powers. He landed in Holland—passed the usual examination; but, insisting that the affairs which brought him there were of a private nature, he was imprisoned—questioned—sifted;—and appearing to be incapable of design, was at length permitted to pursue his journey.

To the officer of the guard who conducted him to the frontiers he made frequent complaints of the loss he should sustain by the delay. He swore it was uncivil, and unfriendly, and ungenerous: five hundred Dutchmen might have travelled through Great Britain without a question,—they never questioned any stranger in Great Britain, nor stopped

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him, nor imprisoned him, nor guarded him.

Roused from his native phlegm by these reflections on the police of his country, the officer slowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitting the smoke, "Mynheer," said he, "when you first set your foot on the land of the Seven United Provinces, you should have declared you came hither on affairs of commerce;" and replacing his pipe, relapsed into immovable taciturnity.

Released from this unsocial companion, he soon arrived at a French post, where the sentinel of the advanced guard requested the honour of his permission to ask for his passports. On his failing to produce any, he was entreated to pardon the liberty he took of conducting him to the commandant—but it was his duty, and he must, however reluctantly, perform it.

Monsieur le Commandant received him with cold and pompous politeness. He made the usual inquiries; and our traveller, determined to avoid the error which had produced such inconvenience, replied that commercial concerns drew him to the continent. "Ma foi," said the commandant, "c'est un negotiant, un bourgeois"—take him away to the citadel, we will examine him to-morrow, at present we must dress for the comedie—"Allons."

"Monsieur," said the sentinel, as he conducted him to the guard-room, "you should not have mentioned commerce to Monsieur le Commandant; no gentleman in France disgraces himself with trade—we despise traffic; you should have informed Monsieur le Commandant, that you entered the dominions of the Grand Monarque to improve in dancing, or in singing, or in dressing: arms are the profession of a man of fashion, and glory and accomplishments his pursuits—Vive le Roi."

He had the honour of passing the night with a French guard, and the next day was dismissed. Proceeding on his journey, he fell in with a detachment of German Chasseurs. They demanded his name, quality, and business. He came he said to dance, and to sing, and to dress. "He is a Frenchman," said the corporal—"A spy!" cries the sergeant. He was directed to mount behind a dragoon, and carried to the camp.

There he was soon discharged; but not without a word of advice. "We Germans," said the officer, "eat, drink, and smoke: these are our favourite employments; and had you informed the dragoons you followed no other business, you would have saved them, me, and yourself, infinite trouble."

He soon approached the Prussian dominions, where his examination was still more strict; and on answering that his only designs were to eat, and to drink, and to smoke—"To eat! and to drink! and to smoke!" exclaimed the officer with astonishment. "Sir, you must be forwarded to Postdam—war is the only business of mankind." The acute and penetrating Frederick soon comprehended the character of our traveller, and gave him a passport under his own hand. "It is an ignorant, an innocent Englishman," says the veteran; "the English are unacquainted with military duties; when they want a general they borrow him of me."

At the barriers of Saxony he was again interrogated. "I am a soldier," said our traveller, "behold the passport of the first warrior of the age."—"You are a pupil of the destroyer of millions," replied the sentinel, "we must send you to Dresden; and, hark'e, sir, conceal your passport, as you would avoid being torn to pieces by those whose husbands, sons, and relations have been wantonly sacrificed at the shrine of Prussian ambition." A second examination at Dresden cleared him of suspicion.

Arrived at the frontiers of Poland, he flattered himself his troubles were at an end; but he reckoned without his host.

"Your business in Poland?" interrogated the officer.

"I really don't know, sir."

"Not know your own business, sir!" resumed the officer; "I must conduct you to the Starost."

"For the love of God," said the wearied traveller, "take pity on me. I have been imprisoned in Holland for being desirous to keep my own affairs to myself;—I have been confined all night in a French guard-house, for declaring myself a merchant;—I have been compelled to ride seven miles behind a German dragoon, for professing myself a man of pleasure;—I have been carried fifty miles a prisoner in Prussia, for acknowledging my attachment to ease and good living;—I have been threatened with assassination in Saxony, for avowing myself a warrior. If you will have the goodness to let me know how I may render such an account of myself as not to give offence, I shall ever consider you as my friend and protector."

M—A—NS.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

SPEECH OF KING HENRY THE FIRST.

(To the Editor.)

THE following speech of Henry the First will, no doubt, be thought by some of your numerous readers curious enough to deserve a corner in your valuable *Mirror*. It is the first that ever was delivered from the throne;—is preserved to us by only one historian (Mathew Paris), and scarcely taken notice of by any other. Henry the First, the Conqueror's youngest son, had dispossessed his eldest brother, Robert, of his right of succession to the crown of England. The latter afterwards coming over to England, upon a friendly visit to him, and Henry, being suspicious that this circumstance might turn to his disadvantage, called together the great men of the realm, and spoke to them as follows:—

"My friends and faithful subjects, both natives and foreigners,—You all know very well that my brother Robert was both called by God, and elected King of Jerusalem, which he now might have happily governed; and how shamefully he refused that rule, for which he justly deserves God's anger and reproof. You know also, in many other instances, his pride and brutality: because he is a man that delights in war and bloodshed, he is impatient of peace. I know that he thinks you a parcel of contemptible fellows: he calls you a set of gluttons and drunkards, whom he hopes to tread under his feet. I, truly a king, meek, humble, and peaceable, will preserve and cherish you in your ancient liberties, which I have formerly sworn to perform; will hearken to your wise councils with patience; and will govern you justly, after the example of the best of princes. If you desire it, I will strengthen this promise with a written character; and all those laws which the Holy King Edward, by the inspiration of God, so wisely enacted, I will again swear to keep inviolably. If you, my brethren, will stand by me faithfully, we shall easily repulse the strongest efforts the cruelest enemy can make against me and these kingdoms. If I am only supported by the valour of the English nation, all the weak threats of the Normans will no longer seem formidable to me."

The historian adds, that this harrangue of Henry to his nobles had the desired effect, though he afterwards broke all his promises to them. Duke Robert went back much disgusted; when his brother soon after followed, gained a victory over him, took him prisoner, put out his eyes, and condemned him to perpetual imprisonment. G. K.

REMEDY FOR ALDERMEN SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

"Sleep no more."—*Macbeth.*

BISHOP ANDREWS was applied to for advice by a corpulent alderman of Cambridge, who had been often reproved for sleeping at church, and whose conscience troubled him on this account. Andrews told him it was an ill habit of body, and not of mind, and advised him to eat little at dinner. The alderman tried this expedient, but found it ineffectual. He applied again with great concern to the bishop, who advised him to make a hearty meal, as usual, but to take his full sleep before he went to church. The advice was followed, and the alderman came to St. Mary's Church, where the preacher was prepared with a sermon against sleeping at church, which was thrown away, for the good alderman looked at the preacher during the whole sermon time, and spoiled the design.

P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

THE BARN OWL.

(Concluded from page 28.)

WHEN I found that this first settlement on the gateway had succeeded so well, I set about forming other establishments. This year I have had four broods, and I trust that next season I can calculate on having nine. This will be a pretty increase, and it will help to supply the place of those which in this neighbourhood are still unfortunately doomed to death, by the hand of cruelty or superstition. We can now always have a peep at the owls, in their habitation on the old ruined gateway, whenever we choose. Confident of protection, these pretty birds betray no fear when the stranger mounts up to their place of abode. I would here venture a surmise, that the barn owl sleeps standing. Whenever we go to look at it, we invariably see it upon the perch bolt upright, and often with its eyes closed, apparently fast asleep. Buffon and Bewick err (no doubt, unintentionally) when they say that the barn owl snores during its repose. What they took for snoring was the cry of the young birds for food. I had fully satisfied myself on this score some years ago. However,

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in December, 1823, I was much astonished to hear this same snoring kind of noise, which had been so common in the month of July. On ascending the ruin, I found a brood of young owls in the apartment.

Upon this ruin is placed a perch, about a foot from the hole at which the owls enter. Sometimes, at midday, when the weather is gloomy, you may see an owl upon it, apparently enjoying the refreshing diurnal breeze. This year (1831) a pair of barn owls hatched their young, on the 7th of September, in a sycamore tree near the old ruined gateway.

If this useful bird caught its food by day, instead of hunting for it by night, mankind would have ocular demonstration of its utility in thinning the country of mice, and it would be protected and encouraged every where. It would be with us what the ibis was with the Egyptians. When it has young, it will bring a mouse to the nest about every twelve or fifteen minutes. But, in order to have a proper idea of the enormous quantity of mice which this bird destroys we must examine the pellets which it ejects from its stomach in the place of its retreat. Every pellet contains from four to seven skeletons of mice. In sixteen months from the time that the apartment of the owl on the old gateway was cleaned out, there has been a deposit of above a bushel of pellets.

The barn owl sometimes carries off rats. One evening I was sitting under a shed, and killed a very large rat, as it was coming out of a hole, about ten yards from where I was watching it. I did not go to take it up, hoping to get another shot. As it lay there, a barn owl pounced upon it, and flew away with it.

This bird has been known to catch fish. Some years ago, on a fine evening in the month of July, long before it was dark, as I was standing on the middle of the bridge, and minuting the owl by my watch, as she brought mice into her nest, all on a sudden she dropped perpendicularly into the water. Thinking that she had fallen down in epilepsy, my first thoughts were to go and fetch the boat; but before I had well got to the end of the bridge, I saw the owl rise out of the water with a fish in her claws, and take it to the nest. This fact is mentioned by the late much revered and lamented Mr. Atkinson of Leeds, in his *Compendium*, in a note, under the signature of W., a friend of his, to whom I had communicated it a few days after I had witnessed it.

I cannot make up my mind to pay any attention to the description of the amours of the owl by a modern writer; at least the barn owl plays off no buffooneries here, such as those which he describes. An owl is an owl all the world over, whether under the influence of Momus, Venus, or Diana.

When farmers complain that the barn owl destroys the eggs of their pigeons, they lay the saddle on the wrong horse. They ought to put it on the rat. Formerly I could get very few young pigeons till the rats were excluded effectually from the dovecot. Since that took place, it has produced a great abundance every year, though the barn owls frequent it, and are encouraged all around it. The barn owl merely resorts to it for repose and concealment. If it were really an enemy to the dovecot, we should see the pigeons in commotion as soon as it begins its evening flight; but the pigeons heed it not: whereas if the sparrow-hawk or windhover should make their appearance, the whole community would be up at once, proof sufficient that the barn owl is not looked upon as a bad, or even a suspicious, character by the inhabitants of the dovecot.

Till lately, a great and well-known distinction has always been made betwixt the screeching and the hooting of owls. The tawny owl is the only owl which hoots; and when I am in the woods after poachers, about an hour before daybreak, I hear with extreme delight its loud, clear, and sonorous notes, resounding far and near through hill and dale. Very different from these notes is the screech of the barn owl. But Sir William Jardine informs us that this owl hoots; and that he has shot it in the act of hooting. This is stiff authority; and I believe it because it comes from the pen of Sir William Jardine. Still, however, methinks that it ought to be taken in a somewhat diluted state; we know full well that most extraordinary examples of splendid talent do, from time to time, make their appearance on the world's wide stage. Thus, Franklin brought down fire from the skies:—"Eripuit fulmen cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis."* Paganini has led all London captive, by a single piece of twisted catgut:—"Tu potes reges comitesque stultos ducere."† Leibnetz tells us of a dog in Germany that could pronounce distinctly thirty words, Goldsmith informs us that he once heard a

* "He snatched lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants."

† "Thou canst lead kings and their silly nobles."

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raven whistle the tune of the "Shamrock," with great distinctness, truth, and humour. With these splendid examples before our eyes, may we not be inclined to suppose that the barn owl which Sir William shot in the absolute act of hooting may have been a gifted bird, of superior parts and knowledge (una de multis,* as Horace said of Miss Danaus), endowed perhaps, from its early days with the faculty of hooting, or else skilled in the art by having been taught it by its neighbour, the tawny owl? I beg to remark that though I unhesitatingly grant the faculty of hooting to this one particular individual owl, still I flatly refuse to believe that hooting is common to barn owls in general. Ovid, in his sixth book *Fastorum*, pointedly says that it screeched in his day:—

"Est illis strigibus nomen: sed nominis hujus
Causa, quod horrendâ stridere nocte solent."†

The barn owl may be heard shrieking here perpetually on the portico, and in the large sycamore trees near the house. It shrieks equally when the moon shines and when the night is rough and cloudy; and he who takes an interest in it may here see the barn owl the night through when there is a moon; and he may hear it shriek when perching on the trees, or when it is on wing. He may see it and hear it shriek, within a few yards of him, long before dark; and again, often after daybreak, before it takes its final departure to its wonted resting place. I am amply repaid for the pains I have taken to protect and encourage the barn owl; it pays me a hundred-fold by the enormous quantity of mice which it destroys throughout the year. The servants now no longer wish to persecute it. Often, on a fine summer's evening, with delight I see the villagers loitering under the sycamore trees longer than they would otherwise do, to have a peep at the barn owl, as it leaves the ivy-mantled tower: fortunate for it, if, in lieu of exposing itself to danger, by mixing with the world at large, it only knew the advantage of passing its nights at home; for here

"No birds that haunt my valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them."

Magazine of Natural History.

VAMPIRE BAT.

This species of bat is abundant at Tongatabu, and most of the Polynesian Islands. At the sacred burial place at Maofanga (island of Tongatabu) they were pendant in great numbers from a lofty Casuarina tree, which grew in the enclosure. One being shot, at Tongatabu, it was given to a native, at his request, who took it home to eat. From the number of skulls found in the huts at the island of Erromanga (New Hebrides group), and the ribs being also worn in clusters, as ornaments, in the ears, they very probably form an article of food among the natives. Capt. S. P. Henry related to me, that when at Aiva (one of the Fidji group) he fired at some of these bats, which he had observed hanging from the trees, on which they all flew up, making a loud screaming noise, at the same time discharging their fœces on the assailants. — *Mr. G. B.'s MS. Journal, August*, 1829.

* "One out of many."
† "They are called owls (striges) because they are accustomed to screech (stridere) by night."

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ANNUAL BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY OF 1831.

Within this volume, it may almost be said, "keeps death his antic court." It comprises biographies of celebrated persons, who have died within the year, as well as a General Biographical List of others lower in the roll of fame. The biographies are 31 in number: among them are memoirs of Henry Mackenzie, Elliston, Jackson the artist, Abernethy, Mrs. Siddons, Rev. Robert Hall, Thomas Hope, Carrington, the poet of Dartmoor, Northcote the artist, and the Earl of Norbury, and William Roscoe. These names alone would furnish a volume of the most interesting character, and they are aided by others of almost equal note. The memoirs are from various sources, in part original; but, as we have cause to know the difficulty of procuring biographical particulars of persons recently deceased, from their surviving relatives, we are not surprised at the paucity of such details in the present volume. Nevertheless some of the papers are stamped with this original value; as the memoirs of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Thomas Hope. Our extracts are of the anecdotic turn.

Abernethy.

An anecdote illustrative of the sound integrity, as well as of the humour, of Mr. Abernethy's character, may here be introduced. On his receiving the appointment of Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of

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Surgeons, a professional friend observed to him that they should now have something new.—"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Abernethy. "Why," said the other, "of course you will brush up the lectures which you have been so long delivering at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and let us have them in an improved form."—"Do you take me for a fool or a knave?" rejoined Mr. Abernethy; "I have always given the students at the Hospital that to which they are entitled—the best produce of my mind. If I could have made my lectures to them better, I would certainly have made them so. I will give the College of Surgeons precisely the same lectures, down to the smallest details:—nay, I will tell the old fellows how to make a poultice." Soon after, when he was lecturing to the students at St. Bartholomew's, and adverting to the College of Surgeons, he chucklingly exclaimed, "I told the big wigs how to make a poultice!" It is said by those who have witnessed it, that Mr Abernethy's explanation of the art of making a poultice was irresistibly entertaining.

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is a cure for gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a-day—and earn it!" was the pithy answer.

A scene of much entertainment once took place between our eminent surgeon and the famous John Philpot Curran. Mr. Curran, it seems, being personally unknown to him, had visited Mr. Abernethy several times without having had an opportunity of fully explaining (as he thought) the nature of his malady: at last, determined to have a hearing, when interrupted in his story, he fixed his dark bright eye on the "doctor," and said—"Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas; but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I am resolved, Sir, not to leave this room till you satisfy me by doing so." Struck by his manner, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back in his chair, and assuming the posture of a most indefatigable listener, exclaimed, in a tone of half surprise, half humour,—"Oh! very well, Sir; I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole—your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure; go on." Upon which Curran, not a whit disconcerted, gravely began:—"My name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, at Newmarket, in the County of Cork, in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman, of small fortune, in that neighbourhood, procured my admission into one of the Protestant free-schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble sphere of a *sizer*:"—and so he continued for several minutes, giving his astonished hearer a true, but irresistibly laughable account of his "birth, parentage, and education," as desired, till he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. Abernethy's attention to his gifted patient was, from that hour to the close of his life, assiduous, unremitting, and devoted.

In lecturing, Mr. Abernethy's manner was peculiar, abrupt, and conversational; and often when he indulged in episodes and anecdotes he convulsed his class with laughter, especially when he used to enforce his descriptions by earnest gesticulation. Frequently, while lecturing, he would descend from his high stool, on which he sat with his legs dangling, to exhibit to his class some peculiar attitudes and movements illustrative of the results of different casualties and disorders; so that a stranger coming in, unacquainted with the lecturer's topics, might easily have supposed him to be an actor entertaining his audience with a monologue, after the manner of Matthews or Yates. This disposition, indeed, gave rise to a joke among his pupils of "*Abernethy at Home*," whenever he lectured upon any special subject. In relating a case, he was seen at times to be quite fatigued with the contortions into which he threw his body and limbs; and the stories he would tell of his consultations, with the dialogue between his patient and himself, were theatrical and comic to the greatest degree.

Northcote and the present King.

A certain Royal Duke was at the head of those who chaperoned Master Betty, the young Roscius, at the period when the *furor* of fashion made all the *beau monde* consider it an enviable honour to be admitted within throne-distance of the boy-actor. Amongst others who obtained the privilege of making a portrait of this chosen favourite of fortune, was Mr. Northcote.

The royal Duke to whom we allude was in the habit of taking Master Betty to Argyll Place in his own carriage:

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and there were usually three or four ladies and gentlemen of rank, who either accompanied his Royal Highness, or met him at the studio of the artist.

Northcote, nothing awed by the splendid coteries thus assembled, maintained his opinions upon all subjects that were discussed,—and his independence obtained for him general respect, though one pronounced him a cynic—another an eccentric—another a humorist—another a free-thinker—and the prince, with manly taste, in the nautical phrase, dubbed him a d——d honest, independent, little old fellow.

One day, however, the royal Duke, being left with only Lady ——, the young Roscius, and the painter, and his patience being, perhaps, worn a little with the tedium of an unusually long sitting, thought to beguile an idle minute by quizzing the personal appearance of the Royal Academician. Northcote, at no period of life, was either a buck, a blood, a fop, or a maccaroni; he soon dispatched the business of dressing when a young man; and, as he advanced to a later period, he certainly could not be called a dandy. The loose gown in which he painted was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might, perchance, be half a century old; his white hair was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald. The royal visiter, standing behind him whilst he painted, first gently lifted, or rather twitched the collar of the gown, which Mr. Northcote resented, by suddenly turning and expressing his displeasure by a frown. Nothing daunted, his Royal Highness presently, with his finger, touched the professor's grey locks, observing, "You do not devote much time to the toilette, I perceive—pray how long?"

Northcote instantly replied, "Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me;—you are the first who ever presumed to do so, and I beg your Royal Highness to recollect that I am in my own house." He then resumed his painting.

The Prince, whatever he thought or felt, kept it to himself; and, remaining silent for some minutes, Mr. Northcote addressed his conversation to the lady, when the royal Duke, gently opening the door of the studio, shut it after him, and walked away.

Northcote did not quit his post, but proceeded with the picture. It happened that the royal carriage was not ordered until five o'clock;—it was now not four. Presently the royal Duke returned, reopened the door, and said, "Mr. Northcote, it rains; pray lend me an umbrella." Northcote, without emotion, rang the bell; the servant attended; and he desired her to bring her mistress's umbrella, that being the best in the house, and sufficiently handsome. The royal Duke patiently waited for it in the back drawing-room, the studio door still open; when, having received it, he again walked down stairs, attended by the female servant. On her opening the street door, his Royal Highness thanked her, and, spreading the umbrella, departed.

"Surely his Royal Highness is not gone,—I wish you would allow me to ask," said Lady ——. "Certainly his Royal Highness is gone," replied Northcote; "but I will inquire at your instance." The bell was rung again, and the servant confirmed the assertion.

"Dear Mr. Northcote," said Lady ——, "I fear you have highly offended his Royal Highness."—"Madam," replied the painter, "I am the offended party." Lady —— made no remark, except wishing that her carriage had arrived. When it came, Mr. Northcote courteously attended her down to the hall: he bowed, she curtsied, and stepping into her carriage, set off with the young Roscius.

The next day, about noon, Mr. Northcote happening to be alone, a gentle tap was heard, and the studio door being opened, in walked his Royal Highness.

"Mr. Northcote," said he, "I am come to return your sister's umbrella, which she was so good as to lend me yesterday." The painter bowed, received it, and placed it in a corner.

"I brought it myself, Mr. Northcote, that I might have the opportunity of saying that I yesterday thoughtlessly took a very unbecoming liberty with you, and you properly resented it. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more of it."

"And what did you say?" inquired the first friend to whom Northcote related the circumstance. "Say! Gude God! what would 'e have me have said? Why, nothing? I only bowed, and he might see what I felt. I could, at the instant, have sacrificed my life for him!—such a Prince is worthy to be a King!" The venerable painter had the gratification to live to see him a King. May he long remain so!

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE DEVIL'S SONATA.

TARTINI's compositions are very numerous, consisting of above a hundred

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sonatas, and as many concertos. Among them is the famous "Sonata del Diavolo," of the origin of which Tartini himself gave the following account to the celebrated astronomer Lalande :—

"One night, in the year 1713, I dreamed that I had made a compact with his Satanic Majesty, by which he was received into my service. Everything succeeded to the utmost of my desires, and my every wish was anticipated by my new domestic. I thought that, on taking up my violin to practise, I jocosely asked him if he could play on this instrument? He answered, that he believed he was able to pick out a tune; when, to my astonishment, he began a sonata, so strange, and yet so beautiful, and executed in so masterly a manner, that in the whole course of my life I had never heard anything so exquisite. So great was my amazement that I could scarcely breathe. Awakened by the violence of my feelings, I instantly seized my violin, in the hope of being able to catch some part of the ravishing melody which I had just heard, but all in vain. The piece which I composed according to my scattered recollections is, it is true, the best I ever produced. I have entitled it 'Sonata del Diavolo;' but it is so far inferior to that which had made so forcible an impression on me, that I should have dashed my violin into a thousand pieces, and given up music for ever in despair, had it been possible to deprive myself of the enjoyments which I receive from it."

Time, and the still more surprising flights of more modern performers, have deprived this famous sonata of anything diabolical which it may once have appeared to possess; but it has great fire and originality, and contains difficulties of no trifling magnitude, even at the present day. That process of mind, by which we sometimes hear in sleep a beautiful piece of music, an eloquent discourse, or a fine poem, seems one of those mysterious things which show how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. It would appear that there are times when the soul, in that partial disunion between it and the body, which takes place during sleep, and when it sees, hears, and acts, without the intervention of the bodily organs, exerts powers of which at other times its material trammels render it incapable.—What powers may it not exert when the disunion shall be total!

(From an interesting paper on "the Violin," in the *Metropolitan*.)

THE CAMBRIDGE "FRESHMAN."

See a stripling alighting from the Cambridge "Fly" at Crisford's Hotel, Trumpington-street. It is a day or two before the commencement of the October term, and a small cluster of gownsmen are gathered round to make their several recognitions of returning friends, in spite of shawls, cloaks, petershams, patent gambroons, and wrap-rascals, in which they are enveloped; while our fresh-comer's attention is divided between their sable "curtains" and solicitude for his bags and portmanteau. If his pale cheek and lack-lustre eye could speak but for a moment, like Balaam's ass, what painful truths would they discover! what weary watchings over the midnight taper would they describe! If those fingers, which are now as white as windsor soap can make them, could complain of their wrongs, what contaminations with dusty Ainsworth and Scapulas would they enumerate! if his brain were to reveal its labours, what labyrinths of prose and verse, in which it has been bewildered when it had no clue of a friendly translation, or Clavis to conduct it through the wanderings, would it disclose! what permutations and combinations of commas, what elisions and additions of letters, what copious annotations on a word, an accent, or a stop, parallelizing a passage of Plato with one of Anacreon, one of Xenophon with one of Lycophron, or referring the juvenile reader to a manuscript in the Vatican,—what inexplicable explanations would it anathematize!

The youth calls on a friend, and if "gay" is inveigled into a "wet night," and rolls back to the hotel at two in the morning *Bacchi plenus*, whereas the "steady man" regales himself with sober Bohea, talks of Newton and Simeon, resolves to read mathematics with Burkitt, go to chapel fourteen times a week, and never miss Trinity Church* on Thursday evenings. The next day he asks the porter of his college where the tutor lives; the key-bearing Peter laughs in his face, and tells him where he *keeps*; he reaches the tutor's rooms, finds the door *sported*, and knocks till his knuckles bleed. He talks of Newton to his tutor, and his tutor thinks him a fool. He sallies forth from Law's (the tailor's) for the first time in the academical toga and trencher, marches most majestically across the grass-plot in the quadrangle of his college, is summoned before the master, who had caught sight

* Mr. Simeon's. None of our well-beloved readers, we presume, are so fresh as not to know this gentleman's name.

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of him from the lodge-windows, and reprimanded. His gown is a spick-and-span new one, of orthodox length, and without a single rent; he caps every Master of Arts he meets; besides a few Bachelors, and gets into the gutter to give them the wall. He comes into chapel in his surplice, and sees it is not surplice-morning, runs back to his rooms for his gown, and on his return finds the second lesson over. He has a tremendous larum at his bed's head, and turns out every day at five o'clock in imitation of Paley. He is in the lecture-room the very moment the clock has struck eight, and takes down every word the tutor says. He buys "Hints to Freshmen," reads it right through, and resolves to eject his sofa from his rooms.* He talks of the roof of King's chapel, walks through the market-place to look at Hobson's conduit, and quotes Milton's sonnet on that famous carrier. He proceeds to Peter House to see Gray's fire-escape, and to Christ's to steal a bit of Milton's mulberry tree. He borrows all the mathematical MSS. he can procure, and stocks himself with scribbling paper enough for the whole college. He goes to a wine-party, toasts the university officers, sings sentiments, asks for tongs to sugar his coffee, finds his cap and gown stolen and old ones left in their place. He never misses St. Mary's (the University Church) on Sundays, is on his legs directly the psalmody begins, and is laughed at by the other gownsmen. He reads twelve or thirteen hours a day, and talks of being a wrangler. He is never on the wrong side of the gates after ten, and his buttery bills are not wound up with a single penny of fines. He leaves the rooms of a friend in college, rather late perhaps, and after ascending an Atlas-height of stairs, and hugging himself with the anticipation of crawling instanter luxuriously to bed, finds his door broken down, his books in the coal-scuttle and grate, his papers covered with more curves than Newton or Descartes could determine, his bed in the middle of the room, and his surplice on whose original purity he had so prided himself, drenched with ink. If he is matriculated he laughs at the *beasts* (those who are not matriculated), and mangles slang: *wranglers, fops, and medalists* become quite "household words" to him. He walks to Trumpington every day before *hall* to get an appetite for dinner, and never misses grace. He speaks reverently of masters and tutors, and does not curse even the proctors; he is merciful to his wine-bin, which is chiefly saw-dust, pays his bills, and owes nobody a guinea—he is a Freshman!—*Monthly Magazine.*

* One of the sage and momentous injunctions of this pastoral charge.

The Novelist.

THE CONFESSION OF SERVENTIUS.

From the Latin of an ancient Paduan Manuscript.

By Miss M. L. Beevor.

(For the Mirror.)

THE hours of my weary existence are fast verging to a close: already have the dreadful preparations commenced. Heavily falls the sound of the midnight bell upon my shrinking ear; upon my withered, quailing heart, it is *felt* in every stroke like a thunder-bolt; and the rude, reckless shout, heard, though far distant, as distinctly as the fearful throbbings of that miserable heart, tells but too eloquently that the faggots have reached their place of destination, and that the fearful pile is even now erecting. Once I believed myself one of the most courageous of men; I have beheld *death* in many terrible shapes, and feared it in none; but, oh! to burn,—to *burn!* this is a thing from which the startled spirit recoils in speechless horror, and vainly, vainly strives to wrench itself by forceful thought from the shuddering, encumbering frame! Even now, do I seem to behold the finger of scorn pointed at me;—ay,—at ME! whilst bound to the firm stake with thongs, strong as the iron bands of death, I cannot even writhe under the anguish of shame, wrath, and apprehended bodily torture! The pile is lighted,—the last words of the reckless priest have died upon mine ear, and his figure and countenance, with the myriad forms and faces, of the insulting multitude around me, are lost in suffocating volumes of uprising, dense, white smoke! The blaze enfolds me like a garment! my unspeakable tortures,—my infernal agonies have commenced!—the diabolical shouts and shrieks of the fiendish spectators—the crackling and hissing of my tender flesh—the bursting of my over swollen tendons, muscles, and arteries, with the out-gush of the crimson vital stream from every pore,—I hear,—I see,—I *feel*,—and in my morbid imagination, die many deaths in one! I fancied myself brave; alas! I never fancied myself—*burning!* But, no more; since I have taken up my pen solely to wile away these last, brief, melancholy hours, in

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narrating those circumstances of my past life, which shall have tended to shrivel ere long, amidst diabolical agonies, the trembling hand that records them, like a parched scroll, and to scatter the ashes of this now vigorous body, to the winds.

Rome,—the beautiful—the Eternal,—was my birthplace; and those, whom I was taught to consider as my parents, said, that the blood of its ancient heroes filled my veins. If so,—and if Servilius and Andrea, were indeed my progenitors, our family must have suffered the most amazing reverses of fortune; they were venders of fruit, lemonade, and perfumed iced waters, in the streets, but a kind-hearted pair, and for their station, well-informed.

In the clear moon-light of our Italian skies, in those soft nights, when, instead of ingloriously slumbering away the cool calm hours, all come forth who are capable of feeling the beauties and sublimities of nature, and of inhaling inspiration with the rich, odorous breeze,—in those fresh, fragrant, and impassioned hours, did Servilius and Andrea delight to lead me through Rome, and to *read* the Eternal City unto me, as a book; and then fell upon me, in that most sacred place, a portion of divine enthusiasm, of holy inspiration, until, in a retrospect of the thoughts, feelings, schemes, and aspirations of that infantile era, freely could I weep, and ask myself, were such things in sober earnest, *ever?*

It was singular, that Servilius and Andrea, never suffered *me* to toil; their sole care seemed to be, to bestow upon me, during their intervals of labour, all the instruction and accomplishments which their limited means allowed; and without vanity I may affirm, that my mind richly repaid them for the trouble of cultivation. I trust I was not haughty in my childhood, but when I observed other boys of my age and station, water-carriers, labourers in the vineyards, and engaged in various menial occupations from which I was exempted, the knowledge that in *something* I was regarded as their superior, soon forced itself upon me; I felt a distaste for the society of little unlettered, and unmannered boors, and in silence and solitude made progress in studies, which, mere matters of amusement to me, would have been hailed by many youths as tasks more severe than daily manual labour.

Servilius and Andrea associated with but few in their own rank of life; but now and then received visits from their superiors; amongst these were two, whom I shall never, never cease to remember, and to lament, and to whom, as I look backwards through the vista of five-and-thirty years, I still cannot forbear imagining that *I* was *related* by no *common ties*. Of this interesting pair, one was a lady, young, pale, but strikingly beautiful, and the other, a cavalier, her senior but by a very few years, handsome, noble, graceful and accomplished.

Artemisia, so was the lady called, always wore the costume of a religious house when she visited Andrea, but whether this were merely assumed for convenience, or whether she were actually one of the holy sisterhood, I had then neither the desire, nor the means of ascertaining; I only know, that she used sometimes to call me her "dear child," and seemed to vie in affection for me, with the cavalier. Serventius,—yes—the noble gentleman bore my name, for which I liked him all the better, used occasionally to meet her at the house of Servilius and Andrea; and their affection for each other struck even my childish spirit as being more than fraternal; shall I also confess, that I indulged myself in the indistinct idea—the sweet dream—that this noble, virtuous, accomplished, and beautiful pair, (whose only object in visiting our humble residence seemed to be to behold me) were my real parents, and that of Servilius and Andrea, I was only the foster-child.

One evening Serventius and Artemisia having concluded their usual repast of bread, honey, eggs and fruit, amused themselves by asking me a thousand different questions concerning the history, biography, geography, customs, religion, and arts of the ancient Romans, to all of which, my replies were, it seems, extremely satisfactory. Serventius warmly thanked Servilius and Andrea for the pains they had bestowed upon my education, and then said, turning to me: "My son, the time is coming when we must begin to think of some profession for you; what do you desire to be?"

"A soldier," said I.

"Then ask that lady."

I flew to Artemisia, who shook her head at me. "She will not—she will not, Sir," I exclaimed, "let me be a soldier like you."

"No, my dear, I know she will not; she cannot spare you to go to the wars and get killed, so you must make up your mind never to be a soldier."

"Then," answered I proudly, "I will be a poet." Hereupon Artemisia and Serventius laughed, and informed me that the profession of a poet, if such it

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might be termed, was the most laborious, thankless, and ill requited of any, and that to be a poet, was in fact little better than being an honourable mendicant. The Church and the Bar were mentioned, but as I expressed a decided antipathy to them, Serventius named the medical profession.

"Yes," said I, with great glee, "I like that, and I will be a doctor;" for the bustle, importance, visiting, and gossiping of the honourable fraternity of physicians, had given me an idea that the profession itself was one of unmingled pleasure! Hapless choice! Miserable infatuation! And shall I most blame myself for selecting that which has caused my present fatal situation, or the foolish fondness which placed in the hands of a child, the decision of his future fate? But, let me proceed; the first faint glimmerings of dawn are stealing into my grated cell, and, at noon —I shudder . . . .

Shortly after this memorable conversation, Andrea and Servilius appeared overwhelmed with affliction, and one evening brought home with them a large package, containing as I supposed, new clothes; next morning, I found that those which I had been accustomed to wear had been removed whilst I slept, and in their stead, suits of the very deepest mourning appeared. I dressed myself in one of these, and upon asking Servilius and his wife the meaning of this change, was answered by Andrea with so wild a burst of grief, and incoherent lamentation, that I durst inquire no further. After they had gone forth to their daily employment I also quitted the cottage for a stroll, and detected a woman pointing me out to her children as "a poor, little boy, who had probably lost both his parents." "That I have not," said I, sharply, "for I breakfasted with them not half an hour ago!" The woman stared at me with an expression of doubt, and muttering something that sounded extremely like "little liar," turned from me, and went her way.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Spirit of Discovery.

ORIGIN OF PRAIRIES.

THE origin of prairies has occasioned much theory; it is to our mind very simple: they are caused by the Indian custom of annually burning the leaves and grass in autumn, which prevents the growth of any young trees. Time thus will form pairies; for, some of the old trees annually perishing, and there being no undergrowth to supply their place, they become thinner every year; and, as they diminish, they shade the grass less, which therefore grows more luxuriantly; and, where a strong wind carries a fire through dried grass and leaves, which cover the earth with combustible matter several feet deep, the volume of flame destroys all before it; the very animals cannot escape. We have seen it enwrap the forest upon which it was precipitated, and destroy whole acres of trees. After beginning, the circle widens every year, until the prairies expand boundless as the ocean. Young growth follows the American settlement, since the settler keeps off those annual burnings.

American Quarterly Review.

SUTTON WASH EMBANKMENT.

THIS is said to be one of the grandest public works ever achieved in England. It is an elevated mound of earth, with a road over, carried across an estuary of the sea situated between Lynn and Boston, and shortening the distance between the two towns more than fifteen miles. This bank has to resist, for four hours in every twelve, the weight and action of the German Ocean, preventing it from flowing over 15,000 acres of mud, which will very soon become land of the greatest fertility. In the centre the tide flows up a river, which is destined to serve as a drain to the embanked lands, and has a bridge over it of oak, with a movable centre of cast iron, for the purpose of admitting ships.

BRITISH IRON TRADE.

THE following view of the progressive and wonderful increase of the iron-trade is extracted from the Companion to the Almanac for 1829:—

	Iron made in Great Britain. Tons.	Number of Furnaces.
In 1740	17,000	59
1788	68,000	85
1796	125,000	121
1806	250,000	"
1820	400,000	"
1827	690,000	284

The different iron districts in which it is made are as under, in 1827:

	Tons.	Furnaces.
South Wales,	272,000	99
Staffordshire,	216,000	95
Shropshire,	78,000	31
Yorkshire,	43,000	24
Scotland,	36,500	18
North Wales,	24,000	12
Derbyshire,	20,500	14

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"About 3-10ths of this quantity is of a quality suitable for the foundry, which is all used in Great Britain and Ireland, with the exception of a small quantity exported to France and America. The other 7-10ths is made into bars, rods, sheets," &c. It will be seen that the make of the Welsh furnaces is much greater with reference to their number, than that of any other district. By a Parliamentary paper, it is stated that in 1828, of "Iron and Steel, wrought and unwrought," there were exported from Great Britain, 100,403 tons, of the *declared* (under real) value of 1,226,617*l.* In the same year 15,495 tons of bar iron was imported from abroad. We believe since 1828, the export of iron has greatly increased. Our foreign trade, however, is likely to receive a check in a short period. Both the French and Americans are beginning to manufacture extensively for themselves; a result that might naturally be anticipated. An extensive new joint-stock company has been established in the former country, one of the principal proprietors of which is Marshal Soult, and works on a great scale are forming near Montpellier. We have always thought that it was excessively injudicious to permit our machinery to be exported abroad; and it appears that the British iron masters are now constructing the machinery for these very works, where it is stated that pig iron can be made for half the price it now costs to manufacture it in this country. The exportation of machinery is continually increasing, for we find by a Parliamentary paper, the declared value in 1824 stated at 129,652*l.*, while the machinery exported in 1829, amounts to 256,539*l.* Time will exhibit the policy of such proceedings.—VYVYAN.

The Gatherer.

FREDERICK I. OF PRUSSIA,

WHOSE chief pleasure was in the proficiency of his troops in military discipline, whenever a new soldier made his first appearance in the guards, asked him three questions. The first was, "How old are you?" the second, "How long have you been in my service?" and the third, if he received his pay and his clothing as he wished.

A young Frenchman, who had been well disciplined, offered himself to enter the guards, where he was immediately accepted, in consequence of his experience in military tactics. The young recruit did not understand the Prussian language; so that the captain informed him, that when the king saw him first on the parade, he would make the usual inquiries of him in the Prussian language, therefore he must learn to make the suitable answers, in the form of which he was instructed. As soon as the king beheld a new face in the ranks, taking a lusty piece of snuff, he went up to him, and, unluckily for the soldier, he put the second question first, and asked him how long he had been in his service. The soldier answered as he was instructed, "Twenty-one years, and please your Majesty." The king was struck with his figure, which did not announce his age to be more than the time he answered he had been in his service. "How old are you?" said the king, in surprise. "One year, please your Majesty." The king, still more surprised, said, "Either you or I must be a fool!" The soldier, taking this for the third question, relative to his pay and clothing, replied, "Both, please your Majesty!" "This is the first time," said Frederick, still more surprised, "that I have been called a fool at the head of my own guards."

The soldier's stock of instruction was now exhausted; and when the monarch still pursued the design of unravelling the mystery, the soldier informed him he could speak no more German, but that he would answer him in his native tongue.

Here Frederick perceived the nature of the situation, at which he laughed very heartily, and advised the young man to apply himself to learning the language of Prussia, and mind his duty.

I. B. D.

HALF-HANGED.—ANNE GREEN.

DERHAM, in his *Physico-Theology* on Respiration, says—"The story of Anne Green, executed at Oxford, December 14, 1650, is still well remembered among the seniors there. She was hanged by the neck near half an hour, some of her friends in the mean time thumping her on the breast, others hanging with all their weight upon her legs, sometimes lifting her up, and then pulling her down again with a sudden jerk, thereby the sooner to dispatch her out of her pain, as her printed account wordeth it. After she was in her coffin, being observed to breathe, a lusty fellow stamped with all his force on her breast and stomach, to put her out of her pain; but, by the assistance of Dr. Piety, Dr. Willis, Dr. Bathurst, and Dr. Clark, she was again brought to life. I myself saw her many years after, after she had (I heard) borne divers children. The

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particulars of her crime, execution, and restoration, see in a little pamphlet, called *News from the Dead*, written, as I have been informed, by Dr. Bathurst (afterwards the most vigilant and learned President of Trinity College, Oxon), and published in 1651, with verses upon the occasion." P. T. W.

ENIGMATICAL REPLIES.

A PLEASANT young fellow, about half-seas-over, passing through the Strand at a late hour, was accosted by a watchman, who began with all the insolence of office to file a string of interrogatories, in the hope of being handsomly paid for his trouble.

"What is your name, sir?"—"Five Shillings."

"Where do you live?"—"Out of the king's dominions."

"Where have you been?"—"Where you would have been with all your heart."

"Where are you going?"—"Where you dare not go for your ears."

The officious guardian of the night thought these answers sufficient to warrant him to take the young man to the watch-house. The next morning, on being brought before the magistrate, he told his worship, "that as to the first question, his name was Thomas Crown; with regard to the second, he lived in Little Britain; with respect to the third, he had been drinking a glass of wine with a friend; and that as to the last," said he, "I was going home to my wife." The magistrate reprimanded the watchman in severe terms, and wished Mr. Crown a good morning.—I. B. D.

SMUGGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

GENERAL ANSTRUTHER, having made himself unpopular, was obliged, on his return to Scotland, to pass in disguise to his own estate; and crossing a frith, he said to the waterman, "This is a pretty boat, I fancy you sometimes smuggle with it." The fellow replied, "I never smuggled a Brigadier before."

A NOBLE COUNT.

AMADEUS the Ninth, Count of Savoy, being once asked where he kept his hounds, he pointed to a great number of poor people, who were seated at tables, eating and drinking, and replied, "Those are my hounds, with whom I go in chase of Heaven." When he was told that his alms would exhaust his revenues, "Take the collar of my order," said he, "sell it, and relieve my people." He was surnamed "the Happy." P. T. W.

EPITAPHS.

In Stratford Churchyard, near Salisbury.

To the memory of Elizabeth, wife of William Brunsdon, who died Dec. 31, 1779, aged 101 years.

Freed from the sorrows, sickness, pain, and care,
To which all breath-inspired clay is heir,
The tend'rest mother, and the worthi[est] wife,
Reaps the full harvest of a well-s[pent] life.
Here rest her ashes with her kin[dred] dust—
Death's only conquest o'er the fave[ur] just:
Her soul in Christ the tyrant's p[ower] defied,
And the *Saint* triumphed when [the] woman died.

In Amesbury Churchyard, Wilts.

When sorrow weeps o'er virtue's sa[cred] dust,
Then tears become us, and our gri[ef] just;
Such cause had she to weep who gr[ief]fully pays
This last sad tribute of her love [to] praise,
Who mourns a sister and a friend co[m]bined,
Where female softness met a ma[n]ly mind:
Mourns, but not murmurs—sighs, [but] not despairs—
Feels for her loss, but as a Chris[tian] bears. COLBOURNE.

EPITAPH.

To the memory of Sarah Aldridge, [in] Amesbury Churchyard.

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary te[ar]
That mourns thy exit from a wo[rld] like this—
Forgive the wish that would have ke[pt] thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the realm[s] of bliss. COLBOURNE.

CHIEFS AND GOVERNORS

Of Districts at the Island of Tah[iti] (Otaheite) in 1829.

District	*Chief, or Governor.*
1. Teva, i, tai	Veve.
2. Teva, i, uta	Tati.
3. Teoropaa	Utami.
4. Teporionuu	Temaihuata.
5. Teaharoa	Paofai.

Mr. G. B.'s Journal, Oct. 13th, 18[29].

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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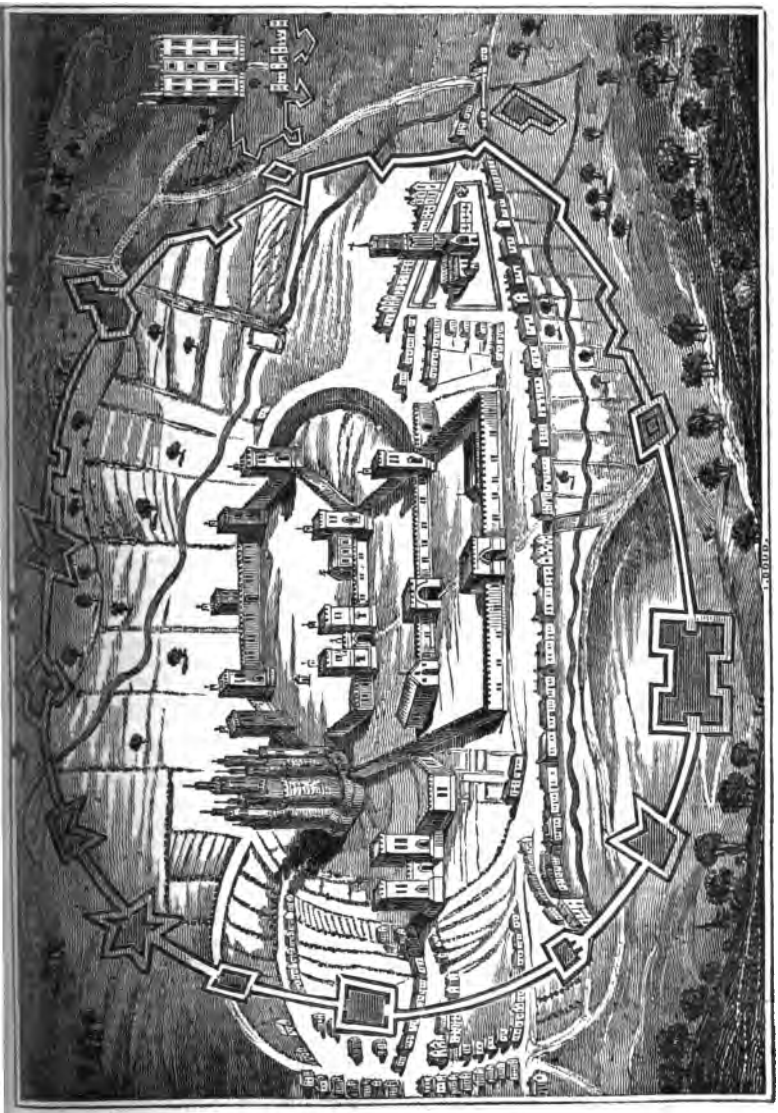
PONTEFRACT CASTLE, 1648.



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PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

PONTEFRACT, a place of considerable note in English history, is situated about two miles south-west from Ferrybridge, nine miles nearly east from Wakefield, and fifteen miles north-west from Doncaster, in Yorkshire. The origin of the town is unknown; and the etymology of its name has been a matter of dispute, in which figures a monkish legend ascribing the name of Ponsfractus, or Pontefract, to the breaking of a bridge, and the fall of many persons into the river Aire, who were miraculously saved by St. William, Archbishop of York. The river Ouse and the city of York, however, put in a stronger claim as the scene of this miracle, and unfortunately for Pontefract, the town is so named in charters of fifty-three years' date before the miracle is pretended to have been performed. Still the etymology is referable to the breaking down of "*some bridge,*" (*pons*, bridge; *fractus*, broken,) but this unravelment is not antiquarian. Camden says, that in the Saxon times, the name of this town was Kirkby, which was changed by the Normans to Pontefract, because of a broken bridge that was there. But as there is no river within two miles of the place, this bridge appears to have been built over the Wash, which lies about a quarter of a mile to the east of the Castle. Other researches prove Pontefract to have been a secondary and subordinate Roman station.

The history of the Castle is, of course, involved in that of the manor. The town is stated to have been a burgh in the time of Edward the Confessor; but how long it had enjoyed this privilege is uncertain.* After the Conquest, this manor, with 150 others, or the greatest part of so many in Yorkshire, besides ten in Nottinghamshire, and four in Lincolnshire, were given by William to Hildebert, or Ilbert de Lacy, one of his Norman followers, who *built the Castle.* The work occupied twelve years, and it was finished in 1080. The labour and expense of its erection was so great, that no person unless in the possession of a princely fortune, could have completed a work of such magnitude. Hildebert was succeeded by his son Robert, commonly called Robert de Pontefract, from his being born at that town. Robert enjoyed his vast possessions in peace during the reign of William Rufus; but after the accession of Henry I. he with more ambition than prudence, joined with Robert, Duke of Normandy, the King's brother, who claimed the crown of England. In consequence of this transaction, Robert de Lacy was banished the realm, and the castle and honour of Pontefract were given by the King to Henry Traverse, and afterwards to Henry Delaval.† Robert de Lacy was, however, restored after a few years exile, and the property continued in the Lacy family till the year 1193, when another Robert de Lacy dying without issue, the estate and honour of Pontefract devolved on his uterine sister Aubrey de Lisours, who carried these estates of the Lacys by marriage to Richard Fitz-Eustace, constable of Chester. Thence they descended to John Fitz-Eustace, who accompanied Richard I. in his crusade, and is said to have died at Tyre in Palestine. Roger, his eldest son, also in the crusade, succeeded to his honour and estates. He was present with Richard at the memorable siege of Acre. On his return to England he was the first of his family that took the name of Lacy, in which Pontefract Castle continued till 1310, when Henry de Lacy, through default of male issue, left his possessions to his daughter and heiress, Alice, who was married to Thomas, Earl of Lancaster; and, in case of a failure of issue from that marriage, he entailed them on the King and his heirs.

The Earl of Lancaster, it will be remembered, became embroiled with Edward II. and his minion Gaveston, who partly through the interference of Lancaster, was beheaded at Warwick after a siege in Scarborough Castle. The King swore vengeance for the death of his favourite, which led this weak sovereign into a long series of dissentions with the barons, at the head of whom was the Earl of Lancaster. Both parties now flew to arms, but Lancaster soon found himself ill supported by his compeers, and marching northward for reinforcements from the celebrated Bruce, King of Scotland, the King in the meantime, sent the Earl of Surrey and Kent to besiege the castle of Pontefract, which surrendered at the first summons. Lancaster was next closely pursued by the king with great superiority of numbers. "The earl, endeavouring to rally his troops, was taken prisoner, with ninety-five barons and knights, and carried to the castle of Pontefract, where he was imprisoned in a tower which Leland says he had newly made towards the abbey." This tower was square: its wall of great strength, being 10½ feet thick; nor was there

* The present Borough of Pontefract was incorporated by Richard III., and has sent Members to Parliament since the reign of James I.

† Dugdale Bar. vol. i. p. 99.

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any other entrance into the interior than by a hole or trap-door in the floor of the turret: so that the prisoner must have been let down into this abode of darkness, from whence there could be no possible mode of escape; the room was twenty-five feet square. A few days after, the King being at Pontefract ordered him to be arraigned in the hall of the castle, before a small number of peers, among whom were the Spencers, his mortal enemies. The earl was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; but the punishment was changed to decapitation. After sentence was passed, he said, "Shall I die without answer?" He was not, however, permitted to speak; but a certain Gascoign took him away, and having put an old hood over his head, set him on a lean mare without a bridle. Being attended by a Dominican friar as his confessor, he was carried out of the town amidst the insults of the people; and there beheaded. Thus fell Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, the first Prince of the Blood, being uncle to Edward II. who condemned him to death. Several of his adherents were hanged at Pontefract.

The next royal blood that stained Pontefract castle was that of King Richard II. who was here murdered or starved to death; though there is a tradition that it was merely given out that Richard had starved himself to death, and that he escaped from Pontefract to Mull, whence he shortly proceeded to the mainland of Scotland, where, for nineteen years, he was entertained in an honourable but secret captivity.* The matter remains in tragic darkness.† In the succeeding reign of Henry IV. Richard Scroope, archbishop of York, being taken prisoner, was in Pontefract castle, condemned to death. Next in the calendar of atrocities committed within these drear walls, were the murders of Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers; Richard, Lord Grey; Sir Thomas Vaughan; and Sir Richard Hawse, in 1483; by Richard III., whom Shakspeare makes to whine forth:

O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison!
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard II. here was hack'd to death;
And for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

We may now pass over matters of minor importance in the history of Pontefract to the time of Charles I. In the King's contest with his Parliament, this was the last fortress that held out for the unfortunate monarch. At Christmas 1644, Sir Thomas Fairfax laid siege to the castle, and on Jan. 19, following, after an incessant cannonade of three days, a breach was made: the brave garrison would not surrender; the besiegers mined, but the besieged countermined, and the work of slaughter went on till the garrison were greatly reduced. At length the Parliamentarians were attacked and repulsed by a reinforcement of Royalists from Oxford, and thus ended the first siege of Pontefract. In March, 1645, the enemy again took possession of the town, and after three months cannonade, the garrison being reduced almost to a state of famine, surrendered the castle by an honourable capitulation on June 20. Sir Thomas Fairfax was appointed governor, and he thinking the royal party to be subdued, appointed a colonel as his substitute, with a garrison of 100 men. The royalists next by stratagem recovered Pontefract, of which Sir John Digby was appointed governor.

The third and final siege of this fine castle commenced in October, 1648. General Rainsborough was appointed to the command of the army, but he being previously intercepted at Doncaster, Oliver Cromwell undertook to conduct the siege. After having remained a month before the fortress, without making any impression on its massy walls, Cromwell joined the grand army under Fairfax, and General Lambert being appointed commander in chief of the forces before the castle, arrived at Pontefract on the 4th of December.

The ENGRAVING represents the castle precisely at this period. It is copied from a large print taken from a drawing found in the possession of a descendant of the Fairfax family of Denton; in one angle is the following memorandum: "Governor Morris commanded in the Castle. General Lambert commanded the Siege, being appointed thereto on the death of General Rainsborough, who was intercepted and killed at Doncaster, by a party from the Castle, as he was going to take command."

General Lambert raised new works, and vigorously pushed the siege; but the besieged held out. On January 30, 1649, the King was beheaded; and the news no sooner reached Pontefract, than the royalist garrison proclaimed his son Charles II. and made a vigorous and destructive sally against their enemies. The Parliamentarians, however, pre-

* This tradition is moulded into a pleasing tale entitled "the White Rose in Mull," in the Scottish Annual, the *Chameleon*, noticed by us a few weeks since.

† Shakspeare lays Scene v. of Act. v. of Richard II. in a dungeon of Pomfret Castle.

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vailed, and on March 25, 1649, the garrison being reduced from 500 or 600 to 100 men, surrendered by capitulation. Six of the principal Royalists were excepted from mercy: two escaped, but were retaken and executed at York; the third was killed in a sortie; and the three others concealing themselves among the ruins of the castle, escaped after the surrender; and two of the last lived to see the Restoration.

This third siege was the most destructive to the castle: the tremendous artillery had shattered its massive walls; and its demolition was completed by order of Parliament. Within two months after its reduction, the buildings were unroofed, and all the materials sold. Thus was this princely fortress reduced to a heap of ruins.

The Castle of Pontefract was built on an elevated rock, commanding extensive and picturesque views. The north-west prospect takes in the beautiful vale along which flows the Aire, skirted by woods and plantations. It is bounded only by the hills of Craven. The north and east prospect is more extensive, but the scenery is not equally striking and impressive. The towers of York Minster are distinctly seen, and the prospect is only bounded by the limits of vision. To the east—while the eye follows the course of the Aire towards the Humber, the fertility of the country, the spires of churches, and two considerable hills, Brayton Barf, and Hambleton Haugh, which rise in the midst of a plain, and one of which is covered with wood, increase the beauty of the scene. The south-east view includes part of the counties of Lincoln and Nottingham. To the south and south-west, the towering hills of Derbyshire, stretching towards Lancashire, form the horizon, while the foreground is a picturesque country variegated with handsome residences.

The Castle, by its situation, as well as by its structure, was rendered almost impregnable. It was not commanded by any contiguous hills, and it could only be taken by blockade.

By referring to the Engraving, the reader will better understand this defence. The outworks are there distinctly shown with the respective posts and guards: indeed, these lines exhibit a fine specimen of fortification. The quadrangular enclosure on the crest of the hill, in the lower part of the Engraving, represents Lamberts' Fort Royal. To the right is the approach to the castle by the south gate to the barbican, crossed by a wall, with the middle gate, with the east gate at the extremity of the line. We next approach, the ballium, or castle yard through the Porter's Lodge of two towers with a portcullis. The wall of the castle-yard, it will be seen, has a parapet, and is flanked with towers, and the chapel to the right of the Lodge. East and West of the yard is seen the semi-circular moat or ditch; and on an eminence near the western extremity of the ballium, stands the keep or round tower, the walls of which are said to have been twenty-one feet thick. The state rooms are on the second story. The dungeons of the towers are terrific even in description: one was about 15 feet deep, and scarcely six feet square, without any admission of light. The whole area occupied by the Pontrefact fortress seems to have been about 7 acres, now converted into garden ground.

The church seen within the work is that of All Saints, or Allhallows, a Gothic structure, probably of the time of Henry III., and almost destroyed in the sieges of the castle.

Pontefract must be numbered in our recollections of childhood; since here were grown whole fields of liquorice root, from the extract of which are made. *Pontefract Cakes*, impressed with the arms—three lions passant gardant, surmounted with a helmet, full-forward, open faced, and garde-visure. We have likewise seen them impressed with the celebrated fortress, and the motto "Post mortem patris pro filio,"—after the death of the father—for the son—denoting the loyalty of the Pontefract Royalists in proclaiming Charles II. at the death of his father.

"LACONICS," GUESSES AT TRUTH, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

It is the interest of an indolent man to be honest: for it requires considerable trouble and finesse, to deceive others successfully.

Money was a wise contrivance to place fools somewhat on a level with men of sense.

It will be observed, that people have generally the identical faults and vices they accuse others of; we may instance cowardice.

Wherever a proposition is self-evident, it is but weakening its strength to bring forward arguments in its support.

It is a melancholy reflection that a glass of wine will do more towards rais-

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ing the spirits, than the finest composition ever penned.

It is a great mistake in physiognomists to take outward signs as evidences of feeling: the seat of real sensation is within.

Wherever art has travelled out of her proper sphere to ape nature, she has proved herself but a miserable mimic, even in her most approved efforts.

We must not allow ourselves to dwell too seriously on life; for otherwise we shall be tempted to forego all our plans, to indulge in no future wishes, and, in short, to live on in torpid apathy.

Books are at last the best companions: they instruct us in silence without any display of superiority, and they attend the pace of each man's capacity, without reproaching him for his want of comprehension.

A disgust of life frequently proceeds from sheer vanity, or a wish to be supposed incapable of deriving gratification from the ordinary routine of happiness.

It sometimes happens that with men as well as animals, that evidences of spirit are only the effect of excited fear.

(To be continued.)

THE LAW INSTITUTION.*

(At the time of our last publication we were not aware that any architectural details of the building in Chancery-lane had appeared. We now find that the *Legal Observer* contained such description in March last, "collected," says the editor, "with some pains and trouble." A correspondent dropped the *Observer* leaf into our letter-box in the course of last week; but, unfortunately, the communication did not reach us in time for insertion with our Engraving. Good news, we know, usually comes upon crutches, but we hope our thanks will reach this correspondent at a better pace.)

The style of architecture of the principal front in Chancery-lane is purely Grecian. The details and proportions appear to have been founded upon the best examples of the Ionic order in Athens and Asia Minor,* but they are not servilely copied from any of them.

Mr. Vulliamy, the architect for the Institution, has thrown into this front the true spirit of the originals; and the effect which the harmonious proportions of the building produce on the spectator, when viewing it from Chancery-lane, must have been the result of much observation and experience in ancient and classic models.

This front, extending nearly sixty feet in width, is of Portland stone. It consists of four columns and two antæ, of the Grecian Ionic order, supporting an entablature and pediment, and forming together one grand portico. To give the requisite elevation, the columns and antæ are raised upon pedestals; these, as well as the basement story and podium of the inner wall of the portico, are of Aberdeen granite; the columns and the rest of the front are formed of large blocks of Portland stone. In the front wall, within the portico, there are two ranges of windows above the basement.

The front in Bell-yard extends nearly eighty feet, and will be finished with Roman cement, in imitation of stone. It will have a portico of two columns, and two antæ of Portland stone, of the height of the ground story, which is very lofty, and the width of the entire compartment of the front. From the interior requiring to be divided into several rooms, this front must have many windows. The elevation is formed more upon the models of modern domestic architecture than of ancient public buildings, and resembles, in its general appearance, one of the palazzi in the Strada Balbi at Genoa, in the Corso at Rome, or in the Toledo at Naples. In its details, however, the extravagancies of the middle ages, and the often elegant frivolities of the *cinque cento* period, have been avoided, and the breadth and simplicity of Greek models have still been followed.

The ground plan of the building, by its general arrangement, divides itself into three parts, which may be distinguished under the heads of the *Library*, the *Hall*, and the *Club Room*. The first of these (that towards Chancery-lane) consists, on the ground floor, of a first

* In our last we erroneously stated the whole of this building as the work of Messrs. Lee, for £9,214.; only part of the carcase, containing the Hall, Library, &c. being contracted for by those builders for the above sum. Other contracts have since been made for the completion of the building; of these, the principal is with Messrs. Baker and Son (the builders of the King's library and new galleries of the British Museum, &c.) who have executed the beautiful finishings of the interior: these contracts amount to upwards of £12,000.

Other contracts have been made with the above parties for the erection of the Club House, and Dining Rooms, &c., situate in Bell Yard, which is an addition subsequently made to the original building.

* The best remains of Ionic buildings at Athens are the temples of Erectheus and Minerva Polias in the Acropolis, and the little temple on the banks of the Ilissus; but in Asia Minor the examples of this order are far more numerous; and some of the finest are to be found amongst the magnificent ruins at Branchidia, at Priene, and at Teos, &c.

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and second vestibule, and staircase to the Library, the Secretary's Room, and Registry Office; and above these on the first floor, the Library, occupying the height of two stories.

The *Library* is a large and lofty room, fifty-five feet by thirty-one and a half, and twenty-three and a half high, divided by a screen of columns and pilasters of scagliola, into two unequal parts, the first forming a sort of ante-library to the other; both are surrounded by bookcases of oak, and a gallery runs round the whole, above which is another range of bookcases.

The principal light is obtained from a large lantern-light in the ceiling; but there is a range of windows (double sashed, and glazed with plate glass) towards Chancery-lane, which also admit light into the lower part.

All the floors in the building are made fire-proof, generally by being arched with brick; but that of the Library is rendered secure from fire by the ceilings of the vestibules underneath being formed of real stone, supported on iron girders and bearers, and divided into panels and compartments after the manner of the roofs of the peristyles of the ancient temples.

There are three entrances from Chancery-lane: that in the centre is exclusively for members, and leads to all parts of the building; that on the right for persons going to the Registry Office; and also for persons having to speak to members; that on the left leads down to the Office for the deposit of deeds, and to the strong rooms.

The second division consists of the *Hall* and its appurtenances. It is above thirty feet high, and fifty-seven feet and a half long; and on each side it has wings or recesses, behind insulated columns of scagliola, in imitation of Egyptian granite. Within these, and at the back of the columns, are galleries; the staircases to which are concealed in the angles. There are three fire-places in the Hall; one in the centre, opposite the principal entrance, and one in the centre of each of the recesses. The Hall is lighted by a lantern-light forty feet long and twenty-four feet wide.

The third division is next Bell-yard: it is subdivided into two parts. In the first of these are three entrances from Bell-yard. That in the centre is exclusively for the members; that to the left leads to the staircase to the Secretary's apartments; and the other, to the right of the centre, is for strangers to enter who have business to transact in any of the rooms appropriated to public business. On the ground floor of this part of the third division is a large Committee Room, and an ante or waiting room adjoining, and the great staircase to the rooms above. On the first floor are the rooms for meetings on matters of business connected with the law; and above these are the Secretary's apartments.

The second part of the third division contains, on the ground floor, the *Club Room*, which occupies all the ground floor: it will be divided by columns and pilasters of scagliola, and decorated with a paneled ceiling and appropriate ornaments. Its dimensions are fifty feet by twenty-seven, and eighteen feet high. On the first floor are rooms of different dimensions for dinner parties; and over these, rooms for the resident officers. In the basement story of this part of the building are the Kitchen and other domestic offices for the use of the Club.

The office for the deposit of deeds is in the basement story, next to Chancery-lane.

In the remaining parts of the basement story of the building are fifty-two strong rooms, with iron doors, for the deposit of deeds, which are well ventilated and fire-proof; their average size is six feet and a half by seven feet and a half, but some are larger, and others rather less, than these dimensions. The whole are secured by one double iron door, with a very strong lock and master-key.

Spirit of Discovery.

VAPOUR-BATHS.

Among the remedies for cholera, or perhaps we should rather say attempted remedies, the vapour-bath is conspicuous over all the other means of cure, external and internal: stimulants, frictions, rubefacients, blisters, have that for their indirect object which the vapour-bath accomplishes directly, namely, to produce heat on the surface of the body, and thus restore that correspondence between the temperature of the interior and exterior parts, which in the disease is so strangely disturbed. There are two difficulties in the application of the vapour-bath, which are not easily overcome. When applied to the patient in the ordinary way, from the nature of the heat, the upper surface of the body is scorched, while the back is almost cold. Now in cholera, the application of heat to the back is of essential importance. In the whole of the machines for applying the bath, the patient is exposed to

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more or less tossing about; which, from the extreme prostration of strength in cholera patients, is always injurious; and as the patient must, when taken from the bath, be replaced on a comparatively cold bed, the sudden change will often do more ill than the bath will do good. To these must be added, in a disease which chiefly affects the poor, another item, forming an important drawback on the utility of the ordinary vapour-bath, —the application of it is attended with no inconsiderable expense. A machine which should obviate these objections, was a desideratum; and we think such a one has been invented by Mr. Burnet, of Golden Square. It is so simple as to be easily described without a diagram, and so well adapted to the end, and so easy and cheap in application, that we think we shall be rendering an acceptable service to our readers in describing it. The best way to effect this is to show the steps of its application.

We suppose the patient lying on his back in bed. The two sides of a framework, about 6¼ by 2¼ feet, are placed one on each side of him; five or six broad canvass straps, which are meant to support his body, are placed beneath him by a couple of attendants; two transverse pieces of wood are then introduced at the foot and head, to extend the framework; and the cross straps, by means of eyelet-holes, are attached to the sides, by a row of common brass pins. This is the work of about a minute. One attendant then raises the frame at the head, while the other introduces a couple of feet about nine inches long into the frame; and this done, the foot is raised in a similar way, and similarly supported; a board is then fitted to the foot, through a hole in the centre of which the chimney of the heating apparatus passes; the blankets are closely tucked round the patient and the frame; the lamp is applied, and the process of bathing commences. In this way, it will be seen that the patient is suspended in the heated air, which is moreover applied to the back in the first instance; there is no fatigue incurred; and when perspiration has been generated and carried on as long as is deemed expedient, he is let down again, without difficulty or danger, into his heated bed, and surrounded with the warm blankets employed in the bath itself. The room in which we saw the experiment performed, was at a temperature of 43° Fahrenheit; the clothes of the bed were of the same temperature: the lamp is conical, and has no tube; the wick is merely inserted in it; the charge is two ounces of spirits of wine. In ten minutes after the lamp had been applied, the thermometer at the foot of the frame on which the patient is made to recline, was 136°; at the head, 116°; on the blanket, which covered the bed, 96°. Were the vapour applied above the patient instead of under him, the difference between the heat at the breast and back would be at least 40°. The temperature once raised, may be kept up at a very small expense; so that the whole price of the bath, continued for half an hour or three quarters of an hour, will not exceed eightpence or ninepence. There is a very simple expedient, by which, when the temperature of the chamber formed by the frame of the bath is once raised sufficiently high, steam, either simple or medicated, may be introduced, and the lamp apparatus may be applied either at the foot, the head, or the side, as is most convenient. The grand recommendation, however, of the bath, is the applicability of the vapour to the entire surface of the body; the simplicity and ease of the application, both to the assistants and the patient; the exclusion of the possibility of cold; and its cheapness. In all these points of view, we look on it as a valuable invention.

Spectator.

Notes of a Reader.

DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

One thing which I am unable to interpret among the oddities of the English, is their inconsistency respecting dramatic entertainments. I have never yet been present where two or three of my countrymen were gathered together, that, after a wrangling review of the weather, they did not turn their conversation upon the theatres. There is no topic more universally discussed than the decadence of the drama, or the engagements, merits, and adventures of the performers. Neither the Lord Chancellor nor the Archbishop of Canterbury is ever so familiarly known by name and person to the public, as the first tragedian and comedian of the day; and the theatrical belles and heroines are either elevated to the peerage by matrimony, or lowered by the undertaker into Westminster Abbey. As some French Vaudevillist observed, "Moliere was denied in France the rights of sepulture, while

"Garrick repose à côté de leur rois!"

Yet, notwithstanding all this clamour of popularity—all this infatuation—there

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is no branch of the arts so grossly neglected in England as the drama. It is no longer the fashion in London to attend the theatres. Owing partly to the increase of private amusements, and partly to the late hours gradually adopted during the reign of George the Fourth, the custom of play-going has declined among the higher classes, and naturally produces the reaction of bad pieces and indifferent performers. Even a clever actor, when satisfied that he is to receive judgment from an unrefined and uneducated audience, will degenerate and grow slovenly; and from what I have observed of the London stage, I see it is the custom to daub for the galleries, or to creep through the business under cover of a cold, tame mediocrity. Without the slightest patronage from the court or substantial encouragement from the fosterers of literary merit, these luckless personages are expected to attempt the same exertions and intense study, which is rewarded, in foreign countries, by the most flattering and judicious attention; as well as by a pension, to cheer the infirmities of old age. Although tolerably well paid by his manager, the English actor has the mortification of being tyrannized and insulted by the gallery, and overlooked by the higher classes. A few persons of rank and fortune are provided with private boxes at the national theatres; but these are usually let by the night to plebeian tenants. It is rare indeed to observe a family of distinction in the dress circle of either Drury Lane or Covent Garden; while the French play is never deficient in a fashionable audience.

The Opera, too, is nightly becoming more crowded; while at the two patent theatres "a beggarly account of empty boxes," and an equally beggarly account of flat, stale, and unprofitable performances, greets me whenever I am rash enough to take my post of observation. Lady Romford has a private box, which she visits only in preference to staying at a still duller home, on a disengaged evening; and Bagot occasionally drags me to the play, to make my foreign ignorance and inexperience a pretext for following Lady Clara to a spot which no one seems to visit without an apology. People in society give as many reasons for having done so strange a thing as go to see the new tragedy, as they would invent in Paris to excuse a similar omission.

Since the Kemble mania, and the Byron mania, there has been a general affectation of indifference towards poetry and the drama; your true fashionable never mentions either without ridicule—the natural consequence of previously exaggerated enthusiasm.

But above all the absurdities connected with this national weakness, stands that of the public prints. So much importance is given by the newspapers to every thing relating to the histrionic art, that we are daily informed of the whereabout of all the third-rate performers of the minor theatres; that "Mr. Smith, of Sadler's Wells, is engaged to Mr. Ducrow for the ensuing season;" or that "Miss Brown, belonging to the ballet department of the Surrey theatre, has sprained her ankle." While two thirds of a leading print are occupied with details of the Reform Bill, or a debate on some constitutional question,—or while the foreign intelligence of two sieges and a battle is concentrated with a degree of terseness worthy a telegraph, half a column is devoted to the plot of a new melo-drama at the Coburg; or to a cut and dried criticism upon the nine hundredth representation of *Hamlet*—beginning with the "immortal bard," and ending with the waistcoats of the grave-digger!—*The Opera, a Novel.*

EUGENE ARAM.

The recollection of this man is still preserved at Lynn, in Norfolk, at which town he was for some time usher at the grammar-school. A small room at the back of the house, in which he slept, was, until these last few years, (when it was pulled down and rebuilt,) mysteriously pointed to by the little urchins as they passed up to bed of a cold, ghost-enticing night, as the chamber in which the "usher, who was hanged for murder," was used to sleep.

The tradition which remains of his character is, that he was "a man of loneliness and mystery," sullen and reserved; that on half-holy-days, and when his duties would allow, he strayed solitary and cheerless, as if to avoid the world, amongst the flat uninteresting marshes which are situated on the opposite side of the river Ouse.

At Lynn the character of Aram was, until his apprehension, unexceptionable; but after that event, circumstances were then called to mind which seemed to indicate a naturally dark character; but whether these were all strictly founded in truth, or magnified suspicions arising from the appaling circumstances of the crime of which he was convicted, I am unable to determine. The following derived from unquestionable authority

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having been related by Dr. L., who was master of the grammar-school at the time, may serve as a sample :—there can be no doubt but that the worthy Dr. himself believed his suspicions well founded, as he used to tremble when he related it. It was customary for the parents of the scholars, on an appointed day, to dine with the master, at which time it was expected they would bring with them the amount of their bills. It was late at night, after one of such meetings, that Dr. L. was awakened by a noise at his bed-room door ; he rose up, and going into the passage which led to the staircase, but which was not in the direct way from Aram's bed room to the ground-floor, he discovered the usher *dressed*. Having questioned him as to the object of his rising at that unseasonable hour, Aram confusedly answered that he had been taken unwell, and had been obliged to go do down stairs. The Dr. then retired, unsuspiciously, to bed. From the combined circumstances of the noise at the door, his great agitation and confusion, and from his being found in the passage, the worthy Dr., in later years, had no doubt, that, from its being known to Aram that a considerable sum of money was in his bed-room, Aram intended nothing less than to rob him ; and no doubt, continued the narrator, he *would* have murdered me too, if it had been rendered necessary, from my discovering or opposing him.

The spot just at the entrance to the play-ground, at which Aram was taken into custody by two strange men from Yorkshire, is still remarked, and generally by the young scholar in a tremulous whisper.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Naturalist.

AGENCY OF MAN IN EXTINGUISHING OR SPREADING SPECIES.

Let us make some inquiries into the extent of the influence which the progress of society has exerted, during the last seven or eight centuries, in altering the distribution of our indigenous British animals. Dr. Fleming has prosecuted this inquiry with his usual zeal and ability, and in a memoir on the subject has enumerated the best authenticated examples of the decrease or extirpation of certain species during a period when our population has made the most rapid advances. We shall offer a brief outline of his results.

The stag, as well as the fallow-deer, and the roe, were formerly so abundant that, according to Lesley, from five hundred to a thousand were sometimes slain at a hunting-match ; but the native races would already have been extinguished, had they not been carefully preserved in certain forests. The otter, the marten, and the polecat, were also in sufficient numbers to be pursued for the sake of their fur ; but they have now been reduced within very narrow bounds. The wild cat and fox have also been sacrificed throughout the greater part of the country, for the security of the poultry-yard or the fold. Badgers have been expelled from nearly every district which at former periods they inhabited.

Besides these, which have been driven out from some haunts, and everywhere reduced in number, there are some which have been wholly extirpated ; such as the ancient breed of indigenous horses, the wild boar and the wild oxen, of which last, however, a few remains are still preserved in the parks of some of our nobility. The beaver, which was eagerly sought after for its fur, had become scarce at the close of the ninth century, and, by the twelfth century, was only to be met with, according to Giraldus de Barri, in one river in Wales, and another in Scotland. The wolf, once so much dreaded by our ancestors, is said to have maintained its ground in Ireland so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century (1710,) though it had been extirpated in Scotland thirty years before, and in England at a much earlier period. The bear, which in Wales was regarded as a beast of the chase equal to the hare or the boar, only perished as a native of Scotland in the year 1057.

Many native birds of prey have also been the subjects of unremitting persecution. The eagles, larger hawks, and ravens, have disappeared from the more cultivated districts. The haunts of the mallard, the snipe, the redshank, and the bittern, have been drained equally with the summer dwellings of the lapwing and the curlew. But these species still linger in some portion of the British isles ; whereas the large capercailzies, or wood grouse, formerly natives of the pine forests of Ireland and Scotland, have been destroyed within the last fifty years. The egret and the crane, which appear to have been formerly very common in Scotland, are now only occasional visitants.

The bustard (*Otis tarda,*) observes Graves in his *British Ornithology*, "was formerly seen in the downs and heaths of various parts of our island, in flocks of forty or fifty birds ; whereas it is now

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a circumstance of rare occurrence to meet with a single individual." Bewick also remarks, "that they were formerly more common in this island than at present; they are now found only in the open counties of the south and east, in the plains of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and some parts of Yorkshire." In the few years that have elapsed since Bewick wrote, this bird has entirely disappeared from Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.

These changes, we may observe, are derived from very imperfect memorials, and relate only to the larger and more conspicuous animals inhabiting a small spot on the globe; but they cannot fail to exalt our conception of the enormous revolutions which, in the course of several thousand years, the whole human species must have effected.

The kangaroo and the emu are retreating rapidly before the progress of colonization in Australia; and it scarcely admits of doubt, that the general cultivation of that country must lead to the extirpation of both. The most striking example of the loss, even within the last two centuries, of a remarkable species, is that of the dodo—a bird first seen by the Dutch when they landed on the Isle of France, at that time uninhabited, immediately after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. It was of a large size and singular form; its wings short, like those of an ostrich, and wholly incapable of sustaining its heavy body even for a short flight. In its general appearance it differed from the ostrich, cassowary, or any known bird.

Many naturalists gave figures of the dodo after the commencement of the seventeenth century; and there is a painting of it in the British Museum, which is said to have been taken from a living individual. Beneath the painting is a leg, in a fine state of preservation, which ornithologists are agreed cannot belong to any other known bird. In the museum at Oxford, also, there is a foot and a head, in an imperfect state, but M. Cuvier doubts the identy of this species with that of which the painting is preserved in London.

In spite of the most active search, during the last century, no information respecting the dodo was obtained, and some authors have gone so far as to pretend that it never existed; but amongst a great mass of satisfactory evidence in favour of the recent existence of this species, we may mention that an assemblage of fossil bones were recently discovered, under a bed of lava, in the Isle of France, and sent to the Paris museum by M. Desjardins. They almost all belonged to a large living species of land-tortoise, called *Testudo Indica*, but amongst them were the head, sternum, and humerus of the dodo. M. Cuvier showed me these valuable remains in Paris, and assured me that they left no doubt in his mind that the huge bird was one of the gallinaceous tribe.

Next to the direct agency of man, his indirect influence in multiplying the numbers of large herbivorous quadrupeds of domesticated races, may be regarded as one of the most obviate causes of the extermination of species. On this, and on several other grounds, the introduction of the horse, ox, and other mammalia, into America, and their rapid propagation over that continent within the last three centuries, is a fact of great importance in natural history. The extraordinary herds of wild cattle and horses which overran the plains of South America, sprang from a very few pairs first carried over by the Spaniards; and they prove that the wide geographical range of large species in great continents does not necessarily imply that they have existed there from remote periods. Humboldt observes, in his Travels, on the authority of Azara, that it is believed there exist, in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, twelve million cows and three million horses, without comprising in this enumeration the cattle that have no acknowledged proprietor. In the Llanos of Caraccas, the rich hateros, or proprietors of pastoral farms, are entirely ignorant of the number of cattle they possess. The young are branded with a mark peculiar to each herd, and some of the most wealthy owners mark as many as fourteen thousand a year. In the northern plains, from the Orinoco to the lake of Maracaybo, M. Depons reckoned that one million two hundred thousand oxen, one hundred and eighty thousand horses, and ninety thousand mules, wandered at large. In some parts of the valley of the Mississippi, especially in the country of the Osage Indians, wild horses are immensely numerous.

The establishment of black cattle in America dates from Columbus's second voyage to St. Domingo. They there multiplied rapidly; and that island presently became a kind of nursery from which these animals were successively transported to various parts of the continental coast, and from thence into the interior. Notwithstanding these numerous exportations, in twenty-seven years after the discovery of the island, herds of four

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thousand head, as we learn from Oviedo, were not uncommon, and there were even some that amounted to eight thousand. In 1587, the number of hides exported from St. Domingo alone, according to Acosta's report, was thirty-five thousand four hundred and forty-four; and in the same year there were exported sixty-four thousand three hundred and fifty from the ports of New Spain. This was in the sixty-fifth year after the taking of Mexico, previous to which event the Spaniards, who came into that country, had not been able to engage in any thing else than war. All our readers are aware that these animals are now established throughout the American continent, from Canada to Paraguay.

The ass has thriven very generally in the New World; and we learn from Ulloa, that in Quito they ran wild, and multiplied in amazing numbers, so as to become a nuisance. They grazed together in herds, and, when attacked, defended themselves with their mouths. If a horse happened to stray into the places where they fed, they all fell upon him, and did not cease biting and kicking till they left him dead.

The first hogs were carried to America by Columbus, and established in the island of St. Domingo the year following its discovery in November, 1493. In succeeding years they were introduced into other places where the Spaniards settled; and, in the space of half a century, they were found established in the New World, from the latitude of 25 deg. north, to the 40th deg. of south latitude. Sheep, also, and goats have multiplied enormously in the New World, as have also the cat and the rat, which last, as we before stated, has been imported unintentionally in ships. The dogs introduced by man, which have at different periods become wild in America, hunted in packs like the wolf and the jackal, destroying not only hogs, but the calves and foals of the wild cattle and horses.

Ulloa in his voyage, and Buffon on the authority of old writers, relate a fact which illustrates very clearly the principle before explained by us, of the check which the increase of one animal necessarily offers to that of another. The Spaniards had introduced goats into the island of Juan Fernandez, where they became so prolific as to furnish the pirates who infested those seas with provisions. In order to cut off this resource from the bucaneers, a number of dogs were turned loose into the island; and so numerous did they become in their turn, that they destroyed the goats in every accessible part, after which the number of the wild dogs again decreased.

As an example of the rapidity with which a large tract may become peopled by the offspring of a single pair of quadrupeds, we may mention that in the year 1773, thirteen rein-deer were exported from Norway, only three of which reached Iceland. These were turned loose into the mountains of Guldbringe Syssel, where they multiplied so greatly, in the course of forty years, that it was not uncommon to meet with herds consisting of from forty to one hundred in various districts.—*Lyell's Geology*, vol. ii.

The Novelist.

THE CONFESSION OF SERVENTIUS.

(Concluded from page 46.)

THAT evening, Father Dominick, our excellent priest, and my tutor in the classics, was closeted for a length of time with my afflicted nominal parents; and two days afterwards taking me with him to his monastery, he introduced me to the superior, as an orphan, the child of dear and particular friends, confided by them to his charge for education upon their death-bed, and with a distinct understanding that I was not bound to take upon myself monastic vows, the superior allowed me to remain with him as a boarder. Serventius and Artemisia I never more beheld, and every inquiry respecting them which I ventured to make of Father Dominick, was checked with a strange, sad look, and an admonition to mention them no more.

Seven long and peaceful years, I spent in the monastery; and at the expiration of that period, was placed by my guardian in the house of the celebrated Doctor Sanazio of Padua, as a student of medicine. Here, novel and delightful studies, speculations, and scenes, opened upon my inquisitive, ardent mind, and amused my enthusiastic imagination. Sanazio was regarded in learned Padua, as little less than a demi-god; at certain hours he visited his patients, amongst whom might generally be numbered three-fourths of the population of Padua; at certain hours, his own mansion was crowded like the audience-hall of some mighty potentate, with supplicants for food and physic; three evenings in the week were devoted by him to intense study in his own secret, solitary chamber; and upon the alternate three, he received the visits of those who desired to consult him upon abstruse

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points, only properly to be solved by an acquaintance with the occult sciences. In brief, my honoured master, I soon discovered, was reckoned a very fair conjuror; he consulted the stars, drew horoscopes, cast nativities, was learned in the expositions of dreams and omens, undertook to give information respecting lost property, and matrimonial prospects; composed, and dispensed charms and philtres, and proved himself, as I have hinted, a capital astrologer, and something more. How Sanazio, who certainly was a very extraordinary man, acquired his multifarious information, unless really by supernatural agency, I am at a loss to discover. Ignatius Druso, my fellow student, was of opinion that he only dexterously availed himself in the evening of the news which he had gathered from his patients in the morning; and that his familiars were no more than a few active emissaries, for whose espionage and additional gleanings of town news, it answered to him well, to pay. Ever partial to romance, I did not readily fall in with Druso's sober view of this subject, and the longer I lived with Doctor Sanazio, the more occasion had I to doubt the correctness of his opinion, because some things occurred of which my master obtained immediate and accurate knowledge, whilst I am perfectly certain that no human tongue had divulged them to him; take the following incident as an example:—Druso and myself were accustomed, on those evenings which Sanazio spent in his sanctum, to visit patients in his stead, to range over the town, to go to places of public amusement, or to conclude our meritorious labours at a tavern. Being one night at this latter place, an old woman entered, and inquiring whether I were Master Serventius, Doctor Sanazio's pupil, slipped a billet and a piece of gold into my hand and desired me to follow her. I did so, without hesitation, and whilst behind my guide, contrived to peruse the note by moon-light, which contained these words:

"I am sick,—of the heart's mortal sickness;—relieve it, and great shall be thy recompense."

Perplexed, yet amused, by what promised an adventure, I followed my ancient guide into a house whose exterior was sufficiently humble; but, having ascended a steep flight of stairs, she threw open the door of a chamber in which they terminated, and I found myself not only in a richly-furnished apartment, but in the presence of a lady, young as immortal Hebe, and fair as day. I saw at a glance that her ills were those of the mind only, and ere she had opened her lips to detail them and engage me in her cause, I had vowed, heart and soul, to be her champion. Having complimented me upon the high character she had heard of my prowess, understanding, and principles, she informed me, with little circumlocution, that various unhappy family circumstances had rendered it necessary for her to seek friends amongst strangers; that she was a novice of the Convent of St. Anne, but on the eve of profession, and that having long been under an engagement of marriage with a young gentleman of family, respecting whom her relations had used her very deceitfully and cruelly, she had fixed upon me as a person little likely to be subjected to suspicion on her account, to aid Signor Fernandez in the difficult and hazardous enterprise, which she said must be a work of time and prudence, of carrying her off from the convent. Having obtained my promise to this effect, she detailed her plans, and furnished me with the means of continual communication with her lover and herself. I returned home, highly elated at the trust reposed in me, at the importance which I had acquired in my own eyes, and at the prospect of a handsome remuneration for my services, from the lovely object of them. Sanazio, with lamp in hand, and arrayed in his night attire, to my great terror and surprise, opened the door to me himself; it was very late, Druso had long since returned without me, and in order to allay the storm which I saw gathering upon mine ancient master's brow, I slipped the gold given to me by the confidante of beautiful Antonia, into his unreluctant hand.

"Unhappy youth!" exclaimed Sanazio, "beware of aiding the nun, lest thou bring upon her and upon thyself the fate of Artemisia and Serventius."

These words so alarmed me that I nearly fainted; for how, in the name of all things holy and gracious, came Sanazio to know in whose society I had passed the last hour, and what was the subject of our conversation? His terrible allusion too, to those lost loved ones, of whose untimely fate I was still so ignorant, strangely troubled my conscious breast. Let me be brief, the hours of my ill-fated existence are fast wearing away, and I have yet more to relate. To Ignatius Druso I was obliged to confide my secret, because his assistance, in the furtherance of plans which were always requiring, from little immaterial circumstances, some slight alterations, was found necessary; and it must here

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suffice those to know, who shall, after my destruction do me the melancholy favour of perusing this retrospective record, that some months after Antonia had taken the veil, I succeeded in restoring her to the arms of her lover, witnessed their private nuptials, visited them in their new residence, a villa in a secluded spot far from Padua, and received my promised recompense. "Young man! you've ruined yourself; and your fatal destiny is sealed!" were the remarkable words of Sanazio, on the morning after the completion of my enterprise, but long ere the elopement of the new devotee became publicly known. However, he never reverted to the subject, not even upon his death-bed; and after the learned doctor's decease, when I came into the whole of his practice, and no small portion of his fame, I was easy, for the memory of that sacrilege had passed away.

Ignatius Druso, like myself, resided in Padua, but soon quitted the medical profession, disgusted, I fancy, at finding that I had become a second Sanazio, whilst he commanded little or no attention: still we were friends, nor did I suspect that the germs of envy and malice were sown in his bosom, and that I had trusted him with one secret, or more, too much. "Serventius, my son," had said the venerable Sanazio to me upon his death-bed, "your ardent desire of knowledge and discreet use of it, encourage me ere I quit this world, to entrust you with the grand arcanum of our art; as yet, you know not the secret of my success, but take then this hint and improve upon it. Can he repair a piece of mechanism, who is ignorant of its make, its parts, and how they act upon, and affect one another? Behold this key; it is that of my laboratory, and may it indeed open the door of knowledge to you."

After Sanazio's decease, curiosity quickly led me to his study: I was alone, and the shades of evening were stealing over the earth: conceive then my utter dismay and superstitious horror upon suddenly entering, what I could but suppose to be a charnel-house! Its effluvium was intolerable, and well accounted for by (loathsome spectacle!) a disorderly collection of human fragments in various stages of preservation and decay! A dozen grisly skeletons grinned upon me from pedestals round the room, and in the centre of it, the half dissected body of a man, stretched upon a large lava slab, supported by tressels, was more horrible and odious than all. I now comprehended the full meaning of Sanazio's dying words and secret; but received at the same time, a shock which to this day I have not recovered; I found myself compelled to make Druso my confidant in this matter, and my companion in some of my first attempts at following the hideous occupation recommended by my deceased friend. By degrees I grew accustomed to the horrors of the room and of my employment. Druso, who found himself better engaged in courting the living than in cutting up the dead, was no longer necessary to me in the prosecution of my hateful studies, and kept aloof, but I soon discovered the value of them, in my increase of knowledge, employment, and reputation. At last an epidemic raged in Padua, proving very fatal; Ignatius, alarmed for the safety of his Phædera, who was attacked, applied to me, and I cured her. Some time afterwards, the ungrateful wretch rushed into my laboratory, claiming the body upon which I was operating, as that of a young man, cousin to Phædera, which had miraculously disappeared just previous to the day intended for its interment. The features of the poor wretch were too much disfigured to render possible his recognition by them, but Druso swore to its being the body of Marcus, from a scar on the left leg, which had been wounded severely by a quoit. Of course I refused to resign, that, for which I had paid a handsome price, and to reveal the names of those from whom I purchased it. So Druso dragged me before the Supreme Council, impeached me of sacrilege in the affair of the nun, of theft, and of violating the sanctity of the tomb, of barbarously mutilating the dead, and of applying their lacerated remains to the unholy purposes of sorcery! and on these counts have I been indicted, found guilty, and sentenced to be burnt as a sacrilegious heretic, an unnatural robber, and a formidable wizard! Antonia, the mother of seven children, is to be—like the unchaste vestal—immured! Oh Heaven! whilst Druso the Informer, receiving at the same time the portion of a prince for his venal treachery, will celebrate his union with Phædera, amidst the shrieks and groans of his expiring victims!

I cannot now proceed: ere I am bound to the fatal stake, methinks I shall die of shame, grief, and terror. And did the friends of my infancy, my parents, suffer as I shall suffer? Then, welcome death! welcome, hated dawn of my last day, for innocence and truth are banished from the earth! Hark! the key

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turning in the lock of my cell! Hark! those boding and pitying voices without! Father Dominick! Servilius! Andrea! kindest! best!—I die—but I die innocent, the victim only——Hah! to burn - burn—burn! Gracious Heaven! pardon the strife of nature! My brain whirls!—my eyes cloud!—my black, dry, swollen lips,—throat—bosom—heart—O mother of God!—O! Saviour—Redeemer—pardon, pardon!—Father of Mercies,—receive me!

Great Marlow, Bucks.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SCENES FROM THE (OLD) FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(*From the "Quarterly" Review of Madame Junot's Memoirs.*)

About the beginning of the revolution, a working-man, by name Thirion, had established himself in a little stall (in Paris,) where he carried on his business as a mender of carpets. He called one morning to ask M. Permon's (a Royalist*) custom, but was civilly told that the family had long employed a tradesman of his class, and could not change for a stranger: the man took the refusal so insolently, that he was at last turned out of doors, vowing revenge. M. Permon, the ports being still open, makes a run over to London to place some money in our funds. Meantime "the Sections are organized," and Thirion becomes "Secretaire, Greffier, President, je ne scai quoi, de la notre." The morning after his return to Paris, M. Permon had just risen, when footsteps were heard loud on the staircase, and in burst Citizen Thirion, two other patriots of the Sectional Committee, and the carpetman's shopboy. (Madame Junot's Narrative commences here.)

"My father was shaving himself. Naturally quick tempered, his impatience was extreme when he recognised the individual, and he was imprudent enough to make a menacing gesture the moment they broke into his dressing-room. 'I am here to see the law enforced,' cries Thirion, on seeing my father advance with the razor in his hand. 'Well, what law is it that chooses so worthy an organ?'—'I am here to learn your age, your pursuits, and to interrogate you as to your journey to Coblentz.' My father, who had from the first word felt the most violent disposition to toss the man down stairs, shivered with rage; but, at last, he composed himself, wiped his chin, laid down his razor, and, crossing his arms, placed himself full in front of Thirion: then, measuring him from the utmost height of his tall and elegant person, he said, 'You wish to know my age?'—'Yes, such are my orders.'—'Where is the order?' said my father, extending his hand. 'It is enough for you to know that I am sent hither by the committee of my section: my orders are sufficiently proved by my presence.'—'Ah! you think so; I am of a different opinion. Your presence here is nothing but an insult, unless you have a judiciary order to justify it; show it me, and I shall forget the name of the man, to see only the public functionary.' Thirion raised his voice as my father lowered his—'What is your age?—What was the object of your going to Coblentz?'—— My father seizes a large bamboo, and makes it whistle over Thirion's head—at that moment my mother rushes in, and succeeds in dragging him into another room, and restoring him to something like calmness. I remember she placed me in his arms, whispering to me to entreat him to *think of me*. Meantime, Thirion had drawn up his *procès verbal*, and withdrawn:—he left me weeping without knowing why I wept, but I saw that my mother and my sister were in tears too. My father sat pale, trembling with anger,—everything about us had a desolate aspect."

The family escape from Paris—and it was time. Violent alternations of fear, anger, sorrow, terror, and disgust, with frequent disguises, flights, and all sorts of changes of residence, at length wear out the health and spirits of M. Permon—a man, apparently, who united dull enough intellect with all the vivacity of a Frenchman's mere temperament; and he dies in obscurity long before anything like order is re-established. We need not dwell on the particular fortunes of a not very interesting set of people; but may quote one or two more specimens of the sort of scenes which fill the greater part of the first of these volumes. Our authoress and her sister are at one time separated from their parents, and placed in an obscure *pension* in the Faubourg (no longer *St.*) Antoine. Their brother, a very young man, has also remained in Paris, and frequently visits them in their retreat.

"We could not but observe, that for some days he had been very melancholy, and that he was getting more and more so. We asked the reason, and he told us at last that the section had denounced my father in a very alarming style. We

* And father of Madame Junot.

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fell a-crying, my sister and I. Albert consoled us as well as he could, but it was easy to see that the denunciation was not all—that some immediate danger fixed his fears. We knew afterwards, in effect, that a report had been spread of the arrest of my parents at Limoges—happily a false one. The horizon meanwhile was taking a bloody tint. Judge of my brother's anxiety! he came every day in a cabriolet, which my father had had built just before these late events; it was an elegant one, very lofty, of the kind called *wiski*. Already he had been all but insulted by the populace in driving through the faubourg; but liveries had not yet altogether disappeared, and nothing would persuade him to listen to our remonstrances, and make the domestic put off his. Thus it was on the 31st of August, when he came to see us as usual.

"There was about the boarding-house a man charged with all the rough work, by name Jaquemart, a fellow that could do everything—but the most atrocious of countenances. 'The sight of that man makes me sick,' said Albert; 'I am sure he will end in something tragic.'

"One day, shortly after we went to the *pension*, Jaquemart was bringing in a load of wood, when my brother drove at the speed of his horse into the entrance. He saw the man had a burden that would hardly allow him to get out of the way in time—cried '*Gare!*'—perceived that his efforts were in vain—and pulled back his horse so sharply as to run much risk of wounding the animal, and, indeed, of being thrown out himself, owing to the extraordinary elevation of the *wiski*. Jaquemart, however, escaped by this means with a scratch on his leg; his eyes were good, he saw what Albert had done to master his horse, and vowed gratitude.

"The 31st of August the man had nothing to do about the house, yet he kept lounging at the gate, or in the court, all day long. It was late ere Albert came—he had been waiting for him, and whispered, as he alighted, 'Stay here to-night to take care of your sisters—don't go home.' Albert looked at him with astonishment; he had, indeed, perceived symptoms of some commotion, but fancied, as most of Paris did, that it would be directed against the Temple. 'What is your meaning?' said he. 'I entreat you to stay here—you will be near your sisters; and if there be need for another hand, mine shall not be far off—very well!--we shall be there.' Albert pressed him with questions, but could extract nothing; and after giving the man some money, persisted in returning home as usual.

"All know the frightful story of the day after this. Albert's anxiety for us makes him brave every danger, and he comes to us again. The first person he sees at our door is Jaquemart, in the costume of the most atrocious of bandits; our ladies had not dared to bid him go away, but his appearance made them tremble. 'I did not desire you to come hither, but to stay here,' he said; 'why have I not been obeyed?' 'Why do you speak so—was this house particularly menaced?' 'I know nothing of that—at such a moment one should fear everything.'

"We heard groans, weeping, all Paris had not been at *the massacre*. It was late. They pressed Albert to stay, but he would not. He promised, however, to come back next morning.——That day he was obliged to stay at home till about three o'clock, arranging and burning papers. He then came out to visit us, and found himself in the midst of crowds of men, drunken and bloody; many were naked to the waist, their breasts covered with blood. They carried fragments of clothing on their pikes and sabres—their faces were inflamed, their eyes haggard, the whole scene hideous. These groups became more and more frequent and numerous as he advanced. In mortal anxiety for us, he determined to push through everything, and, urging his horse to its speed, reached at length the front of the Hôtel Beaumarchais. There he was stopped by an immense crowd—always the same figures naked and bloodstained, but here their looks were those of enraged fiends. They shout, they scream, they sing, they dance—the saturnalia of hell. On seeing Albert's cabriolet, they redoubled their cries—'An aristocrat! give it him, give it him!' In a moment the cabriolet is surrounded, and from the midst of the crowd an object rises and moves towards him. His agitation perplexes his view—he perceives long fair tresses dabbled with blood—a countenance beautiful even yet. It approaches—it is thrust upon his face; he recognises the features—it is the head of Madame de Lamballe!

"The servant whips the horse with all the strength of his arm. The generous animal, with the instinctive horror of his race for dead bodies, springs with redoubled speed from the spectacle of horror. The frightful trophy, and the cannibals that bore it, had been overturned in the mud—screams and imprecations pursued Albert, stretched sense-

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less at the bottom of the cabriolet. The servant had kept the reins, and whipped the more fiercely, because he could perceive, from the motion of the carriage, that some one had got up behind it, and hoped that the rapidity of its progress would shake him off.

"In a few minutes Albert reached our door—judge of our alarm!—pale, still quite senseless, not breathing. The moment the cabriolet stopped, the man behind jumped down, took my brother in his arms, as if he had been a child, and carried him into the house. It was Jaquemart. 'The monsters,' said he, 'the monsters! the poor young man, they have killed him too.' What could Jaquemart have been doing in such a garb, and among such a troop of ruffians?"

The Gatherer.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Court Journal* gives the following incident at the King's Bull, about a fortnight since. I happened to be near his majesty when he addressed himself to an Englishman, wearing the Cross of Three Days. "Where did you signalize yourself, sir?" inquired the monarch. "At the Tuilleries, sire," was the answer. "*C'est aux braves de Juillet que je dois ma couronne,*" said his majesty. The gentleman thus honoured was M. Bennis,* in whose literary establishment the king seems to take much interest.

GUTTING THE FISH.

ONE evening a red-headed Connaught swell, of no small aristocratic pretensions in his own eyes, sent his servant, whom he had just imported from the long-horned kingdom, in all the rough majesty of a creature fresh from the "wilds," to purchase a hundred of oysters on the City-quay. Paddy staid so long away, that Squire Trigger got quite impatient and unhappy lest his "body man" might have slipt into the Liffey; however, to his infinite relief, Paddy soon made his appearance, puffing and blowing like a disabled bellows, but carrying his load seemingly in great triumph. "Well, Pat," cried the master, "what the devil kept you so long?" "Long! a thin, may be it's what you'd have me to come home with half my *arrant?*" says Pat. "Half the oysters?" says the master. "No; but too much of the *fish*," says Pat. "What fish?" says he. "The oysters, to be sure," says Pat. "What do you mean, blockhead?" says he. "I mean," says Pat, "that there was no use with loading myself with more nor was useful." "Will you explain yourself?" says he. "I will," says Pat laying down his load. "Well then, you see, plaise your Honour, as I was coming home along the quay, mighty peaceable, who should I meet but Shammus Maginnis; 'Good morrow, Shamien,' sis I; 'Good morrow kindly, Paudeen,' sis he; 'What is it you have in the sack?' sis he; 'A *Cwt.* of oysters,' sis I; 'Let us look at them,' says he; 'I will, and welcome,' sis I; 'Orah! thunder and pratees!' sis he, openin the sack an examinin them; 'who *sowld* you these?' 'Oh Tom Kinahan that keeps a small shop there below,' sis I; 'Musha then, bad luck to that same Tom that *sowld* the likes to you,' sis he; 'Arrah, why avic?' sis I; 'To make a *Bolshour* of you an give thim to you without gutting thim,' sis he; 'An arn't they gutted Jim, aroon,' sis I; 'Oh! bad luck to the one o' thim,' sis he; 'Musha then,' sis I, 'what the dhoul will I do at all at all, fur the master will be mad.' 'Do!' sis he, 'why I'd rather do the thing for you mysel nor you should be in your place,' sis he; so wid that he begins to gut them wid his knife, *nate as clain*, an afeereed ov dirtying the floor begor, he swallowed the guts himself from beginnin to ind, tal he had thim as dacent as you see thim here"—dashing down at his master's feet his bag of oyster shells, to the no small amazement of the Connaught worthy, as you may suppose.—*Dublin Comet.*

Retort unwelcome. — At Worcester assizes, a cause was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman not educated in the school of Tattersall, appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence, and the blustering counsellor, who examined him, was at last tempted to exclaim "Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?" "I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the clergyman; "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull, only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a *bully* (judging to the counsellor luckily for me) has none."

* The agent for the MIRROR, in Paris.—ED. M.

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The Mirror

OF

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CASTLE OF ROBERT THE DEVIL.

CAVERN OF ROBERT THE DEVIL.

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ROBERT THE DEVIL.

ALL the town, and the country too, by paragraph circumstantial, and puff direct, must have learned that every theatre in this Metropolis, and consequently, every stage in the country, is to have its version of the splendid French opera *Robert le Diable*. Its success in Paris has been what the good folks there call *magnifique*, and playing the devil has been the theatrical order of day and night since the Revolution. As we know nothing of its merits, and do not write of what we neither see nor hear, nor believe any report of, we do not put up our hopes for its success. But, as the story of the opera is a pretty piece of Norman romance, some fair penciller has sent us the sketches of the annexed cuts, and our Engraver has thus pitted himself with Grieve, Stanfield, Roberts, and scores of minor scene-painters, who are building canvass castles, and scooping out caverns for the King's Theatre, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane Theatres. Theirs will be but candle-light glories: our scenes will be the same by all lights. But as scenes are of little use without actors, and cuts of less worth without description, we append our fair Correspondent's historical notices of the sites and the *dram. pers.* of "this our tragedy."

CASTLE OF ROBERT LE DIABLE, OR ROBERT THE DEVIL.

The founder of this ancient castle bears the name of *Robert the Devil*. It is a wonderful relic of old Norman fortification, being so defended by nature, as to bid defiance to its enemies, and could only have fallen by stratagem. It is situated on the left side of the River Seine, and in the province of Normandy. The subterranean caverns by their amazing extent sufficiently attest the ancient importance of this structure; tradition says they extend to the banks of the Seine. Its antiquity is fully proved by some of the architectural fragments bearing the stamp of 912. On arriving at the summit of the mountain, the tourist receives an impression like enchantment: the castle seems to have been conveyed there by fairies; and at the base the eye is charmed by the fine and picturesque forest of Bourgtheroulde: villages elegantly grouped, enrich with their beautiful fabrics each bank of the Seine which majestically traverses a luxurious landscape. Romance, fable, and the tradition of shepherds and peasants describe Robert the Devil as Governor of Neustria, and a descendent of Rollo the celebrated Norman chief, whose name was changed to Robert, Duke of Normandy in 923, on his marriage with the daughter of Charles the simple, King of France. His great and valiant achievements are remembered in that country so renowned by his race, and where his name still awakens every sentiment of superstitious awe. All in the environs of the castle recount his wonderful and warlike exploits; his numerous amours; and his rigid penitence by which he hoped to appease the wrath of offended Heaven. The moans of his victims are said to resound in the Northern subterranean caverns; the peasantry also believe that the spirit of Robert is condemned to haunt the ruins of his castle, and the tombs of his "Ladies Fair." In justice to his memory be it remembered, that his acts of cruelty were alone aimed at the rapacious and guilty, and that in him helpless innocence ever found a protector.

Robert the Devil was cotemporary with our Danish King Harold, 1065; he assisted Henry, the eldest son of Robert of Normandy, in gaining possession of the crown, and accompanied him with a large army into the capital of France, where they ravaged the territory of the rebels, by burning the towns and villages, and putting the inhabitants to the sword: on this account he was called Robert the Devil.

When tranquillity was restored, and Henry freed from his enemies, Robert made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land with other powerful potentates. On his return he was taken ill, and appointed an illegitimate son his successor, whose mother was the daughter of a dealer in skins at Falaise, and this son became that celebrated William of Normandy, our renowned conqueror! The Normans instigated the people to reject him, on the plea of his illegitimacy; but Henry I., then King of France, gratefully remembered the good offices of Robert the Devil, William's Father: therefore espoused his cause, and raised an army of three thousand men to invade Normandy; long and obstinate wars continued, which did not terminate till William had accomplished the successful invasion of England; he was the grandson of Rollo, known after his marriage as Robert the 1st., Duke of Normandy, who died 935. Thus from one of his numerous amours sprung our new dynasty of kings, which totally changed the aspect of the times. By some historians he is called Robert the IInd., Duke of Normandy, but the name by which he is generally known, is that dignified one of William the Conqueror.

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CAVERN OF ROBERT LE DIABLE.

THE remains of this cavern (situated in Normandy) command the attention of the lovers of history, not only from its antiquity, but also from its gloomy recesses, having afforded a safe shelter to our weak and cruel King John. Here he bade farewell to this province which he abandoned to the French Knights, and from whom he carefully concealed every trace of his retreat. The entrance is almost obscured, and tradition says it is so artfully managed as to have the appearance of a passage to another. The spot is barren, and it appears as if a thunder-bolt had burst up the verdure. The spirit of *Robert le Diable* is supposed to haunt the cavern in the form of a wolf, and advances uttering piteous cries, and steadfastly gazing on its place of defence (the caverns extending to the River Seine) reviews his former glory and conquests, and seems bitterly to lament the present decay. In vain the peasants commence the chase; they assert that the wolf though closely pursued always eludes the vigilance of the huntsman. On the death of Richard I. of England, 1199, his Brother John was proclaimed King of Normandy and Aquitaine; the Duchies of Brittany, the Counties of Anjou, Maine, Tours and others, acknowledged Arthur, John's nephew, as their sovereign, and claimed the protection of the King of France, Philip II., surnamed Augustus; but he despairing of being able to retain these provinces against the will of their inhabitants, sacrificed Arthur and his followers to John, who in a skirmish with some of the Norman Lords, carried them all prisoners into Normandy, where Arthur soon disappeared: the Britons assert that he was murdered by his uncle; and the Normans that he was accidentally killed in endeavouring to escape. The death of their favourite Prince stung the Britons to madness, as in him centered their last hope of regaining independence: an ardent imagination led them to believe their future destiny connected with this child, which inspired them with a wild affection for Philip, as being the enemy of his murderer. They accused John before the French King of Arthur's murder, and he was summoned as a Vassal of Normandy to appear and defend himself before the twelve Peers of France. This command being treated with contempt, the lands John held under the French crown were declared forfeit, and an army levied to put it into execution. It was on this emergency that John found a safe place of concealment in the cavern of Robert the Devil.

LACONICS, &c.

(*Continued from page* 53.)

GENEROSITY is not the virtue of the multitude, and for this reason: selfishness is often the consequence of ignorance, and it requires a cultivated mind to discern where the rights of others interfere with our own wishes.

If commerce has benefited, it has also injured the human race; and the invention of the compass has brought disease as well as wealth in its train.

The days of joy are as long and perhaps as frequent as those of grief; but either the memory is treacherous or the mind is too morbid to admit this to be the case.

Without occasional seriousness and even melancholy, mirth loses its magic, and pleasure becomes unpalatable.

It is unlucky that experience being our best teacher, we have only learnt its lessons perfectly, when we no longer stand in need of them; and have provided ourselves armour we can never wear.

Chastity in women may be said to arise more from attention to worldly motives than deference to moral obligation: there is not so much continence amongst men, because there is not the same restriction.

A resolution to put up calmly with misfortune, invariably has the effect of lightening the load.

Conceit is usually seen during our first investigations after knowledge; but time and more accurate research teach us that not only is our comprehension limited, but knowledge itself is so imperfect, as not to warrant any vanity upon it at all.

Extravagance is of course merely comparative: a man may be a spendthrift in copper as well as gold.

We had rather be made acquainted at any time with the reality and certainty of distress, than be tortured by the feverish and restless anxiety of doubt.

A too great nicety about diet is being over scrupulous, and is converting moderation into a fault; but on the other hand it is little better than gluttony, if we cannot refrain from what may by possibility be even slightly injurious.

A celebrated traveller who had been twice round the world and visited every

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remarkable country, declared, that though he had seen many wonderful things, he had never chanced to see a handsome old woman.

It is difficult enough to persuade a fool, but persuasion is not all the difficulty: obstinacy still remains to be brought under subjection.

A prejudiced person is universally condemned and yet many of our prejudices are excusable, and some of them necessary: if we do not indulge a few of our prejudices, we shall have to go on doubting and inquiring for ever.

Scepticism has ever been the bugbear of youthful vanity, and it is considered knowing to quarrel with existing institutions and established truths; our experienced reflection regrets this inclination and we become weary of distracting ourselves with endless difficulties.

In dreaming, it is remarkable how easily and yet imperceptibly the mind connects events altogether differing in their nature; and if we hear any noise during sleep, how instantaneously the sound is woven in with the events of our dream and as satisfactorily accounted for.

The unpleasant sensation that is produced by modesty, is amply compensated by the prepossession it creates in our favour.

Public virtue prospers by the vices of individuals. The spendthrift gives a circulation to the coin of the realm, while the miser is equally useful in gleaning and scraping together what others have too profusely scattered. Luxury gives a livelihood to thousands, and the numbers supported by vanity are beyond calculation.

There is a distinction to be drawn between self-love and selfishness, though they are usually confounded. Self-love is the effect of instinct, and is necessary for our preservation in common with other animals; but selfishness is a mental defect and is generated by narrowness of soul.

The difference between honour and honesty is this: honour is dictated by a regard to character, honesty arises from a feeling of duty.

It is difficult to avoid envy without laying ourselves open to contempt; for in being too scrupulous not to trespass on others, we lay ourselves open to be trifled with and trampled on.

That "familiarity breeds contempt" does not only mean, that he who is too familiar with us incurs our contempt; but also that novelty being indispensably necessary to our happiness we cease to admire what habit has familiarized.

Poverty, like every thing else has its fair side. The poor man has the gratification of knowing that no one can have any interest in his death; and in his intercourse with the world he can be certain that wherever he is welcome, it is exclusively on his own account.

If the poor have but few comforts, they are free from many miseries, mental as well as personal, that their superiors are subjected to: they have no physicians who live by their sufferings, and they never experience the curse of sensibility.

Eloquence, engaging as it is, must always be regarded with suspicion. The great use made of it in the history of literature, has been to mislead the head by an appeal to the heart, and it was for this reason the Athenians forbid their orators the use of it.

Conceit is generally proportionate with high station, and the greatest geniuses have not been entirely free from it: what indeed is ambition but an immoderate love of praise?

When we call to mind the humiliating necessities of human nature as far as the body is concerned, and in our intellectual resolves the meanness or paltriness of many of our motives to action, we may well be surprised that man who has so much cause to be humble should indulge for a moment in pride.

It is not so easy as philosophers tell us to lay aside our prejudices; mere volition cannot enable us to divest ourselves of long established feelings, and even reason is averse to laying aside theories it has once been taught to admire.

A man may start at impending danger or wince at the sensation of pain: and yet he may be a true philosopher and not be afraid of death.

The epicure, the drunkard, and the man of loose morals are equally contemptible: though the brutes obey instinct, they never exceed the bounds of moderation; and besides, it is beneath the dignity of man to place felicity in the service of his senses.

A passionate man should be regarded with the same caution as a loaded blunderbuss, which may unexpectedly go off and do us an injury.

There are many fools in the world

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and few wise men; at any rate there are more false than sound reasoners; wherefore it would seem more politic to adopt the opinion of the minority on most occasions.

Those who are deficient in any particular accomplishment usually contrive either openly or indirectly to express their contempt for it: thus removing that obstacle which removes them from the same level.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

TRANSLATION OF DELLA CASA'S SONNET TO THE CITY OF VENICE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Where these rich palaces and stately piles
Now rear their marble fronts, in sculptur'd pride,
Stood once a few rude scatter'd huts, beside
The desert shores of some poor clust'ring isles.
Yet here a hardy band, from vices free,
In fragile barks, rode fearless o'er the sea:
Not seeking over provinces to stride,
But here to dwell, afar from slavery.
They knew not fierce ambition's lust of power,
And while their hearts were free from thirst of gold,
Rather than falsehood—death they would behold.
If heaven hath granted thee a mightier dower,
I honour not the fruits that spring from thee
With thy new riches:—Death and Tyranny.

E. L. J.

THE HOUSE OF UNDER.

(*For the Mirror.*)

There are few families more ancient, more generally known, or more widely diffused throughout the known world, than that of Under: indeed, in every nation, though bearing different names, some branch of this family is extant; and there is no doubt that the *Dessous* of France, the *Unters* of Germany, and the *Onders* of the Land-*under*-water, belong to the same ancient and venerable house. The founders of the house, however, were of *low* origin, and generally *down* in the world. *Undergo* was the job of the family, as patient as a lamb: he encouraged the blessed martyrs in times of yore, and is still in existence, though his patience has somewhat diminished. *Underhand* is a far different character to the preceding, a double-dealing rascal, and as sly as a fox; he greets you with a smiling countenance, and while one hand is employed in shaking yours, he is disembarrassing you of the contents of your pocket with the other. *Underline* is a gentleman of some literary attainments, though not entirely divested of quackery; he is particularly noted for the emphasis he gives to certain points in his discourse, and though in some cases, perhaps, he is a little too prodigal of this kind of effect, yet we could not well do without him. *Undermine* is a greater rascal than Underhand, and had it not been for the counter-acting influence of *Underproof*, our house had fallen to the ground; to the ground it might have fallen, but had it gone farther, it would have been only to be revived in the person of *Underground*, a gentleman well known in the kitchens and pantries of the metropolis, the pantries in particular, he being a constant companion to the *Under-butler*. *Understand* is the pride of the house, and by his shining qualities, has raised himself to an eminence never reached by any other member of the family. He is a conspicuous exception to the downcast looks of so many of his relations. *Undertake* is an enterprising fellow, but he is often deceived and fails in his schemes; not so Undertaker, (whose similarity in name would make some folks believe there was some connexion;) no, *his* affairs are calculated to a wonderful nicety, and every tear is priced. *Underwriter* is a speculative genius, and—but the less we say of him the better. *Underrate* is a character I cannot avoid mentioning, though I wish with all my heart he was dead: his greatest pleasure consists in detracting from the good qualities of his neighbours.

I have only mentioned the English part of "Our House," although there are even some of that branch, whom I cannot at present call to mind, except *Underdone*, a lover of raw beef-steaks, and *Undervalue*, a person who has proved himself a great friend to custom-house officers, having some of the cunning of *Underhand*, but not quite so much luck, and subjecting his goods to seizure, for having tried to cheat the king. But I must leave this subject, and take my leave, till a fitter opportunity occurs for giving you further particulars of the "House of Under;" in the meanwhile, believe me, courteous reader, yours, sincerely,

Under the Rose.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.

We quote a page or two from the second and concluding volume of *Paris and its Historical Scenes*, in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, which gives

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the best account of *la Grande Semaine* that has yet appeared. The editor has taken Lord Bacon's advice—to read, not to take for granted—but to weigh and consider; and amidst the discrepancies of contemporary pamphleteers and journalists, his reader will not be surprised at the difficulty of obtaining correct information of what happens beneath our very window, as one of the great men of history confessed upwards of two centuries since. In this respect, mankind has scarcely progressed a jot, though men be more sceptical in not taking for granted.

Our extract is, we hope, to the point:

"It is curious to what an extent opposite feelings and opinions will colour even material scenes and objects to the eyes of different observers. Count Tasistro was also present at the capture of the Tuileries; and gives us in his narrative a description of what he witnessed of the conduct of the people after they had established themselves within the palace. Before presenting the reader, however, with what he says upon this subject, we will transcribe part of his account of his adventures in the earlier part of this day. 'The morning of the 29th,' he says, 'was ushered in by the dismal ringing of bells, the groans of distant guns, and the savage shouts of the populace; and I arose from a long train of dreams, which defied recollection as well as interpretation. The rabble, headed by a few beardless boys just let loose from the Polytechnic School and other seminaries, had been pleased to fix their head-quarters in our street. About half-past eleven, however, those of them who were collected here having heard that the popular forces who were fighting before the Louvre were nearly disabled by the cannon of the troops occupying that palace, their Polytechnic chief called upon them to follow him to the assistance of their brethren. Having entreated them to refrain from extravagant excesses, he rushed forward, and soon arrived at the scene of action. Here I saw him turn round and address his followers thus, 'Le cannon a déjà exterminé plusieurs de vos comarades; dans un instant il est á vous; suivez moi, et apprenez comme il faut mourir;' (*the cannon has already destroyed numbers of your brethren; the next instant it will be directed against you: follow me, and learn how to die.*) Having uttered these words, he darted forward, just as the gun which was pointed at him was discharged, and was blown into atoms. The people, however, following where he had led, in the enthusiasm of the moment seized the gun, and turned it immediately against the Swiss and the Guards that were stationed at the balconies of the Louvre. Other guns were afterwards taken—and the consequence was that the soldiers at last retreated with great precipitation, and concentrated their strength on the Place du Carrousel. The tricolour was already waving over the Louvre. I observed a little, insignificant urchin climb up the walls, and plant it during the contest.

"The last struggle made by the Guards for their royal master was to save the proud palace of his ancestors; but, alas, the attempt was vain. A storm of balls was poured in upon them from so many sides, that the little presence of mind they had preserved until now, deserted them at this trying moment; and after a few ineffectual discharges, they retreated toward the Champs Elysées; and the populace, unchecked by any power but their own will, rushed *en masse* into the regal mansion.

"During this attack, short as it was, I happened to be in a situation far more critical than that of the generality of the combatants on either side. On entering the Place du Carrousel by the archway leading from the Quays, we found the confusion extreme—and, as the fire besides grew every moment hotter and hotter, I felt the necessity of taking refuge somewhere, and in my agitation ran forward and sheltered myself under the Triumphal Arch. Here I passed the short interval during which the combat lasted in a confusion of all the senses, which extended minutes to months, and gave to something less than half a quarter of an hour the importance of a century; for I was all the time between the two fires. Fortunately, as I have said, the affair did not last very long; and when the victorious rabble at last rushed into the Tuileries, I followed the general movement, and soon after found myself in the throne hall, where I was joined by my two missing friends."

The Count now proceeds to inveigh in general terms against what he describes as the atrocious conduct of the unruly rabble—the devastation, pillage, and other enormities of which they were guilty. Having concluded this diatribe, he goes on with his narrative as follows: "Indeed the passion of mischief had taken such strong possession of the minds of all—the temptation was so widely thrown open wherever one went—that even I felt a touch of the desire;

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and, as I passed along the library hall, where a most splendid stock of books had been thrown on the floor, spying among many precious treasures a beautifully ornamented little volume, which, to say nothing of its gay appearance, promised to occupy no great room in the pocket, with the conviction that I was doing a good action, I picked it up. On opening it I found that it was neither a bible, nor a poem, nor a *conjurare* (?), as I had anticipated, but simply a pocket memorandum-book in which his Majesty had been accustomed to note his *parties de chasse*, and the numbers of game he killed. I immediately thrust it into my pocket, and have since preserved it as a keepsake—but shall be most happy to restore it to the owner, should that august personage at any time feel disposed to claim it. Would that all the rest of the many articles that were this day pilfered were held as sacred, and ready to be as punctually surrendered!

"Tolerably tired at last of looking on the grim faces that surrounded us, we agreed to make our retreat; and descended into the garden, intending to pass out by the gate leading to the Quays. Here, however, we were met by a figure, at the sight of which we found it almost impossible to restrain our risibility. It was a man keeping watch at the gate as a sentinel, dressed for the most part as we commonly see the masters of chimney-sweeps, without a vestige of either shoes or shirt, and what were intended for coat and trousers having very doubtful pretensions to those designations—but, to make amends for this condition of his general habiliments, having a highly polished musket in his hand, a most splendid sword dangling by his side, and on his head a superb Marshal's hat! 'Où allez vous?' was the imperious demand of this extraordinary looking personage. 'Où nous voulons' was the instant and haughty reply of my friend M. The fellow, not being accustomed to such insubordination, ordered us to take off our hats to show whether we carried anything away with us. M. at this would have struck him down but for the sudden appearance of six men, whose looks and dress were not much better than those of the sentinel. These men, on being informed of our *hauteur* (as it was termed), insisted on our helping them, by way of penalty for our offence, to carry off the dead. This was more than I, with all my disposition to forbearance, could submit to; so, addressing myself to the ugliest of them, who seemed to be the commanding officer of the party, I told him scornfully and in good French, that we were foreign gentlemen, who had nothing to do either with the dead or the living of their country—and that it was a very *despotic* act to stop peaceable passengers in that manner. But this expostulation served only to irritate the raggamuffins; and one of them taking hold of my arm tried to force me into compliance with his orders. This was our trying moment; we all three made one desperate effort 'for liberty;' and, each of us having dealt his opponent a severe blow on the cheek, we broke from them, and ran off at our best speed. Three shots were immediately fired, and still we galloped on unhurt;—another went off, and I felt it—not that I was mortally wounded; it was only a spent ball that lodged itself in the flesh of my leg. The accident lamed me, however, for the time, and consequently put an end to my adventures. I was carried to my hotel, and the ball was extracted; but still the wound confined me to my room for two months."

The battle-pieces, and head and tail-cuts, well bespeak the ups and downs and bursts of the Revolution. They are as plentiful in this volume, as the balls were about Paris in *La Grande Semaine*.

TIME'S TELESCOPE FOR 1832

Is, as usual, a multifarious volume, and abounds with reading that must please all tastes. It has, moreover, to meet the exigencies of the day, a pretty sprinkling of cuts and plates, respecting the number of which we do not quarrel; in the choice of some of them we must, however, dissent from the editor. The Astronomical portion, by Mr. Barker, is unusually copious, and the cometary plates are well executed. We quote a passage:

On the probability of a concussion of a Comet with the earth.

It has been stated that the comet of 1770, passed through the system of the planet Jupiter, without in the slightest degree affecting the motions of either the primary or his satellites; also, that it passed sufficiently near our planet to have shortened the length of the year had its mass been equal to that of the earth. No effect whatever was produced, from whence it may be concluded, that the neighbourhood of a comet is not of sufficient importance to excite any alarming apprehensions for the safety of the habitation of man.

Most of the calculations that have

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been made respecting the effect of the proximity of a comet to our earth have proceeded on erroneous principles,—over-rating the quantity of matter in comets, and losing sight of their great velocity when in this part of the system. For a comet to produce any direful effect, it ought to contain not merely a considerable quantity of matter, but also ought to be vertical and stationary to the earth's surface for several hours; instead of which, we have sufficient reason to believe that though vast in volume, comets contain but little matter in proportion, consequently, their attractive energy would be inconsiderable; also their velocity would, in a very short period, carry them beyond the limit of exerting any influence on the waters of the globe. Of course, this general statement would be modified by the rate and direction of a comet's motion, and also the earth's rotation.

It may, then, be asserted with safety that the close appulse of a comet would not be attended with any fatal results; and that this security principally consists in its great velocity, which would so swiftly remove it to a distance. But, the very circumstance which, in the case of *proximity*, would be the security of our globe, (its velocity,) would, in the event of a *contact*, be attended with the direst effects. It is true that the probability of a contact is less, in an almost infinite degree, than the proximity of a comet, which, notwithstanding, is an event which every astronomer is fully aware, is within the verge of possibility.

The effects of a contact would be greatly modified by circumstances. Should the comet strike the earth obliquely, it would glance off, and the consequences would be partial. If the point of collision were on a continent of the globe, mountains would be hurled from their bases, and new ones would elevate their ridges towards the clouds. Were the place of meeting on either of the great oceans, some regions would be deserted, and others would be inundated by the waters of the sea. These dreadful consequences would be increased, in an indefinite proportion, if the point of contact were in the direction of the earth's centre; the meeting would be terrific; the earth's period of revolution would, in all probability, be altered, either by carrying it nearer to or farther from the sun; a different inclination of the axis might be given, and there would be a consequent change of seasons; the diurnal motion might be either accelerated or retarded, by which the length of the day would be affected; the vast continents of the globe would be again covered with the ocean, which, deserting its bed, would rush towards the new equator.

Infinitely more tremendous would be the catastrophe if the earth were struck by a *retrograde comet* in the direction of the terrestrial centre, the comet making up, by its velocity, the deficiency of mass: in this case the centrifugal force of both bodies might be annihilated,—the centripetal principle alone obeyed, and both comet and earth rush to the sun!

It must, however, be stated, that the probability of such an event is all but infinitely removed: the most likely of any that is known, to effect such a consummation, is the comet of Encke, which it has been calculated would come in collision with our earth after a lapse of 219 millions of years! This calculation proceeds on the soundest principles of reasoning, and proves not so much the safety of our globe from cometary destruction, (for some comet, hitherto unseen by mortal eyes, may *now* be winging its flight directly towards our globe,) as the astonishing powers of the mind of man, which can thus essay to penetrate the veil of futurity, and read the destiny of a world.

But destruction to this terrestrial orb and its teeming inhabitants, may be more speedily brought about than by a concussion with these celestial agents. A single principle of motion annihilated, evaporation suspended, or a component part of the atmosphere abstracted, and "final ruin would drive her ploughshare o'er creation;" universal conflagration would instantly ensue from the seperation of the oxygen from the nitrogen of the atmosphere,—the former exerting its native energies without control wherever it extends,—solid rocks, ponderous marble, metals, and even water itself, would burst into an intensity of flame, and change the aspect of all sublunary things.

But all these vast bodies of the universe are, doubtless, kept in their prescribed limits as with so many "reins and bridles," and when this earth has completed its destined circles, and fulfilled the purposes for which it was called out of nothing, it will need but the command of the glorious Creator who at first spoke this beautiful frame into being, bliss, and light, to return it to its primeval gloom, or bid it shine forth with new resplendent beauty and lustre.

The "Notes of a Naturalist" are stated to be by Professor Rennie; but

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we question if they have been written expressly for this volume, as we recognise many passages from other works.

Notes of a Reader.

SCOTTISH LITERARY DINNER.

As reported by Three Hands.

It is a miserable thing to quarrel or even differ over a dinner, although the whole affair be but a matter of taste. It is likewise a miserable thing to differ after dinner, since it lamentably disturbs the digestion of the food, as in this case it may the temper of the feeders. Yet respecting the dinner to celebrate the Birthday of Burns in Freemasons' Hall, there is a remarkable difference among the critical craft; which difference, by the way, no shades of opinion can reconcile. As we were not of the party, (and we congratulate ourselves on the escape from a Scottish half-dinner,) it may be well to quote from three of the reports that have appeared, rather than let the affair pass unnoticed in our pages. We do so from a wish to preserve certain traits and anecdotes which the occasion drew forth,—to give the pleasant rather than the "untoward" events of the day: though we must own the whole appears to have been a very droll business, always excepting the *semi-pransus*.

We start with an extract from Dr. Granville's *Catechism of Health*:—

Q. What should a dinner consist of?

A. Of any wholesome food that is in season, plainly dressed.

Q. Should the dinner be composed of many dishes?

A. The most wholesome dinner is that which consists of a single dish of meat, with a proper quantity of vegetables.

Whether the Scottish dinner was as aforesaid, we know not. Call the evidence.

Court Journal.—A public dinner at a public-house (this is a court sneer)—provided by Scotch booksellers, presided at by a Scotch baronet, accompanied by Scotch bagpipes, and prepared for two hundred Scotch appetites, there being four hundred of the said appetites admitted to partake of it.

Athenæum.—Nearly five hundred persons were present at a dinner ordered for two hundred and fifty.

Literary Gazette. — The stewards provided for 300 guests: another hundred coming without notice of their intention, were speedily accommodated; and surely the exertion to accomplish this is more to be praised, than any little partial failure or inconvenience (such as attends all large public dinners) is to be cavilled at and blamed. The dinner and wines were of the first order, and at least nine-tenths of those present were highly gratified by their entertainment.

But we will first quote the *Athenæum* account, from its being the most brief as well as more circumstantial, and then add the *variorum* opinions.

"Little else has been talked of these ten days, in the literary world of London, but the Festival in memory of the birthday of Burns and the visit of the Ettrick Shepherd. The names of stewards, noble and learned, were announced in the newspapers: hopes were held out that verses in honour of the occasion, written by Campbell, would be recited by Reding: and it was moreover added, that Captain Burns was to be present, and that the punch-bowl of Murray marble, filled with the liquor which his great father loved, would be smoking on the table. The Festival took place in Freemasons' Hall on Wednesday last, and though arrangements were made for two hundred and fifty guests, such was the curiosity, and such the crush, that by six o'clock, four hundred and fifty tickets were disposed of, and the like number of gentlemen sat down, amid no little confusion, about seven o'clock, to dinner. Sir John Malcolm, well known for his 'History of Central India,' was in the chair; on his left hand sat the eldest and youngest sons of Burns; the former like his father, the latter more resembling his mother; and on the other hand sat James Hogg, accompanied by many gentlemen distinguished in science and literature. The punch-bowl of Burns, now the property of Mr. Hastie, stood before the chair, and beside it, a drinking quaigh, formed from the Wallace Oak of the Torwood, brimmed with silver, and bearing on the bottom the grim visage of the northern hero.

"Sir John Malcolm having consumed some time in introductory toasts, which the company received with impatience, proceeded to propose 'the Memory of Robert Burns:' he dwelt less on his history than on the wide influence of his works, and recited many verses with taste and feeling. He related how deeply his fame had taken root in the East, and instanced the admiration of Byron in proof of his wonderful genius: but no such testimony is at all wanting; the songs of Burns are sung in every quarter of the globe, and his poems are treasured in millions of memories, so that his fame may set fate at defiance. All

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this was rapturously received; nor was the approbation of the company less coldly manifested when the chairman proposed 'the health of the ETTRICK SHEPHERD;' it appeared, however, that he was much less familiar with his works than with those of Burns, and though a native of a pastoral district, made sad work among the romances and ballads of the imaginative shepherd. This want was, however, in some degree supplied, by a most characteristic speech from Hogg himself, in which he related how the inspiration of the muse came upon him, in consequence of his being born, like Burns, on the 25th of January; how, on the evening of his birth, a man and horse were dispatched for the midwife, but the night being wild, and Ettrick deep in flood, the rider was lost; nevertheless, the familiar spirit called Brownie—the Lubber-Fiend of Milton—supplied his place, and brought the marvelling midwife in time to achieve the adventure of the future poet of Kilmeny. All this, and much more he related in a way hovering between jest and earnest, and in a strong Ettrick tone, to the consternation of the English part of the meeting, for whom it was rather peculiar and learned. The audience evidently, one and all, regarded the Shepherd with wonder, and hundreds were on tiptoe to have a look at him as he stood on a table to relate his own varied fortunes.

"But on the banks of Tweed the chairman was aware that a wizard, still more enchanting than him of Yarrow, lived, or rather, lately lived; and he accordingly gave the health of 'SIR WALTER SCOTT, and a safe return to his native country.' It is needless to say with what rapture the health of this most illustrious of all the sons of Scotland was drunk. This honour—such is the word—was acknowledged by Mr. Lockhart, in a speech worth any two chapters in the whole range of British Biography;—it was clear and concise—vigorous and picturesque—and abounding with anecdote. Of his illustrious father-in-law, he told how Burns predicted his future fame, in the house of Adam Ferguson; and of Hogg he related how Scott found him, thirty-five years ago, with his plaid and dog, watching his sheep on Ettrick Banks, with more old border ballads on his memory than any traditionary dame of the district, and with more true poetry in his heart than was usual to the lot of poets. Of Hogg himself he said much that was amusing and instructive: one anecdote will not soon be forgotten. The Shepherd was at the dinner-table of a duchess, when her Grace said, 'Mr. Hogg, were you ever here before?' 'Madam,' said the poet, 'I have driven cattle often past your gates, but I never was within them till now.'

"But we must have done with this splendid Festival: we cannot, however, conclude without a remark:—the health of 'Lord Porchester and the Poets of England,' was drunk; and when his Lordship made his acknowledgments, he was interrupted by the titter of a hundred tongues, and sat down, no doubt, feeling that the spirit of nationality was a little too exclusive. We forgot to mention that neither Campbell nor his poem made their appearance, which we regretted for several reasons, and also that the memory of Burns was not drunk out of his punch-bowl. For this relique of the bard, a Jew of the name of Isaac, gave 60*l.* in pledge, and begged the key to keep in memory of the poet, when it was bought by its present possessor; and an Irish gentleman, not long ago, sent a 300*l.* check for it, and threatened Mr. Hastie with the law when he refused to give him up the punch-bowl.

"We are indebted to a friend for this very pleasant notice, and must, in our predominent love of truth, say so. As far as the presence of numbers could testify general affection for the memory of Burns, and respect for the Ettrick Shepherd, the meeting was most satisfactory; in every other respect it was a failure."

Now let us turn to the *Court Journal*, which in its first column decides the Burns' Dinner to have been "the most ill-conceived, ill-concocted, ill-managed, and ill-attended affair of its kind that ever flung disgrace and ridicule on the public hospitality of the most inhospitable public on record." The advertised list of stewards is described as "hoax the first." "Their names were used as baits—their presence being represented under the ominous forms of half-a-dozen well-known illustrious unknowns, headed by two "enterprising" booksellers! there being not a single distinguished writer present, except Mr. Lockhart, and he evidently *cutting* the whole affair,—so far I mean as relates to taking any part in the (mis) management of it. Nevertheless, I see by the papers, that "all the leading characters of the Metropolis were present! the poetical department of them being represented by Lord Porchester, and the prose department by Lord Mahon." Our Court visiter bears his lot with good humour; but, observes he "not small must have

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been the contemptuous pity felt for me, by these superior intelligences who, on my entering the Dinner Room, I found had already secured their seats, probably by the only practical method—that of taking possession of them overnight! And there is no denying the wit of this proceeding, on the part of those who were in the secret, that the repast was ordered for two hundred individuals, (nine-tenths of them probably *Scotch* individuals) and was to be partaken of by *four* hundred." This proportion is probably correct, since "nine-tenths," are the precise proportion of the company gratified.—*(See the Gazette.)*

Among the *élite*, or the company at the upper table, "Sir Peter Laurie was one, and Mr. Lockhart was not *one*: for he sat among the undistinguished at a side table." Our *Court* guest also sat at a side table though he pleads guilty to "foul" means—"that of displacing an engine-turned and satine-ed card, which had been deposited therein, as the worthy *locum tenens* and representative of its owner."

But the contradictions circumstantial appear to (dis) advantage in the *Literary Gazette*, as will be seen among our quotations. The health of Burns being drunk "Both the sons of the poet standing up, the eldest expressed their gratitude for the tribute to their father's genius." The *Gazette* states the Shepherd's health to have been prefaced by an "apt and interesting address," but the *Athenæum* represents the chairman to have "made sad work among the romances, &c." Upon the health of the poets of England being drunk, Lord Porchester is stated in the Gazette to have spoken "eloquently in reply, and pronounced a beautiful eulogium upon the ameliorating effects produced upon individuals and communities by the cultivation of the Muses:" a very pretty subject for a school theme, to be sure, but unfortunate in comparison with the "titter of a hundred tongues" by which Lord Porchester is elsewhere stated to have been silenced.

"The toast of 'Sir George Murray, and the military heroes of Scotland,' called up that gallant officer, who addressed his applauding countrymen in a manner which seemed to be peculiarly grateful to their feelings. While he disclaimed it for his own humble services, he nobly awarded the laurel to his glorious companions in arms,—a Hopetoun, an Abercrombie, a Moore, and a Graham. He then mentioned his early recollection of Burns, whom he considered his father's house to have been honoured by receiving within its walls; and playfully alluded to what the chairman had stated of his sister being the 'Phemy' of the poet,

"a bonnier lass
Than braes of Yarrow ever saw;"

and expressed his hope, as every bard was in duty bound to maintain the peerless beauty of the fair whom he selected for his theme, that the Ettrick Shepherd (whose acquaintance he this night rejoiced to have made), would not be provoked to jealousy in consequence of this comparison above the beauties of Yarrow."

After a few more toasts, the Gazette observes "the night was wearing late, and the rest of the proceedings were obliged to be hurried through in rather a tumultuous manner." The unluckiest occurrence of all followed by Captain Basil Hall's mention of the word "politics," which "let slip the dogs of war," or at least led to much confusion. This was explained away; but the Captain was "put out," and "he was again unfortunate in attempting to pay a pleasant compliment, upon the excellence of his dinners, to Sir George Warrender, whose health was next drunk, in conjunction with the Scottish members of the legislature.—Sir George Warrender said he had no claim to have his name introduced on this occasion, and, however kindly intended, it had been done in a manner alike unexpected and painful to him. He came there as a Scotchman, proud to assist at a festival in honour of one of those eminent men who, in giving an imperishable fame to the poetry of Scotland, obtained for their country triumphs far more noble, far more durable, than even those which his gallant friend, who had lately addressed them, or than any other statesman or warrior, could achieve; for when the contests of individuals, and even of nations, for power had passed away, and were heard of no more, the verses of Burns and Walter Scott would still live in every quarter of the globe, to perpetuate their own glory, and to inspire ardent patriotism and intense love of native land into every Scottish heart.—Mr. P. S. Stewart, as another of the Scottish members, addressed the company with much energy, and restored harmony by remarking, that if he was not tried by his dinners, he hoped to be always tried by his deserts. In conclusion, he drank the health of Mr. Galt, whose literary talents shed a lustre on the west of Scotland, with which he was particularly connected. It was now, however, near the witching hour of

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night, or we might say of night's black arch, the key stane; and many from the lower parts of the hall had crowded up to the top; so that regularity of speech, or bumper, or song, there could be none. Galt's thanks died in embryo; and the concluding toasts of Mr. Murchison and Mr. Sedgewick, and the sciences of Scotland and England; the London Burns' Club, the stewards, and even the ladies, had but their cheers, and passed away. At length the pipes droned forth, and the festive drama closed.

"We ought to record that it was enlivened by many bowls of punch brewed by Hogg in Burns' bowl, and in general very kindly and socially helped into the many glasses sent up for it by Lord Mahon: there was also some beautiful singing by Broadhurst, Wilson, Templeton, and Messrs. Jolly, Stansbury, Chapman, and other vocalists. The Shepherd, too, treated us with an original song, the burden of which was 'Robin's awa.' It is a lament for Burns as the best of the minstrels; but it was brought in by a laugh, in consequence of the toast-master calling for silence for a song from *Mr.* Shepherd."

By the *Gazette* report we conclude the Festival must have ended as many such meetings do; and never better expressed than by Lord Byron in his facete moments—"then talky, then argumentative, then disputations, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then inarticulate, and then"—but we have done.

There is some talk of an annual national meeting on this day among the parties with whom this "Festival" originated: but we think others will say it were better to leave ill-done alone, lest it become worse. Probably the next "Noctes" of *Blackwood's Magazine* will set the matter at rest by giving the world the only true and faithful account of this memorable meeting.

Retrospective Gleanings.

LACONIC JUSTICE.

Over the door of the town-hall, in Zante, one of the Greek Islands (the better to instruct the magistrates in their public duty) these verses are inscribed:—

Hic locus 1 odit, 2 amat, 3 punit, 4 conservat, 5 honorat,
1 Nequitiam, 2 pacem, 3 crimina, 4 jura, 5 probos.

Thus Englished by G. Sandys.

This place doth 1 hate, 2 love, 3 punish 4 keep, 5 requite,
1 voluptuous not, 2 peace, 3 crimes, laws, 5 th' upright.

From Heylyn's Cosmographie.

FLOATING SCHEME.

In George the Third's collection of tracts, now in the British Museum, is a broadside of one page, commencing thus:—"In the name of God, amen! John Bulmer, of London, esquire, Master and Surveyor of the King's Majesties Mines, &c. &c. propoundeth—by God's assistance, that he the said John Bulmer, shall and will, at and in a flowing water, set out a boat or vessel with an engine, floating with a man or boy, in and on board the said boat, in the River of Thames, over against the Tower-wharf, or lower. Which said boat, with the said man or boy, in or aboard her, shall the same tide before low-water again, by art of the said John Bulmer, and help of the said engine, be advanced and elevated so high, as that the same shall pass and be delivered over London Bridge, together with this said man or boy, in and on board her, and float again in the said River of Thames, on the other side the said bridge in safety." He then proceeds to covenant for himself, his heirs, &c., to perform this within the space of one month, &c., or so soon as the undertakers, wagering against him six for one, should have deposited in the assurance office such a sum as he should consider sufficient to countervail his charges of contriving the boat and engine. Captain Bulmer was also to deposit his proportion of money, &c. This scheme was brought out in 1643.

W. G. C.

THE GREEK SAILORS

Still preserve the custom mentioned by Homer, of hauling their vessels on shore with the prows resting on the beach; having done this, they place the mast lengthwise across the prow and the poop, and spread the sail over it, so as to form a tent; beneath these tents they sing their songs, drinking wine freely, and accompanying their voices with the lyre, or three-stringed viol.

T. G.

BILLS OF MORTALITY.

"Bills of Mortality took rise," says Pennant, "in 1592; in which year began a great pestilence; which continued till the 18th of December, 1595. During this period they were kept, in order to ascertain the number of persons who died; but, when the plague ceased, the bills were discontinued. They were resumed again in 1603. At their original institution there were only 109 in parishes; others were gradually

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added; and, by the year 1681, the number was 132. Since that time, 14 more have been added, so that the whole amounts to 146, viz. 97 within the walls; 16 without the walls; 23 out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey; and 10 in the City and Liberties of Westminster."

W. G. C.

TAILORS.

Sir John Hawkwood, (the first English general,) was usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness, it is said, of his needle or his sword. Fuller, the historian, says, he "turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was the son of a tanner, and was bound apprentice to a tailor, and was pressed for a soldier." He served under Edward III., and was knighted, distinguished himself at the battle of Poictiers, where he gained the esteem of the Black Prince, and finished his military career in the pay of the Florentines, in 1394, at his native place, Hedingham, in Essex. There is a monument to his memory in the parish church.

Sir Ralph Blackwell was his fellow apprentice, knighted for his bravery by Edward III.; married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell Hall.

John Speed, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor.

John Stowe, the antiquary, was also a tailor; he was born in London, in 1525, and lived to the age of 80.

Benjamin Robins was the son of a tailor, of Bath; he compiled Lord Anson's Voyage round the World.

Elliott's regiment of light-horse was chiefly composed of tailors; and the first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the Slave Trade, was Thomas Woolman, a quaker, and tailor, of New Jersey. He published many tracts on this species of traffic, went great distances to consult individuals on the subject, on which business he came to England, and went to York, where he caught the small-pox, and died October 7, 1772. T. G.

HINTS TO COCKNEY EQUESTRIANS.

The following hints are offered "in the milk of human kindness" to all "young gentlemen" who hire a horse, or a horse and gig, to go the amazing distance of Kew or Richmond, on Sundays; and may be compelled to flog the "tired jade" the last three miles back, in order to get it home before midnight; also to prevent the annoying necessity of pulling up in a street adjacent to the livery-stables, to cut off the frayed end of the whip thong, that the ostler may not detect their flagellation. M. A. S.

I. *How to make a horse go that is utterly tired.*

Dismount from thy horse and prick his sides all over with little holes with a nayle or fine awle, in the spurring place. Take then window glass and stamp it unto a subtile powder, which rub into his pricked sides; then mounting, but touch him not with the spur, and you shall have your desire, for be sure if he have any life in him he will not fayle to go.

II. *Here followeth another torment.*

Dismount from thy horse and get a stick, which with your knife, jag and cut like unto the notches of a saw, make then a slit with your knife in the ear of the horse, thrust therein the stick, and when you find him to tyre, by working the stick backwards and forwards in the ear, you will have your desire, for be sure if he have any life in him, he will not fayle to go.

III. *Another torment may be used as follows.*—

Dismount from thy horse (or gig) and take two round, smooth pebbles, which put into one ear of your horse, and tye up the ear, that they escape not, then mounting and proceeding on thy journey, thou shalt have thy desire, for the noise of the stones jingling in his ear, will not fayle to make him go, until he is utterly tired.—*Markham's Farriery.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

BEAUTIES OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The characteristic peculiarity of the Pilgrim's Progress is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the Pilgrim's Progress. But the pleasure which is produced by the Vision of Mirza, or the Vision of Theodore, the genealogy of Wit, or the contest between Rest and Labour, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's Odes, or from a Canto of Hudibras. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the under-

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standing, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spencer himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride, and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the Fairy Queen. We become sick of Cardinal Virtues and Deadly Sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first Canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

It is not so with the Pilgrim's Progress. That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the Pilgrim's Progress. That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics, and the most bigoted of tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland the Pilgrim's Progress is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the Pilgrim's Progress is a greater favourite than Jack the Giant-Killer. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius,—that things which are not should be as though they were,—that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction,—the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it,—the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows,—the prisoner in the iron cage,—the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold,—the cross and the sepulchre,—the steep hill and the pleasant arbour,—the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside,—the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks,—all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones and ashes of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left side, branches off the path leading to that horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onwards are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl,

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on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

All the stages of the journey,—all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, — giants and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones, and shining ones,—the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money,—the black man in the bright vesture, — Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, and my Lord Hategood,—Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous,—all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy; not an Iago but perfidy; not a Brutus, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative, that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays.

The Pilgrim's Progress undoubtedly is not a perfect allegory. The types are often inconsistent with each other; and sometimes the allegorical disguise is altogether thrown off. The river, for example, is emblematic of death; and we are told that every human being must pass through the river. But Faithful does not pass through it. He is martyred, not in shadow, but in reality, at Vanity Fair. Hopeful talks to Christian about Esau's birthright, and about his own convictions of sin, as Bunyan might have talked with one of his own congregation. The damsels at the House Beautiful catechise Christiana's boys, as any good ladies might catechise any boys at a Sunday School. But we do not believe, that any man, whatever might be his genius, and whatever his good luck, could long continue a figurative history without falling into many inconsistencies.

The passages which it is most difficult to defend, are those in which he altogether drops the allegory, and puts into the mouth of his pilgrims religious ejaculations and disquisitions, better suited to his own pulpit at Bedford or Reading, than to the Enchanted Ground or the Interpreter's Garden. Yet even these passages, though we will not undertake to defend them against the objection of critics, we feel that we could ill spare. We feel that the story owes much of its charm to these occasional glimpses of solemn and affecting subjects, which will not be hidden, which force themselves through the veil, and appear before us in their native aspect. The effect is not unlike that which is said to have been produced on the ancient stage, when the eyes of the actor were seen flaming through his mask, and giving life and expression to what would else have been an inanimate and uninteresting disguise.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect—the dialect of plain working men—was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language—no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose, Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse, and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's Essay on Poetry, appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say, that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the Paradise Lost, the other the Pilgrim's Progress.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Gatherer.

A London publisher advertises a collection of Nursery Tales as a "handsome present for *youth.*" Here the schoolmaster is surely behind-hand.

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IMPROMPTU.—TO A LADY.

(*From the Italian.*)

THINK not thy *faults*, my pretty scold,
Like transient clouds will pass away;
Thine image in the rose behold,
Whose leaves fade ere the *thorns* decay. E. L. J.

This trifle was sent to the *Mirror* a few days since, and last Saturday it appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, with the same signature, *E. L. J.*—Is not this double-dealing?

Pantomimes.—Four hundred persons are nightly employed in the pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre, on the stage, behind the scenes, and in the orchestra. Of this number are 90 carpenters in the machinery, property, and scenic department. The usual cost of one of these relics of olden Christmas at a patent theatre is £2,000.; and upwards of £10,000. are annually expended in producing pantomimes for the amusement of the large and little children of this great metropolis.

How to keep away the Cholera.—Fear has proved at all times, but more particularly during the prevalence of cholera, a fruitful predisposing cause of disease; be firm, therefore, and confident. Cheerfulness of disposition, equanimity and serenity of mind, are essential means of preservation from epidemic disorders, cholera especially. You have now the consoling assurance of the New Board of Health, in confirmation of what we, the anti-contagionists, in regard to cholera, had long before declared and contended for, that the disease *does not pass to those about the sick*, and seldom spreads in families. Cholera, therefore, is thus disarmed of one of its worst terrors. You only run the average share of risk of one in 1,200,000 individual inhabitants of the metropolis, of being affected by the epidemic influence of the atmosphere, while that influence lasts; and as you are put in possession of several means to counteract that influence, the chances are greatly in your favour that you will not be attacked by cholera at all. To this conclusion I am authorized to come by my experience, which has been very considerable, and my observations, in more than one general epidemic, and by what I have read in all the authors (twenty or thirty of them) who have treated of cholera.—*Dr. Granville.*

The Cholera.—An interesting experiment was tried at Newcastle last week, on the state of the atmosphere. A kite was sent up, having attached to it a piece of fresh butcher's meat, a fresh haddock, and a small loaf of bread. The kite ascended to a considerable height, and remained at that elevation for an hour and a quarter. When brought to the ground, it was found that the fish and the piece of meat were both in a putrid state, particularly the fish; and the loaf, when examined through a microscope, was discovered to be pervaded with legions of animalculæ. It may be worth while to repeat the experiment in other places to which cholera may unfortunately extend itself.—*Evening Paper.*

Foreign Books.—From official accounts it appears that the foreign books imported into the United Kingdom in the year 1830, weighed 3,441 cwt. 3 qrs. 13 lbs. the amount of duty upon which was £11,865 4*s.* 4*d.* We find this in a paper on the Duties on Foreign Books in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published; in which the imported old books have obtained a considerable ascendancy over the new ones.

THE lovers of the Fine Arts will hear with sorrow, the destruction by fire of Mr. Wilmshurst's splendid Painted Window of the Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, described at page 246, vol. xv. of *The Mirror*. It was completed about two years since at a cost of nearly 2,000*l.*, and three years' labour of the artist.

SUPERSTITION.

THE superstitious feeling respecting political events in the reign of Charles II. is curiously exemplified by a contemporary writer, speaking of the occurrences immediately after the return of the king: "It happened one day, as some of the ruder sort of citizens came by Whitehall, one busie citizen must needs cry 'No Bishops.' Some of the gentlemen issued out of Whitehall, either to correct the sauciness of the fool in words, if they would serve, else, it seems, with blowes; what passed on either side in words, none but themselves knew; the citizen, being more tongue than souldier, was wounded, and I have heard dyed of his wounds received at the tyme: it hath been affirmed by very many, that in or near unto that place where this fellow was hurt and wounded, *the late king's head was cut off, the scaffold standing just over the place.*"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 533.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1832. [PRICE 2d.

CASCADE AT VIRGINIA WATER.

THIS has been described as "perhaps the most striking imitation we have of the great works of nature:" at all events, it has less of the mimicry of art than similar works on a smaller scale.

Virginia Water will be recollected as the largest sheet of artificial water in the kingdom, with the exception of that at Blenheim. Near the high Southampton road it forms the above cascade, descending into a glen romantically shaded with plantations of birch, willow, and acacia:

Hollowly here the gushing water sounds
With a mysterious voice: one might pause
Upon its echoes till it seemeth a noise
Of fathomless wilds where man had never walked.

Or it may be described in the graphic words of Thomson:

With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each side the gushing waters play,

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And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees.

Beside the cascade is a stone cave, "moss-o'ergrown," constructed with fragments of immense size and curious shape that were originally dug up at Bagshot Heath, and are supposed to be the remains of a Saxon cromlech. At the base of this fall, it becomes a running stream, and after winding through part of Surrey, falls into the Thames at Chertsey.

The reader will remember Virginia Water as the favourite retreat of the late King; and this embellishment, (if so artificial a term can be applied to a cascade,) was made at the bidding of the Royal taste. It is perhaps the most successful of all the contrivances hereabout to aid the natural enchantment of the scene. We believe the present Court are not so fervent in their attachment to this resort; its seclusion must, however, be a delightful relief to the costly cares of state, and the superb suites of Windsor Castle. A scene of wild nature, such as the annexed is intended to represent, is more acceptable to our sight than all the quarterings on the ceiling of St. George's Hall, though they resemble the pattern-cards of chivalry.

LACONICS, &c.

Our natural disposition to evil is evident in this: that vice tracks out its own path and stands in need of no instructor; while it requires not only example but discipline to initiate us in virtue.

We both read and hear bitter complaints about the uncertainty of human affairs; and yet it is that uncertainty alone that gives life its relish, for novelty is the real and radical cause of all our enjoyments.

There is a great outcry against fools on the part of the knaves, but rather with some want of policy; for if there were no fools in the world cunning men would have but a bad trade of it.

The faults of a fool are concealed from himself while they are evident to the world; on the other hand the faults of the wise man are well known to himself, while they are masked over and invisible to the world.

It has been said that "there is a pleasure in being mad that none but madmen know;" but this only applies to that species of madness which is produced by an excess of imagination eventually overpowering the judgment.

The insincerity of a friend has often inclined men to seek for a surer reliance upon money; these unexpected shocks make us disgusted with our species, and it is for this reason that old men who have seen so much of the world become at last avaricious.

The only result an inquirer after truth can derive from metaphysics will be to find himself silenced for the present; they rarely convince, and for the most part mislead.

All the discoveries made within the last century were ridiculed and treated with contempt by our forefathers; yet we are equally prejudiced and hostile to all those improvements proposed to us, which will in all probability be adopted by our children.

All those animals who are associated with man become immediately participants in his misery: when once domesticated they become liable to disease, whereas in a wild state they could have perished only from age or accident.

If we subtract from the twenty-four hours the time spent in eating, sleeping, exercise, and the other indispensable cares of our existence, what a fraction of time is employed on our intellectual faculties! Again, there are few who have the means to enable them to study; fewer the talent requisite; and still fewer the inclination, if they have the ability.

The force of habit affects even our palates; we in time acquire a relish for what was once perfectly nauseous. The Greenlander detests turtle soup as much as we abominate train oil.

Courage, or a contempt of danger, is a mere animal quality, and being only the result of a particular formation, is entitled to no merit, though it may demand our applause: but moral, or acquired courage, is a very different thing. A man who is fortunate in the world and has a sacrifice to make, if he conducts himself with spirit, is also more entitled to our admiration than a mere desperado. F.

HAMET AND RASCHID.

AN EASTERN TALE, VERSIFIED.*

The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
Reigning above in cloudless majesty,
When deep engag'd in pray'r, two neighbouring swains
Knelt where the common bound divides their plains.
Hamet and Raschid;—whilst their flocks around
Panting with thirst, or dying, strew the ground,

* See *Rambler*, No. 30.

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With hands uplift they beg their god is pray'r,
Themselves to pity, and their flocks to spare.

Sudden the air grew calm, no zephyr stirr'd,
Through all the valley not a sound was heard,
That instant hush'd was all the vocal grove,
And sounds aerial warbled from above:
Around each shepherd cast his wond'ring eye,
And down the vale was seen advancing nigh,
A mighty Being, whom when near he stood,
They knew that Genius who distributes good;
The sheaves of plenty in his hand they see,
In that the avenging sword of misery.

As nearer still the mighty Being drew,
Trembling they stood, and knew not what to do;
When lo! the Genius breath'd these solemn strains,
Soft as the breeze that cools Sabcea's plains:—
"Children of dust! approach, fly not your friend,
I leave the heavens above, my aid to lend;
Water you seek, and water I bestow,
But ere you ask, this useful lesson know:—
Whate'er the body for its use enjoys,
Excess no less than scarcity destroys;
Demand no more than what your wants require,
Let Hamet tell me first his heart's desire."

"O, Being, great, beneficent and kind,
Pardon the fear that overspreads my mind;
On me, great God, a little brook bestow,
That winter rains may never overflow,
And when the summer droughts commence their reign,
Stretch forth thy hand and let the brook remain."

"'Tis yours," with accents mild the Genius cried,
Streams, as he speaks, o'er all the meadows glide,
A fresher green the fragrant shrubs display,
And every leaf in trembling cheers the day;
Slaking their raging thirst, the flocks are seen,
And new-born herbage clothes the earth in green.

"This trifling wish befits a little soul,
Let the great Ganges o'er my meadows roll!"
Thus Raschid spoke, and thus the God replies,
Rage, as he spoke, rode sparkling in his eyes:—
"Insolate man, this boundless wish recall
Ere ruin whelm yourself, your flocks and all;
See you these sheaves?—Now mark this dreadful sword,
These are the wise man's—this the fool's reward."

In vain he spoke; and hark, what meets the ear,
The raging flood is now approaching near;
Onward it rolls, o'erwhelming Raschid's plains,
All things it sweeps, and not a tree remains,
His flocks, his herds, the mighty stream o'erpours,
Himself (rash man) a crocodile devours.

A FRAGMENT.

On a fork of lightning which sped through heaven,
He rode to space's naught,
And with the flash of a star which his flight had riven,
(The which in his hand of light he caught)
He writ with that flash his burning thought,
On the roll of darkness space had given.

Useful Domestic Hints.

SHAVINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

DISPOSED as we are to give the Scotch full credit for superior domestic economy, a practice which we had frequently an opportunity of observing, some five or six years since in Edinburgh, astonished us, we confess, not a little; and which, had we heard of, not beheld, we should rather have been inclined to attribute to our thoughtless Hibernian neighbours.

Every English housemaid knows, if every housekeeper does not, that shavings make a most valuable fuel; for lighting fires they are preferable to those faggots, small bundles of which fetch in London, and large provincial towns, what may be considered a high price, as they commonly swell the weekly expenditure of every family. In Edinburgh, at the period to which we allude, a great deal of building was going on, and it was impossible to walk the streets without passing, (especially in the immediate environs) new houses in various stages of completion; but invariably we found, that the custom of the workmen was, to collect in heaps the shavings from the carpenter's work, and burn with other rubbish, these, which might have been sold for fuel very advantageously; nor was the waste of this practice the only thing to be reprehended; it was dangerous, since such bonfires were lighted before the houses in the open streets, to the great peril of passengers, and at the risk of frightening horses and other cattle, as the high winds prevalent in our northern metropolis carried about in all directions the light, blazing shavings, and sparks.

M. L. B.

FEATHERS.

(For the Mirror.)

VALUABLE as are feathers, and essential as is that article, a feather-bed, to the domestic comforts of the poor, who can rarely afford to purchase one, it has often struck us, as a singular want of thought and economy in humble cottagers residing on village-greens or commons, upon which much poultry is kept, that they should not collect, (a work easily performed by the youngest children) the numerous soft, short, downy feathers, which may be observed floating about. These in time would amount to a quantity worth consideration, but they are usually left, first to litter the land, and secondly to be de-

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stroyed by rain and passengers. This is particularly the case in Norfolk, celebrated as everybody knows as well for its geese as its turkeys, and where, it is asserted, that the former fowls undergo regular pluckings for the sake of their feathers, ere submitted to "the poulterer's knife." But experience, unfortunately, only confirms the old observation, that "the poor are the worst economists in the world," and the least obedient of any people to our Saviour's command: "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." M. L. B.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF PAPER, AND STAINS OUT OF CLOTH, SILKS, &c.

Mix one teaspoonful of burnt alum, ½ oz. of salt of lemons, ½ oz. of oxalic acid, in a bottle, with half-a-pint of cold water; to be used by wetting a piece of calico with it, and rubbing it on the spots. S. Æ.

The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LADIES AND DWARFS.

One of the oddest of all odd books that ever fell into our hands is Captain Colville Frankland's *Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Russia and Sweden*, in 1830 and 1831. It is one of the hop-step-and-a-jump tours that your fashionable folks make for making acquaintances and then making books. The gallant author does not stay long enough in a place to be dull; for he is lively and flippant in every page, and throws a dash of *the service* into every chapter. He feels that Dr. Granville has left him nothing to say which may not be found in his two great big books; yet the Cholera and the Polish war have supplied him with two topics throughout the whole book; and, dull as these subjects are in themselves, they have enabled our tourist to produce a rambling, rattling, frolicsome work of seven or eight hundred pages. His attentions to the softer sex sparkle every where. At Hamburgh, "we dined at a most excellent table d'hote, but thought the ladies plain and dowdy." "We laughed much at the Holsteiner peasantry, the women being dressed like devils, and men like merry-andrews." Again,—

"One of the most pleasing characteristics of Hamburgh, is the neat little, rosy-faced, fair-haired soubrette, tripping along the Yungferstieg, with a basket under her right arm, covered with a handsome shawl of glowing colours. These enticing damsels look as happy and as coquettish as you can well imagine, and might induce many a traveller to pass a few weeks in Hamburgh who had time to dedicate to the pursuit of the fair nymphs of the Alster.

"But, alas! no good is unaccompanied by evil; hideously deformed dwarfs haunt the streets and promenades of the good town, and the eye of the observer, after having rested with complacency on the round and well-turned form of the smart soubrette, reverts with horror to the miserable Flibbertigibbets which abound in a frightful proportion to the whole population."

At Hamburgh he finds fun in every thing.

"I was a good deal amused to-day by the funeral cortège of some citizen of consequence. The bier was surrounded by men dressed in the old Venetian costume of black, with ruffs, well-powdered wigs, and swords by their sides. I regret to say that I must quit Hamburgh without seeing the Schöne Marianna; but I hear she is now rather *passée*, and I must console myself for this mortification by gazing upon the first pair of bright eyes which I shall meet to-morrow on my route to Kiel."

The Russian dwarfs afford our Captain much amusement.

"Madame Divoff, like many other Russian ladies, has a dwarf in her house, who remains constantly with the company. He is less ugly and disagreeable than others of his species. La Princesse Serge Gallitzin has a little fellow of this sort; the Lisianskis have also one in constant attendance. The pretty Mademoiselle Rosetti, two evenings ago, kept caressing the dwarf at Madame Divoff's ball. ('Beauty and the Beast,' said I to her; 'Zemir et Azor.')

"At a very agreeable family party at the Prince Paul Gallitzin's were masks; and a party of male and female dwarfs; these droll little urchins were all very well made and good-looking; they frisked and frolicked about with the children of the house as if they themselves were not (as in reality they were) men and women, but children likewise. One of these poor little mortals, equipped as an officer of hussars, danced a mazurka with great grace and activity, and selected for his partner the *Gouvernante*, a fine, fat bouncing woman of twenty-five. He likewise, at my request, sang a Russian romance, which he accompanied on the piano-forte: his

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voice was a very plaintive, but weak baritone. The kindness of the Russian nobles to these unfortunate beings does infinite honour to the national character."

We have only time for another extract or two. At Moscow, he notes:

"I passed the remainder of the evening at the Princess Dolgorouki's; the young ladies were in great agitation on account of the sudden indisposition of their mother, Madame Boulgakow, who had, it seems, caught cold in her return from the monastery of Troitza, sixty wersts from hence, a renowned pilgrimage. She had better have stayed at home, for surely Moscow has sufficient churches in which bigots may pray as long as they please. When will superstition cease to usurp the place of true religion in the human mind? I did not pity the *old devotee*, but I felt for the young ladies, who seemed to be a good deal flurried and fluttered by this occurrence."

At St. Petersburg:

"June 8-20.—Weather hot and sultry. At two I walked to the Summer Gardens, which I found full of police-officers and soldiers. To-day there is a celebrated promenade, that in which the young fillies range themselves in two rows along the principal alley to be chosen by their future spouse. However, it was as yet too early for this exhibition, and there was nobody here except police-officers, the very sight of whom makes me sick; so off I set, and was caught near the Newski Prospekt in a tremendous thunder-storm, which forced me to take shelter, first under the arch of a *porte-cochere*, and secondly in the Casan Church, in which I discovered for the first time the bâton of Marshal Davoust, stuck up in a glass-case against one of the piers supporting the dome of the Church. Underneath the bâton, upon a gilded metal-plate, are two inscriptions, the one in Russ, the other in Latin, which state that the bâton is that of Marshal Davoust, taken near Crasnoe, 5th Nov. 1812; so there can be no doubt of the fact.

"I was a good deal amused with a bad painting over the simple unassuming tomb of the immortal Kutusoff, representing the Kremlin, the church of Ivan Blagennoi, and a procession of priests marching out of the former by the Holy Gate towards the latter. Kutusoff's tomb is shaded by banners taken from the Poles, the Prussians, and the French, having at the ends of their staffs, the eagles of the two former, and the horse of the latter."

LE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

Mrs. Watts's charming Juvenile Annual, the *New Year's Gift*, furnishes the following admirable model of a descriptive letter from the French capital.

"The day following the one on which we were at Versailles, we spent in visiting the Garden of Plants; this institution (if I may so call it) is a little on the same plan as our Zoological Garden, and is said to be quite unrivalled in the whole world. It contains curiosities of every age, and from every quarter of the globe. The gardens, which cover more than a hundred acres of ground, are filled with every plant that can be reared in France, either naturally or by artificial means, from the lordly palm to the humble potato.

"One enclosure is filled with every specimen of shrub that is capable of being made to form a fence, from the prickly holly, of forty feet high, to the dwarf-box, scarcely an inch above the ground.

"In another place, we see specimens of all the various modes of training fruit, and other kinds of trees, which the ingenuity of man has been able to accomplish—this is peculiarly interesting. Here, a tree is trained to resemble a large basin, another is made to look like a gigantic umbrella, and a third like a lady's fan.

"In one enclosure are collected together all the various specimens of culinary vegetables that have usually been appropriated to the sustenance of mankind; these, you will readily believe, occupy no small space; and near them, are to be seen specimens of all the varieties of fruit trees of which France and its neighbouring kingdoms can boast.

"In addition to all this, there are extensive green-houses and hot-houses, filled with many thousand of the choicest plants, attached to each of which is its scientific and its common name. Many of them were extremely curious; I tried to remember so many, that I find I confound one with another, and now I can scarcely recollect any, save the useful bread tree, the curious coffee plant, and the tempting sugar cane, all of which are to be seen here to great advantage.

"Attached to this beautiful garden, is a splendid museum, containing all sorts of treasures connected with natural history. Here are to be seen more than two hundred varieties of monkeys only; of birds, there are myriads; and one or two species are shown, that are believed to be the only ones of the kind extant; these, of course, are not alive. Here are also collected hundreds of bird's nests,

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of all shapes, kinds and sizes, from one almost as large as a hand basin, to one about the size of a green gage plum: most of these contain eggs of such kinds of birds as those to whom the nests belonged; and indeed the ingenuity with which many of these little houses are constructed, surprised me more than any thing I ever before witnessed. The collection of butterflies too is most remarkable, from one the size of a plate, to those of the smallest size.

"In the same building is also to be seen a most extensive assortment of minerals, spars, gems, ores, crystals, medals, etc. etc., which merely to enumerate singly, would more than fill a long letter. We next saw the Museum of Zoology: this contains reptiles and fish, innumerable, and of which I can only say, how wonderful are their varieties! I must not, however, forget to tell you that we saw a part of an elephant's tusk, which when complete is believed to have been at least eight feet in length. Only imagine what must have been the height of the possessor of such a pair of tusks! Here too we saw the skeleton of an enormous whale that was captured on the coast of France; and from the size of its jaw bones, I can readily believe the old story, that the tongue of the whale is as large as a feather bed.

"But the whale's was not the only skeleton which we saw,—here were collected and strung together, the bones of men, women, children, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fish to form perfect specimens.—All this was very remarkable: but I cannot say that I much admired them, though I was much struck by the sight of an Egyptian mummy, embalmed and unwrapped, and supposed to have been in its present state far more than a thousand years. We none of us very much enjoyed the sight of the dead specimens, we therefore gladly left them, in order to pay our respects to their living neighbours, whose houses were not very far off.

"The Garden of Plants contains a very considerable number of wild animals, and who all appear to be living very much at their ease. Indeed they are surrounded with every thing that can be devised to render their captivity as little irksome as possible. They are confined it is true; not in narrow cages, but in wide enclosures; around them grow trees of their own country, and under their feet springs the herbage of which they are most fond. The Polar bear is indulged with a fountain of water, and when the camel is inclined for a nap he reposes on a bed of sand. Of the usefulness of this animal I must not omit to give you an instance, and that is, that so far from eating the bread of idleness, he actually more than earns his living by raising all the water that is used in these extensive grounds, and thus he may be regarded as a general benefactor to all the plants and animals by which he is surrounded. So much for the king's garden as it is sometimes called; to attend all its different branches no less than a hundred and sixty persons are constantly employed, and to keep it up nearly twelve thousand pounds is annually expended. This of course includes the expenses of travellers who are sent abroad by the French Government to collect new treasures to enrich this wonderful place, which may truly be called the museum of the world."

By the way, if it be not too late, we recommend parents to peep into this pretty little volume for masters and misses. If "Black Monday" is past, the "Gift" will still be acceptable: it will make school-time pass as happily as a holiday.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT NAVY OF ENGLAND.

(*To the Editor.*)

ALLOW me to make a few observations in addition to those in a paper signed *G. K.* in No. 528 of *The Mirror*. Your correspondent commences with Julius Cæsar, and passes over the period intervening between him and King Edgar; and from him till the time of King John. Now, prior to Cæsar's invasion of this island, and during the wars between the Romans and Gauls, Caswallwn or Cassivelaunus, sent a numerous body of troops to assist the Armoricans, or natives of Brittany, against the Romans; Cæsar himself, says, that his project of invading this country arose from the intelligence he received of the aid the Gauls derived from the Britons; therefore I consider that the mode, let it be what it would, deserved somewhat of the name of a fleet, if not in the modern sense of the word. Cæsar says they had large, open vessels, with keels and masts made of wood, and the other parts covered with hides; and about the year 384, Cynan Meiriadog, a chieftain of North Wales, sailed to Armorica with a great body of followers, to support the cause of Maximus, an aspirant to the Roman throne.

Berkeley, in his *Naval History*, p. 49, says, that at the time of the Saxon

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invasion, Gurthefyr or Vortimer, King of the Britons, with a fleet, opposed the Saxons under Hengist; and after an obstinate engagement, the Britons were victorious, notwithstanding the inferiority of their vessels to those of the Saxons, both in number and size.

The Welsh, at the time of King Alfred, must have had some knowledge of nautical architecture and affairs, (according to Berkeley's *Naval History*, p. 69,) for the great Alfred discovering the necessity of establishing a naval force for the purpose of resisting the incursions of the Danes, prevailed on several natives of Wales to superintend its construction, and subsequently conferred on them some of the most distinguished posts in his fleet. And as a proof of the nautical spirit of the Welsh, we have the fact of Prince Madog, son of Owain Gwynedd, about the year 1170, going on a voyage in search of a new country, where he would be free from the dreadful dissensions which were ravaging his native country.

Caer Ludd. CYMMRO.

ENGLISH PUNISHMENTS IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

(*For the Mirror.*)

IMPOYSONMENTS, so ordinarily in Italy, are so abominable amongst English, as 21 Henry VIII. it was made high treason, though since repealed; after which the punishment for it was to be put alive into a caldron of water, and then boiled to death; at present it is felony without benefit of clergy.

If a criminal indicted of petit treason, or felony, refuseth to answer or to put himself upon a legal tryal, then for such standing mute and contumacy, he is presently to undergo that horrible punishment called *Peine forte et dure;* that is, to be sent back to the prison from whence he came, and there laid in some low, dark room, upon the bare ground, on his back, all naked, his arms and legs drawn with cords, fastened to the several corners of the room; then shall be laid upon his body, iron and stone, so much as he may bear, or more; the next day he shall have three morsels of barley bread without drink, and the third day shall have drink of the water next to the prison door, except it be running water, without bread; and this shall be his diet till he die. Which grievous kind of death some stout fellows have sometimes chosen, that so not being tryed and convicted of their crimes, their estates may not be forfeited to the king, but descend to their children, nor their blood stained.

Perjury, by bearing false witness upon oath, is punished with the pillory, called *Callistrigium*, burnt in the forehead with a P, his trees growing upon his ground to be rooted up, and his goods confiscated. G. K.

PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THE following extract is from a manuscript in the possession of the family of Kelly, now in Lord Kelly's library, which was taken from the original letter of Publius Lentulus at Rome.

It being the usual custom of the Roman governors to advertise the senate and people of Rome of such material things as happened in their provinces, in the days of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, Publius Lentulus, President of Judæa, wrote the following epistle to the senate, respecting Our Saviour Jesus Christ.

"There appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles he is accepted as a Prophet of Truth; but his disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases: a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with very reverend countenance, such as beholders may both love and fear: his hair is of the colour of the chestnut, full ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his face without spot or wrinkles, beautified with a living red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be represented; his beard thickish, in colour like his hair, not very long, but forked; his look innocent and mature; his eyes grey, clear, and quick. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken—pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be recollected that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body most excellent; his hands and arms most delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise. A man for his singular beauty far surpassing the children of men."

VERITAS.

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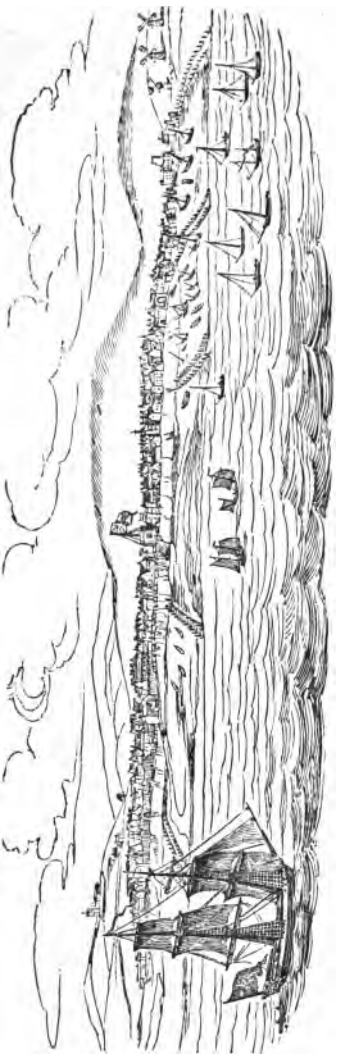
BRIGHTON IN 1743.



(WHOEVER has enjoyed the natural beauties or artificial luxuries of BRIGHTON—the *Daphne* of our metropolis—will feel some curiosity respecting its origin and progress from an obscure fishing-town to such a focus of wealth and fashion as at this moment it presents. The celebrity of Brighton, we may observe, extends throughout the empire, and is almost as well known to the plodding and stay-at-home townsman of the north as to the luxurious idler ever and anon in quest of new pleasures. As the occasional abode of the Royal Family, its name has figured in the Court records of the last half century. Of late years, however, Brighton has assumed an extent and importance which may be referred to a spirit of speculative enterprise unparalleled in the fortunes of any other town in the United Kingdom. Not only has a palace, but squares of palatial mansions, terraces, crescents, and streets, nay, very towns of splendid houses, have sprung up with fairy-like rapidity; and Brighton has thus become, not merely a fashionable resort for the season, but a place of permanent residence for a very large proportion of wealthy individuals. Our present purpose is, however, to illustrate the past obscurity and not the present high palmy state of Brighton. Our own recollections would carry us back nearly a score of years, when the Pavilion or Marine Palace was a plain, neat, villa-like building, with verandas to command a prospect of the sea; and when the Steines scarcely merited the designation of enclosures: when a roomy yellow-washed mansion occupied the upper end of the old Steine, and was pointed to as once the house of Dr. Russell, to whom Brighton owes much of its early fame; its site being now occupied by a superb hotel: when Phœbe Hassell and Martha Gunn were the lionesses of the place—the one by land and the other by sea; and when not a carriage entered Brighton without the electioneering salute of half a score of blue gownswomen with cards of their crazy machines to give you a tenancy-at-will of the ocean. But, our quoted particulars of Brighton invest it with a much earlier interest than our brief memory can supply. They are historical as well as topographical, from the primitive records of the place, and are accompanied by a view of the town from the sea, as it appeared in the year 1743, or about 90 years since. For this and the interesting details which accompany it we are indebted to a History of Brighthelmston published by Dr. Anthony Rhelan towards the close of the last century, and lately edited and reprinted by Mr. Mitchell of Brighton, with the benevolent intention of aiding the funds of the Sussex County Infirmary, by the profits arising from the sale of the work. It requires an almost microscopic eye to distinguish the buildings in the Cut. The Royal standard on the fort, is, by an error of the artist, disproportionally large.)

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The town of Brighthelmston,* in the county of Sussex, is situated on the banks of the sea, at the bottom of a bay of the same name, formed to the east by Beachy-Head, and by Worthing point to the West.

The bay is a bold and deep shore exposed to the open sea: from the banks or cliffs a clean gravel runs to the sea terminating in a hard sand, free from every mixture of ooze, and those offensive beds of mud, so frequently found at the mouths of rivers, and on many shores.

The town is built on a rising hill with a south-east exposition; defended towards the north by hills, whose ascent is easy, and view pleasing; bounded on the west by a fruitful and extensive cornfield, descending gently from the Downs to the banks of the sea, and leading to Shoreham; and on the east by a most beautiful lawn called the Steine, which runs winding up into the country among hills, to the distance of some miles.

The soil here, and over all the south Downs, is a chalk rock covered with earth of various kinds and depths in different places.

The country round Brighthelmston is open and free from woods, and finely diversified with hills and valleys. Hence the advantage of exercise may be always enjoyed in fair weather: it is ever cool on the hills, and a shelter may be constantly found in the valleys from excess of wind.

The hills are in some places steep, but everywhere covered with a green sward from the bottom to the top.† On the summit of these the prospect is extensive and varied; towards the sea there is an uninterrupted view from Beachy-head to the Isle of Wight; towards the land, or *weald* side, the view, in the opinion of the great Mr. Ray, is no where to be equalled; and from this very prospect, compared with that of the Isle of Ely, he infers the wisdom of God in the construction of hills.

The Downs here run parallel to the sea; the turf of them is remarkably fine; they are from six to ten miles broad: so that this delightful country cannot be deemed a confined one.

The merit of the situation of this town has within these few years attracted a great resort of the principal gentry of this kingdom, and engaged them in a summer residence here. And there is reason to believe, that in the earliest times it was in the highest estimation. The altars of the Druids, the only surviving remains of the ancient Britons, are no where to be seen in greater number.‡ And although there are here no traces of temples, no images here existing, yet does not their want in any shape invalidate the supposition of this place's having been an original residence of theirs, as it seems to have been a received principle in all countries where Druidism prevailed, that the confining the Deity within walls, or the representing him in any human figure, were unworthy of his majesty, and unsuitable to his immensity. But the position of these altars, and the local circumstances answering so exactly to their customary choice of places, leave but little room to doubt of their having had a residence here.

The attachment of our ancestors to this place may be further illustrated by our taking a view of the efforts they made to preserve it.

Suetonius, relating the invasion of Britain by Vespasian, says, "Tricies cum hoste conflixit; duas validissimas gentes, superque xx oppida, et Insulam Vectem Britanniæ proximam in deditionem redegit." Cap. iv. Now, that one of these nations inhabited the Downs of Sussex, seems probable from their vicinity to the Isle of Wight, and in some measure confirmed by the lines and intrenchments still subsisting between Brighthelmston and Lewes, where the principal scene of action must have been, and bearing every Roman mark.

That there was a Roman station in this neighbourhood is admitted by the antiquarians, though its exact situation is not as yet ascertained. The Portus Aldurni, placed by the learned Selden at Aldrington, two miles to the west of Brighthelmston, is by the ingenious Tabor presumed to have been at East Bourne, eighteen miles to the east of it: yet there are many local and incidental circumstances belonging to this place, and which are wanting in those towns, that render a conjecture probable as to its having been a Roman station.

* It appears to have been called Brighton in a terrier of lands, dated in 1660.

† In the years 1800 and 1801, when wheat was at an unprecedented price, the occupiers of farms on the South Downs converted much of their downland into tillage, from which they acquired abundant crops of corn. The green sward when once ploughed, can never be restored to its former verdure, and although grass seeds have been yearly sown in succession for more than 30 years upon down formerly broken up and converted into arable land, the distinctions between these parts and the original down is still clearly perceptible.

‡ See the remains of a Druidical altar at Goldstone (Gor or Thor stone) bottom, about a mile to the north-west of the town.

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The Præpositus of the Exploratores, whose office was to discover the state and motions of the enemy, and who was certainly in this part of Sussex, could be no where more advantageously placed than in the elevated situations of the strong camps at Hollingsbury and White-Hawke, commanding a most extensive view of the whole coast from Beachy-Head to the Isle of Wight. The form of this town is almost a perfect square; the streets are built at right angles to each other, and its situation is to the south east, the favourite one among the Romans. To these may be added, that an urn has been some time ago dug up in this neighbourhood, containing a thousand silver denarii marked from Antoninus Pius to Philip, during which tract of time Britain was probably a Roman province. And, lastly, the vestiges of a true Roman via running from Shoreham towards Lewes, at a small distance above this town have been lately discovered by an ingenious gentleman truly conversant in matters of this nature.

The light sometimes obtained in these dark matters from a similitude of sounds in the ancient and modern names of places, is not to be had in assisting the present conjecture. Its ancient one, as far as I can learn, is no way discoverable; and its modern one may be owing either to this town's belonging formerly to, or being countenanced in a particular manner by a Bishop Brighthelm, who, during the Saxon government of the island, lived in this neighbourhood: or perhaps may be deduced from the ships of this town having their helms better ornamented than those of their neighbouring ones.

It is true here are no hypocausts, Mosaic pavements, inscriptions, or any other delicate monuments of Roman antiquity,* that might corroborate in a stronger manner this supposition: these, if any such existed here, have been defaced by time, or destroyed by the undiscerning inhabitants of the place.

During the Saxon æra, this town was almost the centre of the kingdom of the South Saxons; and consequently could not be the scene of much action. It submitted to the various revolutions which prevailed at different times, until the Norman conquest.

The conqueror landed at Hastings, forty miles distant to the east of this town; so that his troops never came near it. Yet, the fate of England being decided by the bloody engagement at Battel, this town, with many other large possessions in the county, was granted to William de Warren, who married the Conqueror's daughter: and he soon made it part of the endowment of that rich priory, which he founded at Lewes.

This resigning of the town into the hands of monks was a fatal stroke to its ancient greatness. Too attentive to their own immediate interest, and too regardless of that of their vassals, as soon as they were in possession of it, they laboured, and with success, to obtain an exemption for it from supplying the king with ships, or affording him such other succour, as a large and powerful maritime town ought to have done, on the pretence of its being part of a religious estate.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* A Mosaic pavement has been discovered at Lancing, within nine miles west of the town.

Fine Arts.

LARGE PAINTED WINDOW OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

MR. WILMSHURST has nearly completed a fine copy, on glass, of Mr. Hilton's celebrated picture of the Crucifixion. It consists of 118 squares, 15 by 21 inches each, fitted into copper frames, in a large centre and two sides; in all 19 feet high, and 15 feet wide, intended for a Venetian window-case in St. George's Church, Liverpool. The original picture was painted for this purpose, by commission from the Corporation, in the year 1826, for which the artist received 1,000 guineas. Perhaps in all the productions of British art there is not a more appropriate subject for the embellishment of a church, than Hilton's representation of this sublime event. The countenance and figure of the crucified Saviour are admirably drawn: his placid resignation is finely contrasted with the muscular figures of the two thieves straggling in the last agonies of torture: the spike-nails and blood-drops of the hands and feet, and the title on the cross are closely preserved. The group of women at the foot of the cross, the lifeless form, drooping hand, anxious eye, and gushing tear, the terrified and afflicted populace, and the unperturbed devotional gaze of a few by-standers are too among the masterly beauties of this composition. The lights are well kept, and the entire effect of the Window is that of awe-inspiring grandeur.

It is somewhat curious, that on the evening Mr. Wilmshurst put toge-

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ther his Liverpool Window, his larger Window of the Field of Cloth of Gold, was totally destroyed by fire, and by the next morning all its glories were melted (or vitrified) into tears.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE TWA BURDIES.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

When the winter day had past an' gane,
Twa wee burdies came into our hearth stane;
An' they lookit a' round them wi' little din,
As if they had living souls within.

"O, bonny burdies, come tell to me
If ye are twa burdies o' this countrye?
An' where ye were gaun when ye tint your gate,
A-winging the winter shower sae late?"

"We are cauld, we are cauld—ye maun let us bide,
For our father's gane, an' our mother's a bride:
But in her bride's bed though she be,
We would rather cour on the earth wi' thee!"

"O, bonny burdies, my heart is sair
To see twa motherless broods sae fair.
But flee away, burdies! flee away!
For I darenae bide wi' you till day."

"Ye maun let us bide till our feathers dry,
For the time of our trial's drawing nigh.
A voice will call at the hour eleven,
An' a naked sword appear in heaven!

"There's an offering to make, but not by men,
On altar as white as the snow of the glen—
There's a choice to be made, and a vow to pay,
And blood to spill ere the break of day."

"O, tell me, beings of marvellous birth,
If ye are twa creatures of heaven or earth?
For ye look an' ye speak, I watnae how—
But I'm fear'd, I'm fear'd, little burdies for you!"

"Ye needna be fear'd, for it's no our part
To injure the kind and the humble heart;
And those whose trust is in heaven high,
The Angel of God will aye be nigh.

We were twa sisters bred in a bower,
As gay as the lark, an' as fair as the flower;
But few of the ills of this world we proved,
Till we were slain by the hands we loved.

Our bodies into the brake were flung,
To feed the hawks and the ravens young;
And there our little bones reclined,
And white they bleach'd in the winter wind.

Our youngest sister found them there,
And wiped them clean wi' her yellow hair;
And every day she sits and grieves,
And covers them o'er wi' the wabron leaves.

Then our twin souls they sought the sky,
And were welcome guests in the heavens high;
And we got our choice through all the spheres
What lives to lead for a thousand years.

Then humble, old matron, lend us thine aid,
For this night the choice is to be made;
And we have sought thy lowly hearth
For the last advice thou giv'st on earth.

Say, shall we skim o'er this earth below,
Beholding its scenes of joy and woe;
And try to reward the virtuous heart,
And make the unjust and the sinner smart?

Or shall we choose the star of love,
In a holy twilight still to move;
Or fly to frolic, light and boon,
On the silver mountains of the moon?

O, tell us, for we hae nane beside!
Our daddy's gane, and our mammy's a bride.
She is bithely laid in her bridal sheet,
But a spirit stands at her bed feet.

Ay, though she be laid in her bridal-bed,
There is guiltless blood upon her head;
And on her soul the hue of a crime,
That will never wash out till the end of time

Advise, advise! dear matron, advise!
For you are humble, devout, and wise.
We ask a last advice from you—
Our hour is come—what shall we do?"

"O, wondrous creatures, ye maun allow
I naething can ken of beings like you;
But ere the voice calls at eleven,
Go ask your Father who is in heaven."

Away, away, the burdies flew
Aye singing, "Adieu, kind heart, adieu!"
They that hae blood on their hands may rue
Afore the day-beam kiss the dew.

There's naught sae heinous in human life
As taking a helpless baby's life;
There's naething sae kind aneath the sky
As cheering the heart that soon maun die."

The morning came wi' drift an' snaw,
And with it news frae the bridal-ha',
That death had been busy, and blood was spilt,
May Heaven preserve us all from guilt!

They tell of a deed—Believe't who can?
Such tale was never told by man;
The bridegroom is gone in fire and flood,
And the bridal-bed is steep'd with blood!

The poor auld matron died ere day,
And was found as life was passing away;
And twa bonny burdies sang in the bed,
The one at the feet, the other the head.

Now I have heard tales, and told them too,
But this is beyond what I could do;
And far hae I ridden, and far hae I gane,
But burdies like these I never saw nane.

Fraser's Magazine.

ELLISTON AND THE ASS' HEAD.

Elliston was, in his day, the Napoleon of Drury-lane, but, like the conqueror at Austerlitz, he suffered his declensions, and the Surrey became to him a St. Helena. However, once an eagle always an eagle; and Robert William was no less aquiline in the day of adversity than in his palmy time of patent prosperity. He was born to carry things with a high hand, and he but fulfilled his destiny. The anecdote which we are about to relate, is one of the ten thousand instances of his lordly bearing. When, the season before last, "no effects" was written over the treasury-door of Covent-garden theatre, it will be remembered that several actors proffered their services *gratis*, in aid of the then humble, but now arrogant and persecuting establishment. Among these patriots was Mr. T. P. Cooke—(it was just after his promotion to the honorary rank of Admiral of the Blue). The Covent-garden managers jumped at the offer of the actor, who was in due time announced as having, in the true play-bill style, "most generously volunteered his services for six nights!" Cooke was advertised for *William*; Elliston having "most generously lent [N. B. this was *not* put

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in the bill] his musical score of *Black-Eyed Susan*, together with the identical captains' coats, worn at a hundred-and-fifty court-martials at the Surrey Theatre!" Cooke—the score—the coats, were all accepted, and made the most of by the now prosecuting managers of Covent-garden, who cleared out of the said Cooke, score, and coats, one thousand pounds at half-price on the first six nights of their exhibition. This is a fact; nay, we have lately heard it stated that all the sum was specially banked, to be used in a future war against the minors. Cooke was then engaged for twelve more nights, at ten pounds per night—a hackney-coach bringing him each night, hot from the Surrey stage, where he had previously made bargemen weep, and thrown nursery-maids into convulsions. Well, time drove on, and Cooke drove into the country. Elliston, who was always classical, having a due veneration for that divine "creature," Shakspeare, announced, on the anniversary of the poet's birth-day, a representation of the Stratford Jubilee. The wardrobe was ransacked, the property-man was on the alert; and, after much preparation, every thing was in readiness for the imposing spectacle.—No! There was one thing forgotten—one important "property!" *Bottom* must be a "feature" in the procession, and there was no ass's head! It would not do for the acting manager to apologize for the absence of the head—no, *he* could not have the face to do it. A head must be procured! Every one was in doubt and trepidation, when hope sounded in the clarion-like voice of Robert William. "Ben!" exclaimed Elliston, "take pen, ink, and paper, and write as follows!" Ben (Mr. Benjamin Fairbrother, the late manager's most trusty secretary) sat, "all ear," and Elliston, with finger on nether lip, proceeded.—

"My dear Charles,

"I am about to represent, 'with entirely new dresses, scenery, and decorations,' the Stratford Jubilee, in honour of the sweet swan of Avon. My scene-painter is the finest artist (except your Grieve) in Europe—my tailor is no less a genius, and I lately raised the salary of my property-man. This will give you some idea of the capabilities of the Surrey Theatre. However, in the hurry of "getting up," we have forgotten one property—every thing is well with us but our *Bottom*, and he wants a head. As it is too late to manufacture, not but that my property-man is the cleverest in the world (except the property-man of Covent-garden), can *you* lend me an ass's head, and believe me, my dear Charles,

"Yours ever truly,

"ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON.

"P. S. I had forgotten to acknowledge the return of the *Black-Eyed Susan* score, and coats. You were most welcome to them."

The letter was dispatched to Covent-garden Theatre, and in a brief time the bearer returned with the following answer:—

"MY DEAR ROBERT,

"It is with the most acute pain that I am compelled to refuse your trifling request. You are aware, my dear Sir, of the unfortunate situation of Covent-garden Theatre; it being at the present moment, with all the 'dresses, scenery, and decorations,' in the Court of Chancery, I cannot exercise that power which my friendship would dictate. I have spoken to Bartley, and he agrees with me (indeed, he always does), that I cannot lend you an ass's head—he is an authority on such a subject—without risking a reprimand from the Lord High Chancellor. Trusting to your generosity, and to your liberal construction of my refusal—and hoping that it will in no way interrupt that mutually cordial friendship that has ever subsisted between us.

"Believe me, ever yours,

"CHARLES KEMBLE."

"P. S. When I next see you advertised for *Rover*, I intend to leave myself out of the bill to come and see it."

Of course this letter did not remain long unanswered. Ben was again in requisition, and the following was the result of his labours:—

"DEAR CHARLES,

"I regret the situation of Covent-garden Theatre—I also, for your sake, deeply regret that the law does not permit you to send me the 'property' in question. I knew that law alone could prevent you; for were it not for the vigilance of Equity, such is my opinion of the management of Covent-garden, that I am convinced, if left to the dictates of its own judgment, it would be enabled to spare asses' heads, not to the Surrey alone, but to every theatre in Christendom.

"Yours ever truly,

"ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON."

"P. S. My wardrobe-keeper informs me that there are no less than seven buttons missing from the captains' coats. However, I have ordered their places to be instantaneously filled by others."

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We entreat our readers not to receive the above as a squib of invention. We will not pledge ourselves that the letters are *verbatim* from the originals; but the loan of the Surrey music and coats to Covent-garden, with the refusal of Covent-garden's ass's head to the Surrey, is "true as holy writ."

Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

THE BOOK OF INSTRUCTION.

This is styled by the publisher "The Child's *Annual*;" we do not think reasonably so, since instruction is suited for all times. It is a tolerably thick volume, and contains the *Easies* of Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Natural History, Punctuation, History, Poetry, Music, and Dancing; with outlines of Agriculture, Anatomy, Architecture, Astronomy, Botany, and other branches of science and knowledge—a Chronology and description of the London public buildings. The contents, to be sure, are multifarious; but the book is we think made of a series of books to be purchased separately. Every page has a coloured cut of a very gay order. Cottages have yellow roofs and pink doors; and shopkeepers are dressed in crimson and orange. Some of the grammatical illustrations are droll: a heavy old fellow, cross-legged, with his hands folded on a stick is *myself;* Punch is an *active* verb; a wedding might have illustrated the conjunction; four in hand is a preposition. In punctuation, a child asking what o'clock it is, illustrates a note of interrogation. We could have supplied the editor with the Colon: a little girl who had much difficulty in understanding its use, one day complained that a pain in her stomach was as bad as a colon. The pictures in Geography are not so good as they might have been; and it would have been easy to give correct outlines of animals, since others mislead children. Music made easy is better, as are Steps to Dancing. The Chronology is faulty and ill-adapted for children: what do the little dears want to know of the sale of Cobbett's Register, or Mr. Fletcher and Miss Dick. There are certain things which children should know, and others which they should not hear of. Show them as many of the virtues of mankind as you please: prepare the soil well, and there will be less chance of vicious weeds. Altogether this book merits recommendation. It is nicely bound, as the Guinea Annual folks say, partly in *Arabesque.*

CHEAP MEDICINE.

A publisher who pays much regard to usefulness and economy in reprints has put forth *Buchan's Domestic Medicine* for something less than a crown, with a supplementary "Cholera Morbus, its history, symptoms, mode of treatment, antidotes, &c." By the way, we have often thought Buchan's book like the Dead Sea: you cannot fall into the latter without some of its water incrusting on you, and you cannot read Buchan without feeling an ache. Its popularity is founded upon the hackneyed adage "the knowledge of a disease is half its cure." People will pore over its sea of calamities till they almost fall into the fire, or get scalded with the water from a kettle, and then turn to the Index, Scalds, page 326: perhaps this is a good plan to test the practical value of a book, as the surgeon scalded two fingers and plunged one into turpentine and the other into spirits of wine to test their respective services in case of a scald.

Here too we may notice a cheap *Companion to the Family Medicine Chest*, with an alphabetical arrangement of Medicines, their properties, and plain rules for taking them; with the Cholera, of course, as a rider, and cautions respecting suspended animation and poisons. The little shillingsworth is in its fifteenth edition, so that many thousand persons must have taken many million doses by its prescription, and in some cases become their own medicine chests, with this book as their companion.

HERBERT'S COUNTRY PARSON, &c.

Readers who delight to slake their thirst for knowledge from the deep and pure wells of our olden literature will rejoice to hear of a cheap and elegant reprint of this beautiful little book. Perchance some book-buyer need be told that the above is a book to live by—an invaluable legacy of a parish priest to his brethren and the world. The author George Herbert, was born in 1593, near Montgomery, in the castle that had been successively happy in the Herberts, as Isaak Walton observes, "a family that hath been blest with men of remarkable wisdom." Herbert was educated at Cambridge, where he obtained the friendship of "the great secretary of nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam," who consulted Herbert "before he would expose any of his books to be printed, and dedicated a version of the Psalms to him as the best judge of divine poetry." Herbert

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was patronized by James I. who, for an elegant Latin oration, gave him a sinecure of 120*l.* a-year, for in those days the only Royal Society of Literature was in the palace; it is now among subjects, and too little in the Court. Upon the death of James, Herbert's Court hopes died also, and he betook himself to a retreat from London. In this retirement, "he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of court life or betake himself to the study of divinity, and enter into sacred orders." He chose the latter. He married well. In 1630 he was inducted into the parsonage of Bemerton, a mile from Salisbury; the third day after which, he said to his wife, "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any one of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a herald, as to assure you that this is truth." These rules his meek wife observed with cheerful willingness. Herbert now set about his "Priest to the Temple: or the Country Parson, his character, and rule of Holy Life." Unlike many doctrinists, he practised his own rules: he was a self-example of his own precepts, and his book was the rule of his own life; or, as Walton more beautifully explains it "his behaviour towards God and man may be said to be a practical comment on the holy rules set down in that useful book." Thus, he sets forth the Diversities of a Pastor's life: the Parson's life, knowledge, praying, preaching, Sundays, house, courtesy, charity, church, comfort, eye, mirth, &c.; his prayers before and after Sermon, with a few poetical pieces of quaint but touching sweetness. His poetry has been censured for its point and antithesis; but he cultivated the poetical art to convey moral and devotional sentiments; others excel him in smoothness of versification, but not in benevolent purpose. Herbert though himself a pattern of humility, was younger brother of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whom Horace Walpole abuses for his beauty and gallant bearing, tinctured it must be allowed, with affected notions of high birth. But the gay philosopher of Cherbury lived in the last days of chivalry, and had their light but gleamed upon Walpole, he would, in all probability, have borne the very qualities which he so loudly censures in Herbert. The pastor Herbert's wife was nearly related to Lord Danby, so that the caution which we have quoted was perhaps requisite. As Herbert sank his own high birth, it was but fit that his wife should forget hers also.

THE NEW BATH GUIDE.

WHAT a change from grave to gay—from the moral antitheses of Herbert's *Country Parson* to the fun and folly of Anstey's New Bath Guide, with etchings by George Cruikshank, and cuts admirably designed and engraved by S. Williams—as Mr. Simkin dressing for the ball:

> But what with my Nivernois hat can compare,
> Bag-wig and laced ruffles, and black solitaire,
> And what can a man of true fashion denote,
> Like an ell of good ribband tyed under the throat.

and "We three blunder-heads," two frizzled physicians of the last century, and the invariably accompanying cane, or Esculapian wand. This edition is by Mr. Britton, who has prefixed a dedication and an essay on the genius of Anstey, both of which sparkle with humour and lively anecdote; and an amusing sketch of Bath as it is. Among the anecdotical notes to the Poem it is stated that Dodsley acknowledged about ten years after he had purchased the "Bath Guide," that the profits from its sale were greater than on any other book he had published. He generously gave up the copyright to the author in 1777, who had 200*l.* for the copyright after the second edition. Yet Dodsley, with all his liberality lived to be rich, though he originally was footman to the Hon. Mrs. Lowther; so true is it that genius and perseverance will find their way upwards from any station.

There is a pleasant anecdote of the late John Palmer, who, it will be remembered, was somewhat stiltish. "Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally practised in the same humble occupation himself, strutting one evening in the green-room at Drury-Lane Theatre, in a pair of glittering buckles, a gentleman present remarked that they greatly resembled diamonds. 'Sir,' said Palmer, with warmth, 'I would have you to know, that I never wear anything but diamonds.' 'Jack, your pardon,' replied the gentleman, 'I remember the time when you wore nothing but *paste!*' This produced a loud laugh, which was heightened by Parsons jogging him on the elbow, and drily saying, 'Jack, why don't you *stick him against the wall?*'"

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Another. Mr. Quin, upon his first going to Bath, found he was charged most exorbitantly for every thing; and, at the end of a week, complained to Nash, who had invited him thither, as the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon vivant*. The master of the ceremonies, who knew that Quin relished a pun, replied, "They have acted by you on truly Christian principles." "How so?" says Quin. "Why," answered Nash, "you were a *stranger*, and they *took you in*." "Ay," rejoined Quin; "but they have *fleeced* me, instead of clothed me."

THE OUTLINE OF ENGLISH HISTORY,

Is a well-executed compendium for schools, and will be amusing by any fire-side. It not merely contains the great names, but abounds with curious notes on domestic life in each reign, with facts and calculations which must have cost the editor, Mr. Ince, many days labour. The period pompously termed "the Georgian Æra" is not so copious as the editor wishes, but a little more forethought on his part or that of the printer would better satisfy himself and the public.

SNATCHES

From Mr. Bulwer's Novel of "Eugene Aram," vol. i.

Love of Nature.—It has been observed and there is a world of homely, ay, of legislative knowledge in the observation, that wherever you see a flower in a cottage-garden, or a bird at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are better and wiser than their neighbours.

Humour.—Where but in farces is the phraseology of the humorist always the same?

Conversation Tactics. — A quick, short, abrupt turn, that retrenching all superfluities of pronoun and conjunction, and marching at once upon the meaning of the sentence, had in it a military and Spartan significance, which betrayed how difficult it often is for a man to forget that he had been a corporal.

Music of Water.—You saw hard by the rivulet darkening and stealing away, till your sight, though not your ear, lost it among the woodland.

A fine Fellow.—He had strong principles as well as warm feelings, and a fine and resolute sense of honour utterly impervious to attack. It was impossible to be in his company an hour, and not see that he was a man to be respected. It was equally impossible to live with him a week, and not see that he was a man to be beloved.

Marriage.—The greatest happiness which the world is capable of bestowing—the society and love of one in whom we could wish for no change, and beyond whom we have no desire.

Fatality.—What evil cannot corrupt, Fate seldom spares.

Widowhood.—If the blow did not crush, at least it changed him.

Comfort of Children.— As his nephew and his motherless daughters grew up, they gave an object to his seclusion, and a relief to his reflections. He found a pure and unfailing delight in watching the growth of their young minds, and guiding their differing dispositions; and, as time at length enabled them to return his affection, and appreciate his cares, he became once more sensible that he had a home.

Intellectual Beauty.—Her eyes of a deep blue, wore a thoughtful and serene expression, and her forehead, higher and broader than it usually is in women, gave promise of a certain nobleness of intellect, and added dignity, but a feminine dignity, to the more tender characteristics of her beauty.

A Village Beauty.—The sunlight of a happy and innocent heart sparkled on her face, and gave a beam it gladdened you to behold, to her quick hazel eye, and a smile that broke out from a thousand dimples.

An unformed mind. — Cheerful to outward seeming, but restless, fond of change, and subject to the melancholy and pining mood common to young and ardent minds.

Dependence.— What in the world makes a man of just pride appear so unamiable as the sense of dependence.

Two modes of sitting in a chair.—The one short, dry, fragile, and betraying a love of ease in his unbuttoned vest, and a certain lolling, see-sawing method of balancing his body upon his chair; the other, erect and solemn, and as steady on his seat as if he were nailed to it.

A Soldier's simile.—Your shy dog is always a deep one: give me a man who looks me in the face as he would a cannon.

A Landlord's Independence. — The indifference of a man well to do, and not ambitious of half-pence. "There's my wife by the door, friend; go, tell her what you want."

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The Gatherer.

The Opera. — From the number of French and German operas announced for performance at the King's Theatre, it should no longer be called the *Italian* Opera, but the *Foreign Opera.*

Tooth Ache. — Powdered alum not only relieves this annoyance, but prevents the decay of the tooth.

Egypt.—The French are just at this moment crazy for Egyptian antiquities. "While Champollion (*on dit*) is about to unrol the mystic papyri in all their primitive significance, the celebrated Caillaud has preceded him with the First Numbers of a work on the Arts and Trades of the Egyptians, Nubians, and Ethiopians; their customs, civil, and domestic, with the manners and customs of the modern inhabitants of these countries."—*For. Quart. Rev.*

Anne Boleyn.—M. Crapelet, the celebrated Parisian printer, has just written and printed a beautiful little volume entitled *Anne Boleyn*, which is spoken of as "a careful and pains-taking attempt to exhibit a character hitherto strangely disfigured by party writers, in its true light."

Root of the Devil.—There is a strange root called the Devil's Bit Scabious, of which quaint old Gerard observes: "The great part of the root seemeth to be bitten away: old fantasticke charmers report that the devil did bite it for envie, because it is an herbe that hath so many good virtues, and is so beneficial to mankinde." Sir James Smith as quaintly observes, "the malice of the devil has unhappily been so successful, that no virtue can now be found in the remainder of the root or herb."—*Knowledge for the People.* Part xiv.

Onions.—The British onion is of the worst description, those of Egypt and India being considered great delicacies. Their strong, disagreeable odour is attributable to the sulphur which they contain, and which is deposited by their juice, when exposed to heat.—*Ibid.*

Spanish Liquorice is so called from its being manufactured only in *Spain* and Sicily. The root grows naturally in those countries and in Languedoc, and in such abundance in some parts of Sicily, that it is considered the greatest scourge to the cultivator.—*Ibid.* (Our brewers and distillers would not be of this opinion were liquorice indigenous to this country.)

Heat in Plants.—Lamarck tells us of a plant, which during a few hours of its growth, is "so hot as to seem burning." Its greatest heat is stated at nearly 45 degrees above the temperature of the air in which the plant was growing.

Iceland is perhaps the most deplorable spot on the world's map. "Not very long ago it counted at least 100,000 inhabitants. Depopulated by time, which has more than once introduced frightful pestilence, there are now not half that number. Their occupation is that of shepherds and fishermen, for the bitterness of the climate makes all agricultural labours vain or unproductive. They are scattered over the wide waste of the country, far distant, in huts and farms, and it was only in 1787 that a portion of the population was gathered into towns, if towns may be called the two spots where a few families have their abode together." — *For. Quart. Rev.*

Tobacco and Snuff. — Tobacco is a narcotic and depressing poison, whose effect on the nerves and stomach is to destroy the appetite, prevent the perfect digestion of the food, create an unnatural thirst, and render the individual who uses it nervous and otherwise infirm. Snuff destroys the sense of smell, and causes a very disagreeable alteration in the voice. It also produces head-ache in the course of time; and by the distillation of its juice which falls from the posterior nostrils into the stomach during sleep, gives rise to weak and painful digestion.—*Dr. Granville.*

Early Rising.— From March to November, at least, no cause, save sickness, or one of equal weight, should retain us in bed a moment after the sun has risen.—*Dr. Granville.* (What say the lazy Londoners to this? In Paris, shops are opened and set out for the day before six o'clock in the mornings of spring, summer, and great part of autumn.)

Food.—Many articles of consumption introduced in the reign of Henry VIII. the following distich embraces a few:—

Turkey, carp, hops, pricard, and beer,
Came into England all in one year. (1526.)

Ince's Outline of English History.

Printed and Published by J. LIMEBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; C. C. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 534.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1832. [Price 2d.

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL,

ST. SAVIOUR. SOUTHWARK.

The Engraving represents the interior of the Virgin Mary's Chapel, commonly called the Lady Chapel, and appended to the ancient collegiate church of St. Saviour, Southwark. The exterior view of the Chapel will be found in No. 456 of *The Mirror*. About eighteen months since part of the western side of the High-street was removed for the approach to the New London Bridge, when this Chapel was opened to view; but its dilapidated appearance was rather calculated to interest antiquarian than public curiosity. The London Bridge Committee recommended the parishioners of St. Saviour to cause the Chapel to be pulled down, and their selfish suggestion would have been complied with, had not some enlightened and public-spirited individuals stepped forth to frustrate the levellers. The parishioners now became two parties. One contended for the restoration of the Chapel, as "one of the most chaste and elegant specimens of early pointed architecture of the thirteenth century of which this country can boast." The levellers, whose muckworm minds, and love of the arts is only shown in that of money getting—maintained that the demolition of the Chapel would be "a pecuniary saving;" but theirs was a penny-wise and pound-foolish spirit; for, by removing the Chapel, a greater expense would be incurred than in its restoration. The folks could not understand plain figures, and so resolved to take the sense and nonsense of the parish, and the subject has been decided by a majority of 240 in favour of repairing the Chapel. The funds for this purpose, it should be understood, were in course of provision by public subscription, so that the blindness of party zeal threatened to reject a special advantage—the public would find the money if they would allow the Chapel to remain—whereas, had the demolition taken place, the parishioners must themselves have defrayed the consequent expenses. Historians loudly condemn the royal and noble thieves who plundered the Coliseum and the Pantheon to build palaces, yet there are men in our times, who would, if they could, take Dr. Johnson's hint to pound St. Paul's Church into

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atoms, and with it macadamize their roads; or fetch it away by piecemeal to build bridges with its stones, and saw up its marble monuments into chimney-pieces.

The church of St. Saviour is built in the form of a cathedral, with a nave, side aisles, transepts, a choir, with its side aisles; and the chapel of St. John, which now forms the vestry, and the chapel of the Virgin Mary, or Our Lady. To the east end of the latter there has since been added a small chapel, called the Bishop's Chapel. Another chapel, (of St. Mary Magdalen,) was also connected with the south aisle of the church. The parishioners seem to have hitherto neglected the Lady Chapel, and to have shown their cupidity in ages long past. Through the influence of Dr. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, they were allowed to *purchase* the church of that wholesale sin-salesman, Henry VIII.; but after the parish had obtained the grant of the church, they let the Lady Chapel to one Wyat, a baker, who converted it into a bake-house. He stopped up the two doors which communicated with the aisles of the church, and the two which opened into the chancel, and which, though visible, still remain masoned up.* In 1607, Mr. Henry Wilson, tenant of the Chapel of the Holy Virgin, found himself inconvenienced by a tomb "of a certain cade," and applied to the vestry for its removal, which was very "friendly" consented to, "making the place up again in any reasonable sort."† In this state it continued till the year 1624, when the vestry restored it to its original condition, at an expense of two hundred pounds. "More than that sum," observes the Rev. Mr. Nightingale, "I should conceive would now be required to repair this venerable part of St. Saviour's Church in such a manner as is absolutely necessary. The pillars have in a great degree lost their perpendicular position: the mouldings and mullions of the windows are distorted in the most shameful manner; the walls are rapidly hastening to their final decay; and the whole place appears to be destined to become once more the resort of hogs and vermin of every description. That this should be the case is a great disgrace to the parish, and an insult to the diocese, in which St. Saviour's Church holds so conspicuous a character."‡

Stow.—These have lately been re-opened.—Ed. M.

† Parish Books.

‡ Hist. and Antiq. Paroch. Church, St. Saviour, Southwark, 4to. 1818.

The roof of the Chapel is divided into nine groined arches, supported by six octangular pillars in two rows, having small circular columns at the four points. At the back of the altar-screen of the church§ are some tracery compartments, probably, according to Mr. Bray, once affording through them a view of this chapel. In the east end, on the north side, are three lancet-shaped windows, forming one great window, divided by slender pillars, and having mouldings, with zig-zag ornaments. The tracery windows on the south side are masoned up, but much of the original tracery remains. At the north-east corner are remains of sharp-pointed arches; here also is an enclosure with table, desk, and elevated seat. This part is, properly speaking, the Bishop's Court; but this name is common to the whole chapel, in which the Bishop of Winchester holds his Court; and in which are held the visitations for the Deanery of Southwark.

The annexed view was taken from the north-west entrance, and shows the character of the groined roof, the supporting pillars, and the entrance to the Bishop's Chapel adjoining, by an ascent of two steps; this Chapel being named from the Tomb of Bishop Andrews, formerly standing in the centre of it. We recommend the reader to a clever paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the present month, in which the writer proves that Our Lady's Chapel, so far from being an excrescence, as has been idly stated, "bears the same relation to the church as the head does to the body."

NIGHT-MARE.

(For the Mirror.)

Sleeping in night-mare's thunderstorm-wove lap,
On sunless mountain high above the pole;
With ice for sheets, and lightning for a cap,
And tons of loadstones weighing on his soul;
And eye out-stretched upon some vasty map
Of uncouth worlds, which ever onward roll
To infinite—like Revelation's scroll.
Now falling headlong from his mountain bed
Down sulph'rous space, o'er dismal lakes;
Now held by hand of air—on wings of lead
He tries to rise—gasping—the hands' hold breaks,
And downward he reels through shadows of the dead,
Who cannot die though stalking in hell's flakes.
Falling, he catches his heart-string on some
book, and—wakes. E. H.

§ This Screen is about to be partially restored at an expense of about £300. now in course of subscription among the more respectable and intelligent parishioners.

‖ Where did the Sportsman's Letters come from?—Ed.

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LACONICS.

THERE is nothing to be said in favour of fashion, and yet how many are contented implicitly to obey its commands: its rules are not even dictated by the standard of taste, for it is constantly running into extremes and condemns one day what it approves the next.

There are some people so incorrigibly stupid and prosing, that wherever they are anxious of securing respect, silence would be their best policy.

As we advance in age, it is singular what a revolution takes place in our feelings. When we arrive at maturity an unkind word is more cutting and distresses us more than any bodily suffering; in our youth it was the reverse.

There is nothing so ravishing to the proud and the great (with all their resources for enjoyment) as to be thought happy by their inferiors.

Such are the casualties of life, that the presentiment of fear is far wiser than that of hope; and it would seem at all times more prudent to be providing against accident, than laying out schemes of future happiness.

The character of any particular people may be looked for with best success in their national works of talent.

There is no absurdity in approving as well as condemning the same individual; for as few people are always in the right, so on the other hand it is improbable they should be always in the wrong.

The most elegant flattery is at second hand; viz., to repeat over again the praises bestowed by others.

Ignorance, simple, helpless ignorance, is not to be imputed as a fault; but very often men are wilfully ignorant.

We have fewer enemies than we imagine: many are too indolent to care at all about us, and if the stream of censure is running against us, the world is too careless to oppose it. If we could hear what is said of us in our absence we should torment ourselves without real cause, for we should seldom hear the real sentiments of the speaker; many things are said in mere wantonness, and many more from the desire of being brilliant.

The man who feels he is in the right is seldom dogmatical, for truth is always calm and requires not violence to enforce her arguments: we should desist from the contest the moment we feel anxious about victory, because that anxiety must make us less particular about the truth.

Quickness of intellect is no proof of solidity: the deepest rivers flow on the smoothest.

The reason why there are so few instances of heroism in modern times is the total decay of political virtue: we are broken up into small parties and associate only with our families, thus forgetting the public, in our regard for private interest: the ancients were taught rather to live for the benefit of the whole community.

An over-refined philosophy begets sensitiveness, and is as little to be coveted as a moderate share of it is beneficial.

It seems to be the business of life to lay by fresh cause for anxiety and discontent by increasing our estate; whereas we should rather know how to lose it all, and yet be contented.

There are some people, who though very amiable in the main, and obliging in their offices to others, have yet that most unhappy propensity of being gloomy over every thing.

It is one of the wisest provisions of Fortune that the same vices which ruin our estates, take away also the means of enjoying them by depriving us of health.

There is more virtue in obscurity than is commonly supposed; and perhaps there have been nobler specimens of magnanimity in low life, than even the page of history can boast.

Knowledge of the world must be combined with study, for this, as well as better reasons: the possession of learning is always invidious, and it requires considerable tact to inform without a display of superiority, and to ensure esteem, as well as call forth admiration.

Deceit has the effect of impoverishing, as well as enriching, men: the prodigal becomes poor by pretending to be richer than he really is, while seeming poverty is the very making of a miser. F.

STANZAS TO THE SPIRIT OF MORNING.

(For the Mirror.)

ANGEL of morn! whose beauteous home
In light's unfading fountain lies;
Whose smiles dispel night's sable gloom,
And fill with splendour earth and skies,
While o'er the horizon pure and pale,
Thy beams are dawning, thee I hail.

The star that watches, pure and lone,
In yon clear heaven so silently,
Looks trembling from its azure throne
Upon thy beaming glories nigh;

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And yields to thee first-born of day,
Reluctantly its heavenly sway.

Sweet spirit, with that early ray,
Which steals so softly through the gloom,
Trembling and brightening in its way,
What beauties o'er creation come;
Ere thy unclouded smiles arise
In all their splendour through the skies.

The rosy cloud—the azure sky,
Earth—ocean, with its heaving breast,
Where thy bright hues reflected lie,
And there in varying beauty rest,
Rejoice in thee; and from the grove,
To hail thee, bursts the voice of love.

Eternal beauty round thee dwells,
And joy thine early steps attends,
While music wildly breathing swells,
And with thy gales of perfume blends
Pure, beautiful you smile above,
Like youth's fond dreams of hope and love.

Thy skies of blue, thy beaming light,
Thy gales so balmy, wild, and free,
Thy lustre on the mountain's height,
Have charms beyond all else for me;
Whilst my glad spirit fain would rise
To hail and meet thee in the skies.

SYLVA.

Notes of a Reader.

BRITAIN'S HISTORICAL DRAMA.

WE understand Mr. Pennie's design, in this volume, to be the chronological arrangement of certain incidents of each king's reign in a series of National Tragedies. There are four such tragedies in the present portion, commencing with Arixina, in which figure Julius Cæsar, Cassfelyn, and Cymbaline, and extending to Edwin and Elgiva: the titles of the intervening pieces are the Imperial Pirate and the Dragon King. There is much wild and beautiful romance in the diction, but we take the most attractive portion to be the lyrical portion, as the Chants, Dirges, and Choruses. We recommend them as models for the play-wrights who do such things for the acting drama, and if the poetship to a patent theatre be worth acceptance, we beg to commend Mr. Pennie to the notice of managers. The poet of the King's Theatre figures in the bills of the day, and yet he is but a translator.

It is difficult to select an entire scene for quotation, so that we take a specimen from Arixina:

CHORUS OF BARDS.

DIRGE.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Mightiest of the mighty thou!
Regal pearl-wreaths decked thy brow;
On thy shield the lion shone,
Glowing like the setting sun!
And thy leopard-helmet's frowa,
In the day of thy renown,
O'er thy foemen terror spread,
Grimly flashing on thy head.
Master of the fiery steed,
And the chariot in its speed,—
As its scythe-wedged wheels of blood
Through the battle's crimson flood,
Onward rushing, put to flight
E'en the stoutest men of might,—
Age to age shall tell thy fame;
Thine shall be a deathless name!
Bards shall raise the song for thee
In the halls of Chivalry.

GRAND CHORUS.

His shall be a noble pyre!
Robes of gold shall feed the fire;
Amber, gums, and richest pearl
On his bed of glory hurl:
Trophies of his conquering might,
Skulls of foes, and banners bright,
Shields, and splendid armour, won
When the combat-day was done,
On his blazing death-pile heap,
Where the brave in glory sleep!
And the Romans' vaunted pride,
Their eagle-god, in blood-streams dyed,
Which, amid the battle's roar,
From their king of ships he tore;
Hurl it, hurl it in the flame,
And o'er it raise the loud acclaim!
Let the captive and the steed
On his death-pile nobly bleed:
Let his hawks and war-dogs share
His glory, as they claimed his care.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Silent is his hall of shields
In Rath-col's dim and woody fields,
Night-winds round his lone hearth sing
The fall of Prythian's warlike king!—
Now his home of happy rest
Is in the bright isles of the west;
There, in stately halls of gold,
He, with the mighty chiefs of old,
Quaffs the horn of hydromel
To the harp's melodious swell;
And on hills of living green,
With airy bow of lightning sheen,
Hunts the shadowy deer-herd fleet
In their dim-embowered retreat.
He is free to roam at will
O'er sea and sky, o'er heath and hill,
When our fathers' spirits rush
On the blast and crimson gush
Of the cloud-fire, through the storms,
Like the meteor's brilliant forms,
He shall come to the heroes' shout
In the battle's gory rout;
He shall stand by the stone of death,
When the captive yields his breath;
And in halls of revelry
His dim spirit oft shall be.

GRAND CHORUS.

Shout, and fill the hirlass horn,
Round the dirge-feast quaff till morn;
Songs and joy sound o'er the heath,
For he died the warrior's death!
Garlands fling upon the fire,
His shall be a noble pyre!
And his tomb befit a king,
Encircled with a regal ring
Which shall to latest time declare,
That a princely chief lies there,
Who died to set his country free,
Who fell for British liberty;
His renown the harp shall sing
To mail-clad chief and battle-king,
And fire the mighty warrior's soul
Long as eternal ages roll!

The Notes to each Tragedy are very abundant. Indeed, they are of the most laborious research. We quote an

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extract relative to "grinning skulls" as terrifically interesting:

"The British warriors preserved the bones of their enemies whom they slew; and Strabo says of the Gauls (who were, as he informs us, far less uncivilized then the Britons, but still nearly resembled them in their manners and customs,) that when they return from the field of battle they bring with them the heads of their enemies fastened to the necks of their horses, and afterwards place them before the gates of their cities. Many of them, after being anointed with pitch or turpentine, they preserve in baskets or chests, and ostentatiously show them to strangers, as a proof of their valour; not suffering them to be redeemed, even though offered for them their weight in gold. This account is also confirmed by Diodorus. Strabo says that Posidonius declared he saw several of their heads near the gates of some of their towns, —a horrid barbarism, continued at Temple-bar almost down to the present period."

Lastly, *Speaking and Moving Stones:*

"Giral Cambrensis gives an account of a speaking-stone at St. David's in Pembrokeshire. 'The next I shall notice is a very singular kind of a monument, which I believe has never been taken notice of by any antiquarian. I think I may call it an oracular stone: it rests upon a bed of rock, where a road plainly appears to have been made, leading to the hole, which at the entrance is three feet wide, six feet deep, and about three feet six inches high. Within this aperture, on the right hand, is a hole two feet diameter, perforated quite through the rock sixteen feet, and running from north to south. In the abovementioned aperture a man might lie concealed, and predict future events to those that came to consult the oracle, and be heard distinctly on the north side of the rock, where the hole is not visible. This might make the credulous Britons think the predictions proceeded solely from the rock-deity. The voice on the outside was distinctly conveyed to the person in the aperture, as was several times tried.'—*Arch. Soc. Ant. Lond.* vol. viii.

"The moving stones, or Logans, were known to the Phœnicians as well as the Britons. Sanconiatho, in his Phœnician History, says, that Uranus devised the Bœtylia, Gr.; Botal or Bothal, Irish; Bethel, Heb., or stones that moved *as having life*.—Damascius, an author in the reign of Justinian, says he had seen many of these Bœtylia, of which wonderful things were reported, in Mount Libanus, and about Heliopolis, in Syria."

The volume, a handsome octavo of more than 500 pages, has been, we perceive, published by subscription: the list contains about 400 names, with the King at the head. This is sterling patronage, yet not greater, if so great, as Mr. Pennie deserves. The Preface, we think, somewhat unnecessarily long: it needed but few words to commend the drama of our early history to the lovers of literature, among whom we do not reckon him who is insensible to the charms of such plays as Cymbeline, Julius Cæsar, the Winter's Tale, or Macbeth. Mr. Pennie mentions the popularity of Pizarro, "which faintly attempts to delineate the customs of the Peruvians" as a reason for "the hope that is in him" respecting the fate of his own tragedies. To our minds, Pizarro is one of the most essentially dramatic or stage-plays of all our stock pieces. It is of German origin, though Sheridan is said to have written it over sandwiches and claret in Drury Lane Theatre. The country, the scenery, and costume have much to do with this stage effect, and even aid the strong excitement of conflicting passions which pervades every act. Its representation is a scene-shifting, fidgeting business, but its charms tempt us almost invariably to sit it out.

Returning to Mr. Pennie's Tragedies, we must add that a more delightful collection of notes was never appended to any poem. Would that all commentators had so assiduously illustrated their text. Here is none of the literary indolence by which nine out of ten works are disfigured, nor the fiddle-faddle notes which some folks must have written in their dreams.

SNATCHES FROM EUGENE ARAM.

A Landlord's Benevolence. — No sooner did he behold the money, than a sudden placidity stole over his ruffled spirit:—nay, a certain benevolent commiseration for the fatigue and wants of the traveller replaced at once, and as by a spell, the angry feelings that had previously roused him.

A "Rich" Man.—One who "does not live so as not to have money to lay by."

An old Soldier.—Set me a talking, and let out nothing himself;—old soldier every inch of him.

A Scholar.— A man not much inclined to reproduce the learning he had ac-

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quired:—what he wrote was in very small proportion to what he read.

Study of Mankind.—There seems something intuitive in the science which teaches us the knowledge of our race. Some men emerge from their seclusion, and find, all at once, a power to dart into the minds and drag forth the motives of those they see; it is a sort of second sight, born with them, not acquired.

Happiness.—No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favour with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity; yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre—for the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet *she*, with an equal and unfavouring loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave: even so, perhaps, Happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

Influence of Cities.—When men have once plunged into the great sea of human toil and passion, they soon wash away all love and zest for innocent enjoyments. What was once a soft retirement, will become the most intolerable monotony; the gaming of social existence — the feverish and desperate chances of honour and wealth, upon which the men of cities set their hearts, render all pursuits less exciting, utterly dull and insipid.

Love.—There is a mysterious influence in nature, which renders us, in her oveliest scenes, the most susceptible to love. * * In all times, how dangerous the connexion, when of different sexes, between the scholar and the teacher! Under how many pretences, in that connexion, the heart finds the opportunity to speak out.

Passion —The doubt and the fear—the caprice and the change, which agitate the surface, swell also the tides of passion.

Poverty—makes some humble but more malignant.

Want.—How many noble natures—how many glorious hopes—how much of the seraph's intellect, have been crushed into the mire, or blasted into guilt, by the mere force of physical want?

Benevolence.—How poor, even in this beautiful world, with the warm sun and fresh air about us, that alone are sufficient to make us glad, would be life, if we could not make the happiness of others.

Eloquence.—The magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells.

Genius.—There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect, that winds into deep affections which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men, often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends.

Experience.—'Tis a pity that the more one sees, the more suspicious one grows. One does not have gumption till one has been properly cheated—one must be made a fool very often in order not to be fooled at last!

Cat-kindness.—Paw to-day, and claw to-morrow.

London at Night.—One of the greatest pleasures in the world is to walk alone, and at night, (while they are yet crowded) through the long lamp-lit streets of this huge metropolis. There, even more than in the silence of woods and fields, seems to me the source of endless, various meditation.

How easy it is to forget!—The summer passes over the furrow, and the corn springs up; the sod forgets the flower of the past year; and the battle-field forgets the blood that has been spilt upon its turf; the sky forgets the storm; and the water the noon-day sun that slept upon its bosom. All Nature preaches forgetfulness. Its very order is the progress of oblivion.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A DAY AT LULWORTH.*

THE abolition of monasteries, which succeeded the former revolution in France, caused a fraternity of Trappists to seek refuge from the general persecution of religious orders under the protection of the proprietor of Lulworth Castle, on the coast of Dorsetshire; their patron being a rigid Catholic, and much governed by the priests. They had been established many years when I visited them; my curiosity being excited by the current reports of the severi-

* See *Mirror*, vol. xvi. p. 201.

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ties to which their order subjected them in the habitual discipline of the convent. The day selected for the visit was quite in harmony with the objects in view; a cold, bleak, cloudy morning, which terminated in rain, without a single ray of the sun to enliven a December gloom. Mr., now Cardinal, Weld was paying his temporal and spiritual devotions at the Quirinal Palace and the shrine of St. Peter; but, in the absence of the family from Lulworth, his huntsman regularly exercised a small pack of harriers round the neighbouring hills among the goss covers, for the amusement of a few sportsmen and his own profit. Three of us proceeded one morning to enjoy our customary diversion; but the bleakness of the wind which swept the hills overlooking the sea induced the huntsman to keep the hounds at home, and we, in consequence, determined to make up for our disappointment by riding over to Lulworth. In summer, this little retired spot is an object of attraction, from its romantic cove and fine castle; while many parties, doubtless, are drawn there by the savoury idea of boiled lobsters, usually provided for their refreshment at the small public-house of the village; where "mine host" was wont to rivet the attention of the juvenile portions of his guests especially, while the older refused him not their ears, to tales of the castle and the convent, about which, as in most Catholic families of distinction, and among religious institutions, there hung a cloud of mystery, which the young votaries of worldly enjoyments love to penetrate.

Leaving our horses at the inn, we walked directly up to the convent situated a little way beyond the village, impressed with feelings which the stories we had heard unavoidably excited. Nor were these feelings diminished by the gloomy solitude and silence of the scenery around, interrupted only by the howling wind and the roaring of the waves, which beat against the precipitous rocks surrounding the cove, and sustaining the massive walls of the castle.

A plain white-washed building, with few and small windows, apparently created out of a barn or granary and an old farm-house, was encircled by a high wall enclosing also a muddy courtyard, and a garden destined to supply the fraternity merely with the necessary herbs and seeds on which the meagre-fed brethren were nourished. We lifted the heavy knocker of a rude door surmounted by a crucifix, and a lay-brother, resembling him represented in the Opera of the Duenna, answered our modest knocking. An order from "the family" was demanded; and for want of it we urged our special journey (about twenty miles), names, and rank; all of which was transmitted to the superior, while we remained some time unbidden in the courtyard, where the only sign of life was the deep barking of an old house-dog, who rivalled his human associates in misanthropy.

At length the creaking hinges of the door were heard again, and, with an injunction to be sparing of speech, we were bidden to follow the animated shadow which flitted in the owl-light before us, through various winding passages. Had I been alone, and had that crime which has lately so shocked humanity been then in existence, I think I should have "pulled in resolution," and told the miserable *cicerone* that I would call another time. But, as companionship imparts courage, on we went, filled with vivid recollections of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, accompanied with an urgent curiosity also to see, for the first time, living monks and a real monastery. One of the former passed us in our way, clothed in the dingy habit of his order fastened round the waist with a twisted cord. He bowed as he passed; and we were told, in a whisper, that he was recently arrived; and from not associating with the rest of the brethren, and having a separate apartment, he was supposed to be a man of rank, known only to the superior, and concerning whom conjecture was rife, but no inquiry permitted. What this recluse really was my story will hereafter disclose.

The general furniture of the convent appeared to be neat and clean, but of coarse materials and rude construction, while its scantiness evinced either the penury of the institution, or the denial which formed part of the monastic discipline peculiar to the order of La Trappe. There might be a third explanation of the ill-lighted bareness of the walls and floors, together with the general aspect of privation and devotion, an explanation which occurred to us subsequently—there might have been studied effect and deception in their display before visiters.

We entered the refectory and the dormitory, neither of which bore any sign of luxury, nor even of ordinary comfort. The needful repose of man seemed scarcely provided for in the one, nor the "creature comforts" in the other. Meat was forbidden, except when prescribed for the health of the inmates. Vegetable broth, bread, and water,

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formed, we were told, the chief resources of the culinary department of the convent; and, in the very act of enjoying these, around the disconsolate-looking table, the superior was accustomed to remind the brotherhood occasionally during the repast not to indulge the appetite for food, so as to divert their thoughts for an instant from heaven. This spiritual memento was introduced by the rap of a stout oaken-stick upon the table; when instantly, every hand raised to the mouth was arrested and held still where it was, until a second rap permitted it to proceed in its carnal office, the interval being employed in silent ejaculation to the Deity, or perhaps, with some, in "curses not loud but deep" against the inexorable superior, who so compelled them to mortify a not unnatural desire.

In the dormitory a similar mortification nightly awaited the unconscious sleepers, although "upon uneasy pallets stretching them," in the occasional tinkling of an obtrusive bell, that peremptorily hurried them from their recumbent position to the cold stones of the chapel, where on bended knees they were obliged to pray and meditate.

From the refectory and the dormitory we were conducted to the chapel, with renewed injunctions to ask no questions while there, and to preserve the strictest silence. Here we found about thirty, I think, of the brethren, in their coarse black habits and cord belts, with rosary, shaved crowns, and fixed eyes; some kneeling, and others prostrate upon the stony floor,—picturesquely grouped, *à la Rembrandt*, about the steps of the altar and other parts of the chapel. All were silent and motionless, and regarded our intrusion no more than if they were so many marble statues. Some of the monks were old and haggard, and others young and better conditioned than might be conceived of men fed, or rather starved, as they were represented to be. Their features appeared generally to be coarse and vulgar. The chapel itself was perfectly plain, and unadorned but by a few of the customary figures and paintings, representing disgusting situations of saints and martyrs under voluntary torture and privation. Lamps that "shed a pale and ineffectual light," crucifixes, and images of the Virgin and Son, were duly scattered about the niches of the chapel.

From the chapel we were conducted to the superior's room, a small scantily-furnished apartment, with however an appearance of greater comfort than elsewhere about the building, from the presence of a plain chair and table, some religious books, a cot, and a little fire. The superior himself possessed somewhat more of the aspect of a gentleman than the rest of the brethren, as well as the dim light of a lamp allowed us to observe his figure; of which certainly, whatever might have been his mode of living, rotundity formed no such feature as I have seen among the jolly monks in Spain and Portugal. He related to us the habits of his order, from which we learnt further particulars than had been related by the *cicerone*. Silence seemed to be the rule of the establishment during the whole twenty-four hours, the exceptions being very few: one of the brethren, we were told, had never been known to speak for about thirty years, in accordance with a vow, and was supposed to have become dumb.

When one monk met another, the salutation was limited to this simple expression—"Brother, we must die." And lest this fact should not have been sufficiently kept in recollection, a grave was constantly open in the burying-ground at hand, the digging of which was a source of bodily exercise and recreation to the brethren; a new one being always made when a tenant was found for that which already gaped to receive him.

I need scarcely observe, that from the rigid silence vowed and practised, the order of La Trappe includes no females in its over-zealous ordinances. The only books allowed those who could read were Missals and the Bible, which were constantly in their hands.

Medical aid was not denied, when occasion required it, from one qualified to practise among the Weld colony in the village, who of course was no heretic; but the ordinary management of the *materia medica* furnished by the garden, rested with such of the fraternity as were gifted in the art of healing.

In addition to all the mortification of the flesh pointed out to us, we were given to understand that the twisted cords around the waist were frequently employed in self-inflicted scourgings at the altar, to which the superior exhorted the brethren as a penance for past, and humiliation for future, sins; a ceremony which, by all accounts, was in some instances unjustly taken out of the hands of the public executioner, while in others, perhaps, the cord might not at all have been misapplied if its adjustment to the neck, instead of the waist, had been anticipated by the same functionary.—*Metropolitan.*

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COLONEL BRERETON.

Through the still midnight—hark!—that startling sound
Tells of deed of blood! a soldier's hand
With aim too true himself hath reft of life!
* * * Beneath that roof
For many days none had heard sounds of gladness
He was distressed—each fond retainer then
Softened his voice to whispers—each pale face
Did but reflect the sadness fixed in his:
Save where the two—two fair and lovely ones,
Too young for guilt or sorrow, or to know
Such words as wordlings know them—save where they,
Pranking in childhood's headlong gaiety,
Sent the loud shout—like laughter through the tomb—
And mocked his anguish with their joyousness.
Oh, that in sleep, some cry of joy or pain
From forth those lips had burst in piercingly,
When that sad Man his daring hand had lain,
Maddened with hours of musing, on his death!
Then would great Nature, o'er the soldier's heart
Her power have all recovered: his seared soul
With gushing tears enflooded, been restored;
Mistaken Honour, false chivalric Pride,
Flown with the Tempter;—life have been preserved,—
And unendangered an immortal soul.

Gentleman's Magazine.

Select Biography.

THE LATE MR. MUNDEN.

(*With Recollections.*)

GREAT actors have two lives, or rather they have double deaths. Their leave-taking of the public, their "retirement," as biographers call it, is one death; since a playgoer then considers an actor dead "to all intents and purposes"—a very *non est*. Public regrets are showered about your great actor, and by some he is forgotten with the last trump of his praise. He "retires:" that is, he looks out for a cottage in the country, far removed from his former sphere of action, (as plain John Fawcett did the other day,) or he diverges to a snug box in the suburbs of London, still lingering about the great stage, as did honest Joseph Munden about seven years since. People in the boxes or pit look out for his successor in the bills of the play—then say "we ne'er shall look upon his like again," (the greatest, though perhaps the most equivocal, tribute ever paid to genius,) but a few months reconcile them to the loss; they approve the successor, though they deplore the change, "and though the present they regret, they are grateful for the past." Then comes your actor's second farewell—his final exit—and "last of all comes death." A line or two in a newspaper tells you that Munden died on Monday last. One exclaims "I thought he had been dead these seven years;" but another, of more grateful and reflective temperament, throws down the "*diurnal*" to lament the death of the man as he had hitherto regretted the loss of the actor. His former regret too is resuscitated. A mere paragraph rounds the little life of your actor, his entrances and exits, and he who "appeared" on one stage in 1790, as Sir Francis Gripe and Jemmy Jumps, disappeared from that greater stage, or all the world, as Joseph Munden. We have often thought these *farewells* of actors must be with them dismal affairs, especially in old age. They must remind them of a last farewell, and we know

The sense of death is most in apprehension.

But, is this fitting for the obituary of a *comic* actor? Yes, we reply, and as both are but occasions of appeal to the passions, we may think the death of a tragedian less striking than the former, since all tragedies end with death, and death in itself is but a scene of tragedy. Is any lament of Shakspeare's heroes more touching than his apostrophe to the scull of Yorick, the King's jester, the mad fellow that poured a flagon of Rhenish on the clown's head: "a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen?"

Munden was the son of a poulterer in Brooke's Market, Holborn, where he was born in the year 1758. His father died soon afterwards, leaving his widow with slender means, and Munden was thrust upon the world to seek his fortune at twelve years of age. He was placed in an apothecary's shop, but soon left it for an attorney's office. Perhaps, like Dr. Wolcot, he fancied the clinking of the pestle and mortar said "Kill 'em again! kill 'em again." From the attorney's office, he "fell off," as Hamlet's Ghost would say, to a law-stationer's shop, and became "a hackney writer:" the technicality needs not explanation: to hack at anything is neither the road to fame nor a good meal. He was apprenticed in Chancery Lane: his master died and was succeeded by an older man, of the square-toed fraternity, who taxed Munden with being a Macaroni more than a tradesman. Munden, in consequence, parted from his master, and once more returned to the office of a solicitor. They who remember Munden, a staid-dressing man in later years, may smile at his early observance of the glass of fashion.

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About this time Munden appears to have first imbibed a taste for the stage, and with it an admiration of the genius of Garrick; indeed, he had seen more of Garrick's acting than had any of his contemporaries in 1820, Quick and Bannister excepted. What a fine president would Munden have been of the *Garrick Club*, the members of which probably know as much about Garrick as they care about Thespis. Acquaintance with an actor fed Munden's *penchant* for the stage, but did not fill his pocket. Both started for Liverpool, the actor upon an engagement, but Munden in *hope* of one; the latter engaged in the office of the Town Clerk, but only realized his hope in copying for the theatre, walking in processions, and bearing banners, at one shilling per night! At length he *acted* the *first Carrier* in *Henry IV.* He next joined a company at Rochdale, which he soon left, and returning to Liverpool, smothered his dramatic passion for two years, when he started for Chester, with a light heart, a bundle wardrobe, and a guinea. He entered Chester with his "last shilling," which he paid for admission to the theatre, little thinking of provision for the night. Yet Munden, in later life, was a prudent, parsimonious man. At the close of the performance he fell in with a person who had been a butcher's apprentice in Brooks's Market, and who remembering young Joseph's antic tricks, gave him good cheer, and money for his return to London. On the road, necessity overtook him, when meeting a Warwickshire militia-man, who was marching to the town at which he was billeted, Munden prevailed on the soldier to represent him as a comrade. The trick told: he was ordered to the general mess-room and received as one among the warriors; and his lively humour made him king of the company for the night. Next morning the regiment mustered, and Munden was told to follow and be enlisted; but, as he had obtained all he wished, a supper and a bed, he left his military friends to their glory,* and proceeded to London. Here he again returned to the law, but once more emerged from it, and joined a company at Leatherhead, as a representative of old men. But the theatre was burnt. Munden next played at Windsor with tolerable success, at half a-guinea per week; and subsequently at Colnbrook and Andover. He returned to London, and thence went to Canterbury, in 1780, to play low comedy characters, where he first became what theatrical biographers term "a favourite." After other provincial engagements and a short trial of management at Sheffield, Munden appeared December 2, 1790, (a few nights after the first appearance of Incledon,) at Covent Garden Theatre as *Sir Francis Gripe*, in the *Busy Body*, and *Jemmy Jumps* in the *Farmer;* his success in which parts after the impressions made by Parsons and Edwin was little short of a miracle. His popularity now became settled. He was the original representative of *Old Rapid, Caustic, Brummagem, Lazarillo, (Two Strings to your Bow,) Crack, Nipperkin, Sir Abel Handy, Sir Robert Bramble, Old Dornton*, &c. In 1797 and 1798, he played at the Haymarket, but his summer vacations were chiefly filled up by engagements at the provincial theatres. Munden remained at Covent Garden Theatre till 1813, when he joined the Drury Lane company. Here he remained until May 31, 1824, when he took his farewell of the stage, in the characters of *Sir Robert Bramble*, (*Poor Gentleman*,†) and *Old Dozy*, (in *Past Ten o'clock.*) He *read* his farewell address, thus rendering it strikingly ineffective, since his spectacles became obscured with tears. The leave-taking had, however, a touch of real tragedy, which few could withstand. He now retired with a respectable fortune, and lived in genteel style in Bernard-street, Russell Square, till his 74th year.

Munden's style of acting was exuberant with humour. His face was his fortune: it was all changeful nature: his eye glistened and rolled, and lit up alternately every corner of his laughing face: "then the eternal tortuosities of his nose, and the alarming descent of his chin, contrasted, as it eternally was, with the portentous rise of his eyebrows." He has been blamed for grimace, but it should be remembered that many of his characters verged on caricatures. That he could play comic characters chastely was amply shown in his Polonius; and touch the finer feelings of our nature was exemplified in his Old Dornton, in Holcroft's catching play of the *Road to Ruin*. The fine discrimination evinced by Munden in the grief and joy of the exclamations "Who would be a father," and "Who would *not* be a father," will not soon be forgotten. We think we see and hear

* The recital of these circumstances induced O'Keefe to introduce the incident in the part of Nipperkin, in *Sprigs of Laurel*, or *Rival Soldiers*.

† Oxberry appeared on the stage for the last time, this night, as Corporal Foss.

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his stout figure, in black, with florid face, and powdered hair, his raised and clasped hands,—rushing out of the lock-up-house scene in all the fervid extasy of a father rojoicing at the escape of his son from destruction. In Crack, Dozey, Nipperkin, and other drunken characters, his drollery was irresistible. His intoxication displayed as much discrimination as his pathetic performances. Who can forget his stare in being detected in his fuddling as Dozey, and his plea for drinking to "*wa-ash* down your honour's health:" or his *anti-polarity* as Nipperkin, when his very legs seemed drunk beneath him; his attempt to set down the keg would stagger the disbelievers of perpetual motion. Again, who did not relish the richness of his voice, and the arch crispness which he gave to some words, while others came not trippingly off his tongue, but lingered and jarred with an effect which accounts for so many imitators. His mouth had a peculiar twist, somewhat resembling that of Mathews, which at times almost forbad his plain speaking.

We have seen that Munden was

> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Had ta'en with equal thanks.

As he ripened, he became tinged with the old gentlemanly vice. He almost made penury his hobby. Oxberry's widow asked him, after his retirement, to play for her benefit: he said he could not, but that, if ever he performed again, he would present her with 100*l*. It is related of him too, that a friend asking him for a keepsake, he exchanged his old cotton umbrella for his friend's silk one. Elliston and Munden were on good terms, though men of very opposite habits. Munden had played twelve nights for Elliston at Leamington. The manager had his wine, and the actor his brandy and water, in the green-room; before leaving the town, Munden sent for his bill at the next tavern—14 glasses as many shillings. He asked Elliston to contribute 3*s*. which the manager refused to do, as Munden had drunk his wine; "but," retorted Munden, screwing his features up to the very point of exaction, "Sip-pings, remember sip-pings," alluding to Elliston's occasional visits to his glass, while he was playing his part. It is said too, though we know not how truly, that Munden was once seen, walking to Kentish Town, with four mackerel, suspended from his fingers by a twig, he having purchased the fish at a low price in Clare-Market. But this is venial: for a *string of fish* is one of the parcels which John Wilkes said, a gentleman may carry. Munden was a willing diner-out, and his conviviality made him a welcome guest at any board. His hospitality at home was unbounded; and above all, he has left an exemplary character for honesty and integrity: he was one of those

> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.

Mr. Munden has left a widow, a son, and a daughter to share his well-earned fortune.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MEMOIRS OF SIR RALPH ESHER,

By Leigh Hunt, Esq.

These volumes exhibit a lively picture of the gayest and most profligate periods of the history of the English Court. The writer, Sir Ralph Esher, is an adventurer in the Court of our Second Charles, where he is introduced by luckily securing a feather that escapes from the hat of one of the ladies of the Court on horseback. The work opens with some account of the writer's family, of some antiquity, in the county of Surrey, with a few delightful sketches of the great men of the period. Witness this slight outline of

Cowley.

"I rode one day on purpose to see Cooper's Hill, because Mr. Denham had written a poem upon it; and hearing that Cowley was coming to see Mr. Evelyn at Wootton, I went there and waited all the morning, till I saw him arrive. He had a book in his hand, with his finger between the leaves, as if he had been reading. He was a fleshy, heavy man, not looking in good health, and had something of a stare in his eye. Before he entered the gate, he stooped down to pinch the cheeks of some little children at play; and afterwards, when I heard he was put in prison, I could not, for the life of me, persuade myself that he deserved it."

The third chapter describes one of Charles's visits to Durdans, a rural retreat built with materials from Nonsuch in the vicinity. The opening has all the summer freshness of a race-day morning at Epsom:

"The bells awoke me in the morning,

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ringing a merry peal. When the wind died, they seemed to be calling towards London; when it rose again, they poured their merriment through the town, as if telling us that the King was coming. I got up, and went into the street, where the people were having their breakfasts under the trees, as the gentry do in the time of the races. It was a very animated scene. The morning was brilliant. A fine air tempered the coming warmth. The tables set out with creams and cakes under the trees, had a pretty country look, though the place was crowded. Everybody was laughing, chattering, and expecting; and the lasses, in their boddices and white sleeves, reminded me of Miss Warmestre."

The arrival of the King and his mistress is beautifully told, as are the costumes described, nay, coloured, for they are like highly-finished portraits.

Charles and his Court at Epsom.

"The King!—The silence now seemed to become more silent; and in spite of the opinions in which I had been brought up, I felt what it was to be in the presence of one who inherited sovereign power. His Majesty himself alighted first, and together with Buckingham, presented his hand to assist the Queen. Then came a handsome boy, Mr. Crofts (afterwards Duke of Monmouth); and last, assisted by her cousin the Duke, the long looked for beauty, beautiful indeed, triumphantly beautiful. She looked around, and the spectators could hardly refrain from another shout.

"The dress at that time was well calculated to set off a woman to advantage. Lady Castlemain was dressed in white and green, with an open boddice of pink, looped with diamonds. Her sleeves were green, looped up full on the shoulders with jewelry, and showing the white shift beneath, richly trimmed with lace. The boddice was long and close, with a very low tucker. The petticoat fell in ample folds, but not so long as to keep the ankles unexposed; and it was relieved from an appearance of too much weight by the very weightiness of the hanging sleeves, which counterpoising its magnitude, and looking flowery with lace and ribbons, left the arms free at the elbows, and fell down behind on either side. The hair was dressed wide, with ringlets at the cheeks; and the fair vision held a fan in one hand, while the Duke led her by the other. When she had ascended the steps, and came walking up the terrace, the lowness of her dress in the bosom, the visibility of her trim ankles, and the flourishing massiness of the rest of her apparel, produced the effect, not of a woman over-dressed, but of a dress displaying a woman; and she came on, breathing rosy perfection, like the queen of the gardens.

"I did not see all this at the time; there was not leisure for it; but I had the general impression, which I reduced into detail afterwards. The spectators forgot everybody but the King and her. His Majesty, at that period of his life, (he was little more than thirty,) looked at his best, and I thought I never saw a manlier face, or a more graceful figure. He was in mulberry coloured velvet and gold. He not only took off his hat in return to our salutations, but persisted in keeping it so, as if in the presence of the whole people of England. This fairly transported us. The royal features were strong, somewhat grim even, and he had a black brow and a swarthy complexion, reminding us of the southern part of his stock; but there was good temper in the smile of his wide though not unhandsome mouth; and his carriage was eminently that of the gentleman. Lady Castlemain at that time was little more than twenty. The Queen, though short of stature, was young also, and looked handsomer than we expected; and as all parties seemed pleased, and his Majesty's little son came on the other side of the lady of the bed-chamber, we pretended to ourselves, that things were not so bad as report made them; though never more convinced, that everything which had been related was true."

An animated snatch from court life:

"I passed a delightful winter, carrying messages, going to plays, dining, drinking, dressing, and hearing the King and his courtiers talk. By degrees I was encouraged to talk myself. I got a reputation for being both a hearty and a judicious admirer of wit and poetry, and this procured me the regard of the men I was most anxious to please. Lord Buckhurst liked me because I was discriminating; Sir John Denham, because I listened with respect; Sir Charles Sedley, because none of his similes were lost on me; and Mr. Waller, because I thought him the greatest poet that ever was, I had some misgiving on that point, when I thought of poor Mr. Cowley, who died not long afterwards. Mr. Sprat (lately made Bishop of Rochester, then the Duke of Buckingham's chaplain,) took me to see that great and good man in his retreat in the country,

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where he talked so delightfully of rural pleasures, that I began to sigh after my old fields, till I heard him say he had realized nothing but agues, and that the Arcadians in his vicinity were anything but what they should be. He thought, however, he should find them a little higher up the river."

Lely's Portrait of Cromwell

is thus introduced in the second volume:

"Oliver now stood erect, with his back to a fire-place, and resembled the picture which had been lately painted of him by Lely. The artist flattered him perhaps in the general air, as far as it implied ordinary good breeding, and an habitual urbanity of carriage; and yet the momentary look may not have been flattered even in that respect; for as the greater includes the less, so the princely serenity which Cromwell could assume as well as any man, or rather which was natural to him in his princely moments, involved of necessity whatever is of the like quality in the self-possession of an ordinary gentleman. You have heard what Cromwell said, when Lely was about to paint this picture? He desired him to omit nothing that could complete the likeness, however it might tell against smoothness and good looks. Not a wart, or a wrinkle was to be left out. Lely accordingly produced a stronger and bluffer face than is usual with him; though it is to be doubted, whether the sense of beauty to which he afterwards made such a sacrifice of his pencil, would have permitted him to go to the extent of Cromwell's direction, granting even that the instinct of a courtier had not prevented it. Nor are we to suppose, that Cromwell himself, however great a man, was displeased to think that his warts and wrinkles had been found less inimical to pleasingness of aspect, than might have been looked for. Be this as it may, I was afterwards when I came to see the picture, highly struck with the resemblance it bore to him at the period of this interview. If there was any defect on the wrong side it was, that the eyes were not fine enough; not sufficiently deep and full of meaning. And yet they are not vulgar eyes, in Lely's picture. The forehead, and the open flow of hair on either side, as if he was looking out upon the realm he governed, and the air of it was breathing upon him, are wonderfully like; and so is the determined yet unaffected look of the mouth. The nose, which in every face is, perhaps, the seat of refinement or coarseness, (at least I have never found the symptom fail) is hardly coarse enough; and in a similar proportion, it is wanting in power. Cromwell's nose looked almost like a knob of oak. Indeed, throughout his face there was something of the knobbed and gnarled character of that monarch of our woods. I will add, that as this picture was painted immediately after Cromwell's accession to the sovereign power, the princely aspect of the sitter was never more genuine, perhaps, than at that moment. But there was one thing which Lely assuredly took upon himself to qualify; to wit, the redness of the nose. It was too red in ordinary, though not so much so as his libellers gave out, nor so distinguished in colour from the rest of his face. When he was moved to anger, the whole irritability of his nature seemed to rush into both nose and cheeks; and this produced an effect, the consciousness of which was, perhaps, of no mean service in helping him to control himself. Upon the whole if many princes have had a more graceful aspect, few have shown a more striking one, and fewer still have warranted the impression by their actions."

The work, as our readers may imagine, is from first to last, an ever shifting round of adventure. It has its dark shades as well as its lively tints. The Great Plague and Fire furnish ample materials for the former, as do the court beauties and *intriguantes* for the latter. An episodal narrative of the Plague is one of the most touching pieces in the whole work. At present we subjoin one of

The Great Fire.

"I was pondering one night, as I was sitting in the parlour at Mickleham,* looking at a beautiful moon, and delaying to go to bed, when Bennett came in and told me, that there was a dreadful fire in London. One of the tradesmen had brought news of a dreadful fire the day before; but as every fire was dreadful, and I had seen the good people of London run away from a cow, crying out, a "mad bull," I had thought nothing of it, and was prepared to think as little of the new one. The old gentleman, however, assuring me that both fires were one and the same, that it had burnt a whole night and day, and was visible as far as Epsom, I thought it time to see into the truth of the matter. I ordered my horse, and promising to bring

* At or near Mickleham, by the way, the writer might have commanded a distant view of the burning City. On a fine, clear day we have often discerned the dome of St. Paul's from one of the hills rising from Mickleham to Norbury Park.

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back a correct account, purely to satisfy the house that there was no such thing, (for some of the domestics had kindred in London,) I set off at a round gallop, looking towards the north, as if I could already discern what I had doubted. Nobody was stirring at Leatherhead; but at Epsom, sure enough, there was a great commotion, all the people being at their doors, and vowing they saw the fire; which, however, I could not discern. That there was a fire, however, and a dreadful one, was but too certain, from accounts brought into the town both by travellers and the inhabitants; so with the natural curiosity which draws us on and on upon much less occasions, especially on a road, I pushed forward, and soon had pretty clear indications of a terrible fire indeed. I began to consider what the King might think of it, and whether he would not desire to have his active servants about him. At Morden the light was so strong, that it was difficult to persuade one's self the fire was not much nearer; and at Tooting you would have sworn it was at the next village. The night was, nevertheless, a very fine one, with a brilliant moon.* Not a soul seemed in bed in the villages, though it was ten o'clock. There was a talk of the French, as if they had caused it. By degrees, I began to meet carts laden with goods; and on entering the borders of Southwark, the expectation of the scene was rendered truly awful, there was such a number of people abroad, yet such a gazing silence. Now and then one person called to another; but the sound seemed as if in bravado, or brutish. An old man, in a meeting of cross-roads, was haranguing the people in the style of former years, telling them of God's judgments, and asserting that this was the pouring out of that other vial of wrath, which had been typified by the Fiery Sword,—a spectacle supposed to have been seen in the sky at the close of the year sixty-four. The plague was thought to have been announced by a comet.

"Very different from this quieter scene, was the one that presented itself, on my getting through the last street, and reaching the water-side. The comet itself seemed to have come to earth, and to be burning and waving in one's face, the whole city being its countenance, and its hair flowing towards Whitehall in a volume of fiery smoke. The river was of a bloodish colour like the flame, and the sky over head was like the top of a pandemonium. From the Tower to St. Paul's there was one mass of fire and devastation, the heat striking in your eyes, and the air being filled with burning sparkles, and with the cries of people flying, or removing goods on the river. Ever and anon distant houses fell in, with a sort of gigantic shuffling noise, very terrible. I saw a steeple give way, like some ghastly idol, its long white head toppling, and going sideways, as if it were drunk. A poor girl near me, who paced a few yards up and down, holding her sides as if with agony, turned and hid her eyes at this spectacle, crying out, 'Oh, the poor people! oh the mothers and babies!' She was one of the lowest of an unfortunate class of females. She thought, as I did, that there must be a dreadful loss of lives; but it was the most miraculous circumstance of that miraculous time, that the fire killed nobody, except some women and infirm persons with fright.

"I took boat, and got to Whitehall, where I found the King in a more serious and stirring humour than ever I saw him. Mr. Pepys, begging God to forgive him for having an appetite at such a crisis, and interrupting his laughter at the supper they gave him, with tears of pity and terror, had brought word to his Majesty that the whole city would be destroyed, if some of the houses were not blown up. The King accordingly not only dispatched myself and many others to assist, but went in person with his brother, and did a world of good. I never saw him look so grim, or say so many kind things. Wherever he went, he gave the people a new life, for they seemed dead with fright. Those who had not fled, (which they did by thousands into the fields where they slept all night,) seemed only to have been prevented from doing so, by not knowing what steps to take. The Lord Mayor, a very different one from his predecessor, who showed a great deal of courage during the plague, went about like a mad cook with his handkerchief, perspiring, and lamenting himself; and nobody would have taken the citizens for the same men who settled my court friends at the battle of Naseby. The court, however, for that matter, was as frightened as the city, with the exception of the King and one

* Evelyn, speaking of this night, says, that it was "light as day for about ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 391. second edit. 4to. Sir Ralph does not seem to make the light so strong, though he does not absolutely say it was otherwise. Perhaps Evelyn speaks of a later hour. The flames appear to have become visible afterwards to the distance of forty miles.—*Edit.*

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or two others; so terrible is a new face of danger, unless there is some peculiar reason for meeting it. The sight indeed of the interior of the burning city, was more perilous, though not so awful, as its appearance outside. Many streets consisted of nothing but avenues between heaps of roaring ruins; the sound of the fire being nothing less than that of hundreds of furnaces, mixed up with splittings, rattlings, and thunderous falls; and the flame blowing frightfully one way, with a wind like a tempest. The pavement was hot under one's feet; and if you did not proceed with caution, the fire singed your hair. All the water that could be got seemed like a ridiculous dabbling in a basin, while the world was burning around you. The blowing up of the houses marked out by the King, was the ultimate salvation of some of the streets that remained; but as a whole, the city might be looked upon as destroyed. I observed the King, as he sat on his horse at the beginning of Cheapside, and cast his eyes up that noble thoroughfare; and certainly I had never seen such an expression in his countenance before.

"The fire raged four days and nights; and on the fifth of September, London, from the Tower to Fleet-street, was as if a volcano had burst in the midst of it, and destroyed it, the very ruins being calcined, and nothing remaining in the most populous part, to show the inhabitants where they had lived, except a church here and there, or an old statue. I looked into it, three days afterwards, when the air was still so hot, that it was impossible to breathe; and the pavement absolutely scorched the soles of my shoes.

"The loss of property by the fire was of course far greater than that by the plague, and yet assuredly it was not felt a thousandth part so much, even in the city; for money, even with the lovers of it, is not so great a thing, after all, as their old habits and affections. The wits at court never chose to say much about the plague; but the fire, after the fright was over, was a standing joke. And the beneficial consequences to the city itself soon became manifest, in the widening and better building of the streets, an improvement which came in aid of the cleanliness that was resorted to against the plague; so that instead of a judgment against the King and his government, Rochester said, in his profane way, that heaven never showed a judgment of a better sort."

We need scarcely add our commendation of these delightful volumes. Each page teems with life, and everywhere to use an expression of the writer, his "soul rises with springy freshness." The portraits, and to use a familiar term of artists, the bits of painting, have the touches of a master-hand, and they are interwoven with genius which enlivens art and embellishes nature.

The Gatherer.

AN ODD STORY.

About 150 years since, there was in France one Captain Coney, a gallant gentleman of ancient extraction, and Governor of Coney Castle. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them, but her parents, understanding it, by way of prevention, shuffled up a forced match between her and one Mr. Fayel, who was heir to a great estate. Hereupon Captain Coney quitted France in discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound, near Buda. Being carried to his quarters he languished four days, but a little before his death, he spoke to an old servant, of whose fidelity and truth he had ample experience, and told him he had a great business to trust him with, which he conjured him to perform; that after his death he should cause his body to be opened, take out his heart, put it in an earthen pot, and bake it to a powder, then put the powder into a handsome box, with the bracelet of hair he had long worn about his left wrist, (which was a lock of Madame Fayel's hair,) and put it amongst the powder with a little note he had written to her with his own blood, and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all speed to France and deliver the box to Madame Fayel. The old servant did as his master had commanded him, and so went to France; and coming one day to Monsieur Fayel's house, he suddenly met him with one of his servants, who knowing him to be Captain Coney's servant, examined him; and finding him timorous, and to falter in his speech, he searched him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the note which expressed what it contained; then he dismissed the bearer, with injunction that he should come no more thither. Monsieur Fayel, going in, sent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a well relished dish of it, without losing a jot, for it was a very costly thing, and enjoined him to bring it in himself, after

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the last course at supper. The cook bringing in his dish accordingly, Monsieur Fayel commanded all to leave the room, and began a serious discourse with his wife. That ever since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to consumption, wherefore he had provided a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her, and for that reason obliged her to eat up the whole dish: she afterwards much importuned him to know what it was, when he told her she had eaten Coney's heart, and drew the box out of his pocket, and showed her the note and the bracelet. After a sudden shout of joy, she with a deep-fetched sigh said, "This is a precious cordial indeed," and so licked the dish, adding, "it is so precious that it is a pity ever to eat anything after it." She then went to bed, where in the morning she was found dead. SWAINE.

A Singing Paganini.—In the year 1760, La Paganini, an admirable singer and actress, came to London from Berlin. Her reputation was so great, that when she had her benefit at the Opera, such a crowd assembled as was never before witnessed on a like occasion, not one third of the company that presented themselves at the Opera House doors being able to obtain admission. Caps were lost, and gowns torn to pieces, without number or mercy, in the struggle to get in. Ladies in full dress, who had sent away their servants and carriages were obliged to appear in the streets, and walk home in great numbers without caps or attendants. Luckily the weather was fine, and did not add to their distress by rain or wind, though their confusion was greatly augmented by its being broad daylight, and the streets full of spectators, who (says her biographer) could neither refrain from looking nor laughing at such splendid and uncommon street-walkers.

P. T. W.

THE old Teutonic word *rick* is still preserved in the termination of our English *bishoprick*. Stubbs, in his libel, *The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf*, &c. imprinted 1579, says, "The queen has the *kingrick* in her own power."—Notes to Pennie's *Britain's Historical Drama*.

On Friendship.

"I love a friend that's frank and just,
To whom a tale I can entrust,
But when a man's to slander given,
From such a friend protect me heaven."

J. J.

Sea Coal.—In the reign of Edward the First, dyers and brewers began to use sea coal. In consequence of an application from the nobility, &c. he published a proclamation against it, as a public nuisance. And afterwards, under a commission of Oyer and Terminer, the commission ordered that all who had "contumaceously" disobeyed the proclamation, should be punished by "pecuniary mulcts." P. T. W.

Witty Optics.—A Jew went into a coffee-house to offer some spectacles for sale: one of the company, after trying several pairs, wishing to amuse himself at the Jew's expense, exclaimed, "Oh, these suit me very well, I see through them very well, and through you too, friend, and discern that you are a rogue." The Jew taking them from him and clapping them on his own nose, very composedly replied, "then our eyes are alike, for I see that you are the same."

Cromwell's Fun.—Before the trial of Charles I., the chiefs of the Republican party and the general officers met to concert the model of the intended new government. One day, after the debates on this most interesting and important subject, Ludlow informs us, that Cromwell, by way of frolic, threw a cushion at his head, and even in the high court of justice, in that solemn moment when he took the pen to sign the warrant for that unhappy monarch's execution, he could not forbear the levity of daubing the face of his neighbour with the ink.

G.

The Desired Effect.—A young man from the country, lately on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one; none of the brethren being moved by the spirit to utter a syllable. When the Quaker left the meeting-house with his young friend, he asked her "How didst thou like the meeting?" to which she pettishly replied, "Like it, why I can see no sense in it, to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word; it is enough to *kill the devil.*" "Yea, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "that is just what we want."

"Do you not admire lyric poetry?" inquired a friend of a punster. "No, indeed," he replied, "I think it very *odeous?*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

THE POLAR BEAR.

THE TUNNEL.

MONKEY CAGE.

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GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

REGENT'S PARK.

A VISIT to these Gardens is one of the most delightful of the rational recreations of the metropolis. The walk out is pleasant enough: though there is little rural beauty on the road, the creations of art assume a more agreeable appearance than in the city itself; and, with cottages, park-like grounds, and flourishing wood, the eye may enjoy a few picturesque groupings.

The *Garden* of the Society is one of the prettiest in the vicinity of the metropolis; the *Menagerie* is certainly the most important ever collected in this country. It is a charming sight to behold myriads of tiny flowers fringing our very paths, and little groves of shrubs and young trees around us; yet it is a gratification of the highest order, to witness the animals of almost every country on the earth assembled within a few acres; and it is indeed a sublime study to observe how beautifully the links in the great chain of nature are wrought, and how admirably are the habits and structure of some of these animals adapted to the wants of man, while all are subservient to some great purpose in the scale of creation. How clearly are these truths taught by the science of Zoology; and how attractively are they illustrated in the Menagerie of the Zoological Gardens. Consider but for a moment that the cat which crouches by our fireside is of the same tribe with "the lordly lion," whose roar is terrific as an earthquake, and the tiger who often stays but to suck the blood of his victims: that the faithful dog, "who knows us personally, watches for us, and warns us of danger," is but a descendant from the wolf, who prowls through the wintry waste with almost untameable ferocity. Yet how do we arrive at the knowledge of these interesting facts—but by zoological study.

Two of the Cuts in the annexed page will furnish our country friends with the improved plan of keeping the animals in large open cages. The first represents that of the *Polar Bear*, of strong iron-work, with a dormitory adjoining. The enclosed area is flagged with stone, and in the centre is a tank, or pool, of water, in which the bear makes occasional plungings. The present occupant is but small in comparison with the usual size of the species. "Its favourite postures," observes Mr. Bennett, "are lying flat at its whole length; sitting upon its haunches with its fore legs perfectly upright, and its head in a dependent position; or standing upon all fours with its fore-paws widely extended and its head and neck swinging alternately from side to side, or upwards and downwards in one continued and equable libration."*

The second Cut represents the tunnelled communication between the two Gardens, beneath the carriage-road of the Park. Above the archway is a pediment, supported by two neat columns, and a terraced walk, with balustrades. The whole is handsomely executed in cement or imitative stone. The decorative vases are by Austin, of the New Road. A lion's head, in bold relief, forms an appropriate key-stone embellishment to the arch. The sloping banks are formed of mimic rock-work profusely intermingled with plants and flowers.

The third Cut is the Monkey House, of substantial iron-work, with dormitories and winter apartments in the rear. In fine sunny weather the monkeys may be here seen disporting their recreant limbs to the delight of crowds of visiters. Their species are too numerous but for a catalogue. Among them are the Negro and Sooty Monkeys,—the Mone Monkey: "the name of *Monkey* is supposed to be derived from the African appellation of this species, *Mone* corrupted into *Monachus*." Bonneted, pig-tailed, and Capuchin Monkeys; the last named from their dark crowns, like the capuch or hood of a Capuchin friar; and black and white-fronted Spider Monkeys, named from their great resemblance to large spiders.

By the way, there is an abundance of still life in the Gardens at this ungenial season. We find the Elephant, the Antelopes, and the Zebra, in their winter quarters, and their mightinesses, the large cats, as the lions, tiger, and leopards, accommodated with a snug fire. The tropical birds, as the parrots, maccaws, &c., have been removed from the extremity of the north garden to warmer quarters; and the hyænas, leopards, and a host of smaller carnivorous quadrupeds have taken their places. The upper end is occupied by four roomy dens, with a lordly black-maned lion and a lioness, from Northern Africa; above them are a fine lioness and a leopard from Ceylon: these we take to have been among the recent arrivals from the Tower Menagerie.

* The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated. Vol. I.

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FRAGMENTS ON HUMAN LIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

"Call not earth a barren spot,
Pass it not ungrateful by,
'Tis to man a lovely lot."

THERE is no subject on which such a variety of opinions exist, as on the question "Whether man is happy;" and that it is not easy to be settled, is certain. Many persons have been so far contented with their lot as to wish to have their life over again, and yet as many have expressed themselves to the contrary.

Dr. Johnson, who always spoke of human life in the most desponding terms, and considered earth a vale of tears,

"Yet hope, not life from pain or sorrow free,
Or think the doom of man reversed for thee—"

declared that he would not live over again a single week of his life, had it been allowed him.* Such was his opinion on the past; but so great is the cheering influence with which Hope irradiates the mind, that in looking forward to the future, he always talked with pleasure on the prospect of a long life.

When he was in Scotland, Boswell told him that after his death, he intended to erect a memorial to him. Johnson, to whom the very mention of death was unpleasant, replied, "Sir, I hope to see your grand-children." On his death-bed he observed to the surgeon who was attending him, "*I want life*, you are afraid of giving me pain."

It has been supposed that this question had been settled by the authority of Scripture. "Man is born to trouble," says Job, "as the sparks fly upward." In turning over a few pages more, we find ourselves in doubt again. "*The latter end of Job was more blessed than his beginning;* for he had 14,000 sheep, and 6,000 camels, and 1,000 yoke of oxen, and 1,000 she-asses. He had also seven sons and three daughters. So Job died being old and full of days."

It may not be unpleasant to place before the reader the opinions of several celebrated men, on Life, that he may choose his side, and either like the bee or the spider, extract the poison or gather the honey. We will begin with Sterne, one who well knew the human heart.

"What is the life of man? is it not to shift from side to side! from sorrow to sorrow!"

"When I consider how oft we eat the bread of affliction, when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross reckonings and sorrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and beat itself up, as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature." — *T. Shandy.*

"A man has but a bad bargain of it at the best."—*Chesterfield.*

"No scene of human life but teems with mortal woe."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

In opposition to these sentiments, Franklin, in writing on the death of a friend, gives us his opinion, "*It is a party of pleasure*, some take their seats first."

And Lord Byron, describing Sunrise, in the second canto of *Lara*, says

"But mighty nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal Man! Behold her glories shine,
And cry exultingly, 'They are thine'
Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eyes may see,
A morrow comes when they are not for thee."

In the same spirit Cowper begins his poem on Hope:

"See Nature gay as when she first began,
With smiles alluring her admirer, man,
She spreads the morning over eastern hills.
Earth glitters with the drops the night distils.
The sun obedient at her call appears
To fling his glories o'er the robe she wears,
* * * * to proclaim
His happiness, her dear, her only aim."

"The Thracians," says Cicero, "wept when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason. Show me the man who knows what life is, and dreads death, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."

Of the misery of human life, Gray speaks in similar terms:

"To all their sufferings all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The feeling for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own."

Audi alteram partem:

"It's a happy world after all."—*Paley.*

And Gray himself:

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This careful, anxious being e'er resigned,
E'er left the precincts of the *cherrful day*.
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

And another popular author:

"A world of pleasure is continually streaming in on every side. It only depends on man to be a demi-god, and to convert this world into Elysium."—*Gaieties and Gravities.*

* Chamfort observes, that the writers on physics, natural history, physiology, and chemistry, have been generally men of a mild, even, and happy temperament, while the writers on politics, legislation, and even morals, commonly exhibited a melancholy and fretful spirit. It is to be expected that an inspection of the beauty and order of nature should affect the mind with peculiar pleasure.—*Gaieties and Gravities.*

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It is doubtless wise to incline to the latter sentiment.

Of the instability of human happiness and glory, a fine picture is drawn by Appian, who represents Scipio weeping over the destruction of Carthage. "When he saw this famous city, which had flourished seven hundred years, and might have been compared to the greatest empires, on account of the extent of its dominions, both by sea and land, its mighty armies, its fleets, elephants and riches; and that the Carthaginians were even superior to other nations, by their courage and greatness of soul, as, notwithstanding their being deprived of arms and ships, they had sustained for three whole years, all the hardships and calamities of a long siege; seeing, I say, this city entirely ruined, historians relate that he could not refuse his tears to the unhappy fate of Carthage. He reflected that cities, nations, and empires are liable to revolutions, no less than particular men; that the like sad fate had befallen Troy, once so powerful; and in later times, the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, whose dominions were once of so great an extent; and lastly, the Macedonians, whose empire had been so glorious throughout the world." Full of these mournful ideas, he repeated the following verse of Homer:

"The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers, and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all—"

thereby denouncing the future destiny of Rome, as he himself confessed to Polybius, who desired Scipio to explain himself on that occasion.

The Sketch-Book.

A COASTING SCRAP.

(For the Mirror.)

It was a bright summer afternoon: the estuary of Poole Harbour lay extended before me; its broad expanse studded with islands of sand and furze bushes, of which Brownsea is the most considerable. A slight ripple marked the deeper channels which were of a blue colour, and the shallow mud banks being but barely covered by the tide, appeared like sheets of molten silver The blue hills of Purbeck bounded the distant heathlands to the westward, and the harbour extended itself inland towards the town of Wareham, becoming more and more intricate in its navigation, although it receives the contributions of two rivers, the Piddle and the Froome, arising probably from the soil carried down by the streams, and the faint action of the tide at a distance of eight or ten miles from the mouth of the harbour. The Wareham clay boats added life to the scene. Some were wending their way through the intricate channels close hauled upon a wind; others were going right away with a flowing sheet. On the eastern side was the bold sweep of the shore, extending to the mouth of the harbour, and terminating in a narrow point of bright sand hills, separating the quiet waters of the harbour from the boisterous turmoilings of the English Channel.

Sauntering along the Quay of Poole, indulging in a kind of reverie, thinking, or in fact, thinking of nothing at all, (a kind of waking dream, when hundreds of ideas, recollections, and feelings float with wonderful rapidity through the brain,) my attention was attracted by a stout, hardy-faced pilot, with water boots on his legs, and a red, woollen night-cap on his head, who was driving a very earnest bargain for a "small, but elegant assortment," of dabs and flounders. "Dree and zixpence if you like," said he. "I could a bought vour times as much vor one and zixpence coastways, if I'd a mind, and I'll give thee no more, and not a word of a lie." His oratory conquered the coyness of the fishy damsel; and he invited the lady to take a glass of "zomat avore he topped his boom for Swanwidge."

Having before me the certainty of a dull, monotonous afternoon, and cheerless evening, without any visible means of amusement, I instantly closed a bargain with Dick Hart (for such was the pilot's name) to give me a cast to Swanwidge. In a short time I found myself on board a trim, little pilot boat, gliding along the waters as the sun was sliding his downward course, and shedding a mellow radiance over the distant scenery towards Lytchett. The white steeple of Poole church was lighted by the rays, while the town presented a neat and picturesque appearance with the masts of the shipping cutting against the blue sky.

Dick Hart formed no small feature in the scene as he stood at the helm with his red cap and black, curly hair, smoking a short, clay pipe, which like his own face, had become rather brown in service. He looked around him with an air of independence and unconcern, as the "monarch of all he surveyed," casting his eye up now and then at the trim of his canvass, but more frequently keeping it on me. Dick began to open

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his budget of chat, and I found him as full of fun as his mainsail was full of nettles.

A voice from the forecastle called out to Dick, who was so intent on his story that the helm slipped from his hand, and the ship flew up in the wind, "Mind, skipper, or you will run down Old Betty." I was astonished at the insinuation against my noble captain that he was likely to behave rude to a lady, but my suspicions were soon removed, when I saw Old Betty was a buoy, floating on the waters, adorned with a furze bush. Old Betty danced merrily on the rippling wave with her furze bush by way of a feather, with shreds of dried sea weed hanging to it forming ribbons to complete the head dress of the lady buoy. The nearer we approached, the more rapid did Betty dance, and when we passed close alongside of her, she curtsied up and down as if to welcome our visit. Dick narrated why a buoy placed at the head of a mud bank obtained the name of a *lady fair*, and I briefly noted it down.

Many years ago a single lady resided at Poole, of plain manners, unaffected simplicity, affable, yet retiring, and—

"Passing rich with forty pounds a-year."

The gentry courted her, but she still adhered to her secluded habits. Year after year rolled on, and though some may have admired her, she was never led to the altar, and consequently her condition was *unaltered*. Kind and friendly neighbours kept a vigilant eye upon her proceedings, but her character was unimpeachable; and they all agreed that she was a very suspicious person, because they could not slander her. She lived a blameless single lady.

Her attentions were directed to an orphan boy. He was her constant companion, and the object of her tenderest solicitude. As he grew up he excelled the youth of his own age in manly exercises; could thrash all of his own size, when insulted, but never played the tyrant, or the bully. He could make the longest innings at cricket, and as for swimming in all its various branches, none could compare with William. It was finally arranged by a merchant to send William a voyage to Newfoundland, and the news soon spread round the town that William (for he was a general favourite) was to *see* the world by taking to the *sea*.

The time arrived when the ship was to be warped out from the Quay, and to sail for her destination. The crew and the passengers were all on board, and William was, by his absence, rather trespassing on the indulgence of the captain; but who could be angry with the boy whom every body loved?

The town gossips, and many a fair maiden, were on the Quay to see young William embark. The tide had already turned, and the captain was about to give the word "to cast off and let all go;" to send the vessel, as it were, adrift, loose and unfettered upon the waters, to struggle as a thing of life with the billows of the Atlantic, but animated and controled by the energies of men. Just at this moment William appeared at the end of the Quay, walking slowly to the scene of embarkation with his kind and benevolent benefactress leaning, and leaning heavily, for her heart was heavy, upon the arm of her dutiful and beloved William. As they approached, the crowd made way with profound respect, not the cringing respect paid to superior wealth, but with that respect which worth of character and innate virtue can and will command, though poverty may smite and desolate.

They walked unconscious of the notice they attracted. Their hearts were too full to heed the sympathies of others. The youth kept his eye fixed upon the loosening topsails of his ship; his benefactress grasped his arm almost convulsively, and looked, or rather stared, upon the ground. She dreaded the last, the hurried "fare well," the last look, the last word from her William, and she tottered as she approached the side of the ship. They stood locked hand in hand at the edge of the Quay; not a word was uttered by either; but they gazed at each other with a fondness which showed that their souls were in communion

"Now, William, jump on board—cast off there forward," exclaimed the captain; "swing her head round—heave away my boys—come, William, come my boy."

The youth awoke as from a startled sleep. He imprinted a kiss, the last kiss, upon the cold cheeks of his benefactress, and dashing away with the sleeve of his jacket a tear, of which he felt ashamed, in a moment he was on the quarter deck of his commander. He durst not look again upon the Quay; but had he looked he would have seen many a weeping maiden who had never told her love, and he would have seen his affectionate benefactress borne away in a fainting fit. All this he saw not, for he braced his courage up before his future messmates, and he looked for-

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ward to his duties, considering the past as but a dream.

Months elapsed and tidings were frequently received of William. He had distinguished himself by his activity and docility. His townsmen heard with pleasure of his good conduct, and looked forward with satisfaction to welcome his return; when at length a pilot boat brought intelligence that the ship was lying at anchor at the mouth of the harbour, waiting the next tide with loss of foremast in a heavy gale the preceding night off the Bill of Portland. His benefactress, impatient of delay, immediately hired a boat, and proceded to the ship before the tide had turned; but she no sooner reached the deck than she was informed by the captain that William was aloft when the foremast went by the board on the preceding night, and that he fell into the raging waves without the possibility of relief being afforded him.

"God's will be done," murmured the unhappy woman as she clasped her hands, and taking her station at the gangway, she continued gazing on the water as it rippled by, in a state of unconsciousness to every passing object. In the meantime the vessel was under weigh, and was coming once more in sight of Brownsea, when a plunge was heard —"she's overboard," exclaimed a sailor —"cut away some spars—lower the boats —over with the hen coops—down with the helm, and back the topsails"—roared out many voices; but she had sunk to rise no more! Her corpse was found a few days after when the tide receded, lying on a mud bank, close to the buoy which has ever since been known by every sailor and every pilot of Poole under the name of Old Betty. But to complete the sad narrative, it appeared that William, as he excelled in swimming, succeeded in gaining the shore of Portland, and arrived in time at Poole to attend the remains of his benefactress to the grave in character of chief mourner.

On opening her papers it was discovered that in losing his benefactress he had lost his mother! That she had been privately married to a widower of considerable fortune, who had one son by his first wife, and that on his demise the estate would devolve on William, provided his half brother had no children. A few days afterwards the death of Henry ——, Esq. of —— Hall, Worcestershire, was formally announced in the daily Journals, and the unexpected claims of William being acknowledged, he succeeded to a very fine property and estate, and died as much respected in a good old age as he was beloved in his buoyant childhood, when the gossips and the maidens of Poole agreed that the orphan boy promised to be a "nice young man."—"And not a word of a lie in it," said Dick Hart, as he finished his story, his pipe, and his grog.

We were now steering across Studland Bay. Banks of dark clouds were gathering majestically on the eastern horizon, and the sun was rapidly sinking in a flood of golden light. Behind us was the Isle of Brownsea, with its dark fir plantations and lofty, cold-looking, awkward castle. On the left was the line of low sand hills, stretching away towards Christchurch, and seeming to join the Needles' Rocks, situated at the western extremity of the Isle of Wight, the high chalk cliffs of which reflected the sun's last rays, giving a rich and placid feeling to the cold and distant grey. On the right, and closer to us, was the brown and purple heath-land of Studland Bay. Here barren, there patches of verdure, and the thin smoke threading its way from a cluster of trees, denoted where the village hamlet lay embosomed from the storms of the south-west gales, close at the foot and under the shelter of a lofty chalk range which abuts abruptly on the sea, and before which stands a high, detached pyramidical rock, rising out of the waters like a sheeted spectre, and known to mariners under the suspicious name of *Old Harry*.

This coast was once notorious for smuggling, but those days of nautical chivalry have ceased, if Dick Hart is to be credited, who shook his head very mournfully as he alluded to "the *Blackhead* service." JAMES SILVESTER.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SCENE FROM A FRENCH DRAMA.

No. XVII. of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, contains a paper of much interest to the playgoer as well as to the lover of dramatic literature — on two French dramas of great celebrity— *La Maréchale d'Ancre*, by de Vigny; and *Marion Delorme*, by Victor Hugo. We quote a scene from the former. Concini, the principal character, is a favourite of Louis XIII.; the Maréchale, his wife, has a first love, Borgia, a Corsican, who, disappointed in his early suit by the stratagems of Concini, has married the beautiful but uncultivated Isabella Monti. On the conflicting feelings of this strange personage, his

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hatred to the husband, and his relenting towards the wife; and the licentious plans of Concini for the seduction of Isabella, whom he has seen without knowing her to be the wife of his deadly enemy, the interest of the piece is made to turn. The jealous Isabella is at last persuaded that the Maréchale has robbed her of the attachment of her husband, and appears as a witness against her on the pretended charge of witchcraft and sorcery.

While the Maréchal, even in the dungeon of the Bastile, is awing her oppressors into silence, bands of murderers are seeking Concini through the streets of Paris. As he issues from the house of the Jew which contains Isabella, he hears through the obscurity of the tempestuous night the cries of the populace; but he thinks they are but the indications of some passing tumult. He rests for a moment against a pillar on the pavement, but recoils again, as from a serpent, for he perceives it is the stone on which Ravaillac had planted his foot when he assassinated Henry, and in that murder it is darkly insinuated he had a share. Through the darkness of the Rue de la Ferronnerie, Michael Borgia is seen advancing, conducting the two children of his rival. He has promised to the Maréchale to save them from the dangers of the night, and has brought them in safety to his own threshold. But his promise of safety extended not to Concini. The wild ferocity of the following scene has many parallels in the actual duels of the time, as delineated in Froissart and Brantome.

Borgia (with the children.) — Poor children! come in; you will be safer here than in the houses to which they have pursued us.

The Boy. — Ah! there is a man standing up.

Borgia (turning the lantern which the child holds towards Concini. — Concini!

Concini.—Borgia! (*Each raises his dagger, and seizes with the left arm the right of his enemy. They remain motionless, and gazing at each other. The children escape into the street and disappear.*)

Concini.—Let go my arm, and I will liberate yours.

Borgia.—What shall be my security?

Concini.—Those children whom you have with you.

Borgia.—I am labouring to save them. Your palace is on fire — your wife is arrested — your fortune is wrecked — base, senseless adventurer!

Concini.—Have done—let go—let us fight!

Borgia (pushing him from him.)—Back, then, and draw your sword.

Concini (draws.)—Begin.

Borgia. — Remove those children — they would be in our way.

Concini.—They are gone.

Borgia.—Take these letters, assassin! I had promised to restore them to you. (*He hands to Concini a black portfolio.*)

Concini.—I would have taken them from your body.

Borgia.—I have performed my promise—and now, ravisher! look to yourself.

Concini.—Base seducer, defend *thyself.*

Borgia. — The night is dark, but I shall feel you by my hate:
Plant your foot against the wall, that you may not retreat.

Concini.—Would I could chain yours to the pavement, that I might be sure of my mark!

Borgia.—Agree that the first who is wounded shall inform the other.

Concini.—Yes, for we should not see the blood. I swear it by the thirst I feel for yours.—But not that the affair should end there.

Borgia. — No, only to begin again with more spirit.

Concini.—To continue till we can lift the sword no longer.

Borgia. — Till the death of one or other of us.

Concini.—I see you not. Are you in front of me?

Borgia. — Yes, wretch! Parry that thrust. Has it sped?

Concini.—No; take that in return.

Borgia.—I am untouched.

Concini.—What, still? Oh! would I could but see thy hateful visage. (*They continue to fight desperately, but without touching each other. Both rest for a little.*)

Borgia. — Have you a cuirass on, Concini?

Concini. — I had, but I left it with your wife in her chamber.

Borgia.—Liar! (*He rushes on him with his sword. Their blades are locked for a moment, and both are wounded.*)

Concini.—I feel no sword opposed to mine. Have I wounded you?

Borgia, (leaning on his sword, and staunching the wound in his breast with his handkerchief.) No, let us begin again. There!

Concini (binding his scarf round his thigh.)—One moment and I am with you. *He staggers against the pillar.)*

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Borgia, (sinking on his knees.)—Are you not wounded yourself?

Concini.—No, no! I am resting. Advance, and you shall see.

Borgia (endeavouring to rise, but unable.)—I have struck my foot against a stone—wait an instant.

Concini (with delight.)—Ah! you are wounded!

Borgia.—No, I tell you—'tis you who are so. Your voice is changed.

Concini, (feeling his sword.)—My blade smells of blood.

Borgia.—Mine is dabbled in it.

Concini.—Come then, if you are not—come and finish me.

Borgia, (with triumph.)—Finish! then you *are* wounded.

Concini, (with a voice of despair.)—Were I not, would I not have already stabbed you twenty times over? But *you* are at least as severely handled.

Borgia.—It may be so, or I should not be grovelling here.

Concini.—Shall we now have done?

Borgia, (enraged.)—Both wounded—yet both living!

Concini.—What avails the blood I have drawn, while a drop remains.

Borgia.—O! were I but beside thee! *Enter* Vitry, *followed by the Guards walking slowly. He holds the young* Count de la Pene *by the hand; the boy leads his sister.*

Vitry, (a pistol in his hand.)—Well, my child, which is your father?

Count de la Pene.—Oh! protect him, sir,—that is he leaning against the pillar.

Vitry, (aloud.)—Draw up—remain at that gate—Guards! (*The Guards advance with lanterns and flambeaux.*) Sir, I arrest you—your sword.

Concini, (thrusting at him.)—Take it. (Vitry *fires his pistol*—Du Hallier, D'Ornano, *and* Persan *fire at the same time*—Concini *falls dead.*)

The malice of Du Luynes, the inveterate enemy of the D'Ancres, and afterwards the minion of Louis, contrives that the Maréchale, in her way to execution, shall be conducted to this scene, where her husband lies dead, on the spot which had been stained with the blood of Henry, like Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue; and the play concludes with her indignant and animated denunciation of this wretch, who stands calm and triumphant, while the Maréchale exacts from her son, over the body of Concini, an oath of vengeance against the destroyer of her house."

THE MARTYR-STUDENT.

I am sick of the bird,
And its carol of glee;
It brings the voices heard
In boyhood back to me:
Our old village hall,
Our church upon the hill,
And the mossy gates—all
My darken'd eyes fill.

No more gladly leaping
With the choir I go,
My spirit is weeping
O'er her silver bow;
From the golden quiver
The arrows are gone,
The wind from Death's river
Sounds in it alone!

I sit alone and think
In the silent room,
I look up, and I shrink
From the glimmering gloom.
O, that the little one
Were here with her shout!—
O, that my sister's arm
My neck were round about!

I cannot read a book,
My eyes are dim and weak;
To every chair I look—
There is not one to speak!
Could I but sit once more
Upon that well-known chair,
By my mother, as of yore,
Her hand upon my hair!

My father's eyes seeking,
In trembling hope to trace
If the south wind had been breaking
The shadows from my face;—
How sweet to die away
Beside our mother's hearth,
Amid the balmy light
That shone upon our birth!

A wild and burning boy,
I climb the mountain's crest,
The garland of my joy
Did leap upon my breast;
A spirit walk'd before me
Along the stormy night,
The clouds melted o'er me,
The shadows turn'd to light.

Among my matted locks
The death-wind is blowing:
I hear, like a mighty rush of plumes,
The Sea of Darkness flowing!
Upon the summer air
Two wings are spreading wide;
A shadow, like a pyramid,
Is sitting by my side!

My mind was like a page
Of gold-wrought story,
Where the rapt eye might gaze
On the tale of glory;
But the rich painted words
Are waxing faint and old,
The leaves have lost their light,
The letters their gold!

And memory glimmers
On the pages I unrol,
Like the dim light creeping
Into an antique scroll.
When the scribe is searching
The writing pale and damp,
At midnight, and the flame
Is dying in the lamp.

Fraser's Magazine.

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The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

M. J. C. L. DE SISMONDI, has, to suit the plan of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, endeavoured to include in one of its volumes—a summary of Italian history from the fall of the Roman empire to the end of the Middle Age—a period of about six and a half centuries. What a succession of stirring scenes does this volume present; what fields of bloody action; what revelry of carnage; what schemes of petty ambition; what trampling on necks, what uncrowning of heads; what orgies of fire, sword, famine, and slaughter; what overtoppling of thrones, and unseating of rulers; what pantings after freedom; what slavery of passion; what sunny scenes of fortune to be shaded with melancholy pictures of desolation and decay—are comprised in these few pages of the history of a comparatively small portion of the world for a short period—a narrow segment of the cycle of time. What Sismondi so ably accomplished in sixteen volumes, he has here comprised in one. He tells us that he could sacrifice episodes and details without regret. The present is not, however, an abridgment of his great work, "but an entirely new history, in which, with my eyes fixed solely on the free people of the several Italian states, I have studied to portray their first deliverance, their heroism, and their misfortunes."

We quote a few sketchy extracts.

Last Struggle of Rome for Liberty.

"1453. Stefano Porcari, a Roman noble, willing to profit by the interregnum which preceded the nomination of Nicholas V., to make the Roman citizens demand the renewal and confirmation of their ancient rights and privileges, was denounced to the new pope as a dangerous person; and, so far from obtaining what he had hoped, he had the grief to see the citizens always more strictly excluded from any participation in public affairs. Those were entrusted only to prelates, who, being prepared for it neither by their studies nor sentiments, suffered the administration to fall into the most shameful disorder.

"In an insurrection of the people in the Piazza Navona, arising from a quarrel which began at a bull-fight, Stefano Porcari endeavoured to direct their attention to a more noble object, and turn this tumult to the advantage of liberty. The pope hastily indulged all the fancies of the people, with respect to their games or amusements; but firmly rejected all their serious demands, and exiled Porcari to Bologna. The latter hoped to obtain by conspiracy what he had failed to accomplish by insurrection. There were not less than 400 exiled Roman citizens: he persuaded them all to join him, and appointed them a rendezvous at Rome, for the 5th of January, 1453, in the house of his brother-in-law. Having escaped the vigilance of the legate of Bologna, he proceeded there himself, accompanied by 300 soldiers, whom he had enlisted in his service. The whole band was assembled on the night of the appointed 5th of January; and Stefano Porcari was haranguing them, to prepare them for the attack of the capitol,—in which he reckoned on re-establishing the senate of the Roman republic,—when, his secret having been betrayed, the house was surrounded with troops, the doors suddenly forced, and the conspirators overcome by numbers before their arms had been distributed. Next morning, the body of Stefano Porcari, with those of nine of his associates, were seen hanging from the battlements of the castle of St. Angelo. In spite of their ardent entreaties, they had been denied confession and the sacrament. Eight days later, the executions, after a mockery of law proceedings, were renewed, and continued in great numbers. The pope succeeded in causing those who had taken refuge in neighbouring states to be delivered up to him; and thus the last spark of Roman liberty was extinguished in blood."

General Mildness of Italian Warfare.

"1492. The horses and armour of the Italian men at arms were reckoned superior to those of the transalpine nations against which they had measured themselves in France, during "the war of the public weal." The Italian captains had made war a science, every branch of which they thoroughly knew. It was never suspected for a moment that the soldier should be wanting in courage: but the general mildness of manners, and the progress of civilization, had accustomed the Italians to make war with sentiments of honour and humanity towards the vanquished. Ever ready to give quarter, they did not strike a fallen enemy. Often, after having taken from him his horse and armour, they set him free; at least, they never demanded a ransom so enormous as to

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ruin him. Horsemen who went to battle clad in steel, were rarely killed or wounded, so long as they kept their saddles. Once unhorsed, they surrendered. The battle, therefore, never became murderous. The courage of the Italian soldiers, which had accommodated itself to this milder warfare, suddenly gave way before the new dangers and ferocity of barbarian enemies. They became terror-struck when they perceived that the French caused dismounted horsemen to be put to death by their valets, or made prisoners only to extort from them, under the name of ransom, all they possessed. The Italian cavalry, equal in courage, and superior in military science, to the French, was for some time unable to make head against an enemy whose ferocity disturbed their imaginations."

Battle of Marignano.

"1515.—Francis I. succeeded Louis XII. on the 1st of January; on the 27th of June he renewed his predecessor's treaty of alliance with Venice; and on the 15th of August entered the plains of Lombardy, by the marquisate of Saluzzo, with a powerful army. He met but little resistance in the provinces south of the Po, but the Swiss meanwhile arrived in great force to defend Maximilian Sforza, whom, since they had reseated him on the throne, they regarded as their vassal. Francis in vain endeavoured to negotiate with them; they would not listen to the voice of their commanders; democracy had passed from their *landsgemeinde* into their armies, popular orators roused their passions; and on the 13th of September they impetuously left Milan to attack Francis I. at Marignano. Deep ditches lined with soldiers bordered the causeway by which they advanced; their commanders wished by some manœuvre to get clear of them, or make the enemy change his position; but the Swiss, despising all the arts of war, expected to command success by mere intrepidity and bodily strength. They marched to the battery in full front; they repulsed the charge of the knights with their halberds, and threw themselves with fury into the ditches which barred their road. Some rushed on to the very mouths of the cannon, which guarded the king, and there fell. Night closed on the combatants; and the two armies mingled together fought on for four hours longer by moonlight. Complete darkness at length forced them to rest on their arms; but the king's trumpet continually sounded, to indicate to the bivouac where he was to be found; while the two famous horns of Uri and Unterwalden called the Swiss together. The battle was renewed on the 14th at daybreak: the unrelenting obstinacy was the same; but the French had taken advantage of the night to collect and fortify themselves. Marshal Trivulzio, who had been present at eighteen pitched battles, declared that every other seemed to him children's play in comparison with this "battle of giants," as he called it: 20,000 dead already covered the ground; of these two-thirds were Swiss. When the Swiss despaired of victory they retreated slowly, —but menacing and terrible. The French did not dare to pursue them."

The concluding paragraph of the volume is beautifully enthusiastic: it may almost be regarded as prophetic in connexion with events that are at this moment shaking Italy to her very base:

"Italy is crushed; but her heart still beats with the love of liberty, virtue, and glory: she is chained and covered with blood; but she still knows her strength and her future destiny: she is insulted by those for whom she has opened the way to every improvement; but she feels that she is formed to take the lead again: and Europe will know no repose till the nation which, in the dark ages, lighted the torch of civilization with that of liberty, shall be enabled herself to enjoy the light which she created."

CHILD'S ARITHMETICAL TABLES.

THE Seventh Edition, besides being well adapted for Schools, will be found useful in the business of life. It includes the monies, weights, and measures, mentioned in Scripture, the length of miles in different countries, astronomical signs, and other matters computed with great care.

THE GEORGIAN ERA.

THIS work is intended to comprise Memoirs of the most eminent characters who have flourished in Great Britain during the reigns of the four GEORGES: the present volume being only a fourth of its extent, and containing the Royal Family, the Pretenders and their adherents, churchmen, dissenters, and statesmen. The importance of the chosen period is prefatorily urged by the editor: "In comparison with the Elizabethan or the Modern Augustan, (as the reign of Anne has been designated, that which may be appropriately termed the Georgian Era, possesses a paramount

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claim to notice; for not only has it been equally fertile in conspicuous characters, and more prolific of great events, but its influence is actually felt by the existing community of Great Britain."

The several memoirs, so far as a cursory glance enables us to judge, are edited with great care. Their uniformity of plan is very superior to hastily compiled biographies. Each memoir contains the life and labours of its subject, in the smallest space consistent with perspicuity; the dryness of names, dates, and plain facts being admirably relieved by characteristic anecdotes of the party, and a brief but judicious summary of character by the editor. In the latter consists the original value of the work. The reader need not, however, take this summary "for granted:" he is in possession of the main facts from which the editor has drawn his estimate, and he may, in like manner, "weigh and consider," and draw his own inference. The anecdotes, to borrow a phrase from Addison, are the "sweetmeats" of the book, but the caution with which they are admitted, adds to their worth. The running reader may say that much of this portion is not entirely new to him: granted; but it would be unwise to reject an anecdote for its popularity; as Addison thought of "Chevy Chase," its commonness is its worth. But, it should be added, that such anecdotes are not told in the circumlocutory style of gossip, nor tript in the bud by undeveloped brevity. We have Selden's pennyworth of spirit without the glass of water: the quintessence of condensation, which, we are told, is the result of time and experience, which rejects what is no longer essential. Here circumspection was necessary, and it has been well exercised. The anecdotes are not merely amusing but useful, since only when placed in juxtaposition with a man's whole life, can such records be of service in appreciating his character.

Let us turn to the volume for a few examples, and take George the Fourth and Sheridan, for their contemporary interest; though the earlier characters are equally attractive. In the former the reader may better compare the editor's inference with his own impression.

George the Fourth.

"Endowed by nature with remarkably handsome features, and a form so finely proportioned, that at one period of his life it was deemed almost the best model of manly beauty in existence, George the Fourth, during the early part of his manhood, eclipsed the whole of his gay associates in fashion and gallantry, as much by personal attractions, as pre-eminence in birth. Byron describes him as having possessed "fascination in his very bow;" and it is said, that a young peeress, on hearing of the prince's attentions to one of her fair friends, exclaimed, "I sincerely hope that it may not be my turn next, for to repel him is impossible." Towards the middle period of his life, he became so enormously fat, that four life-guardsmen could not, without difficulty, lift him on horseback; but, as he advanced in years, although still corpulent, his inconvenient obesity gradually diminished.

"He scarcely ever forgot an injury, an affront, or a marked opposition to his personal wishes. The cordiality which had previously subsisted between his majesty and Prince Leopold, entirely ceased, when the latter volunteered a visit to Queen Caroline on her return to this country, in 1820: Brougham and Denman, for the zeal with which they had advocated the cause of their royal client, were, during a long period, deemed unworthy of those legal honours to which their high talents and long standing at the bar, justly entitled them: and Sir Robert Wilson was arbitrarily dismissed from the service, for his interference at her majesty's funeral. On account of his unpopular reception, by the mob, when he accompanied the allied sovereigns to Guildhall, in 1814, he never afterwards honoured the city with his presence; and when Rossini rudely declined the repetition of a piece of music, in which the king had taken a conspicuous part, at a court concert, his majesty turned his back on the composer, to whose works, from that moment, he displayed the most unequivocal dislike. But, on the other hand, some cases have been recorded, in which his conduct was unquestionably tolerant and forgiving. He allowed Canning, an avowed supporter of the queen, to retain office, without taking any part in the ministerial proceedings against her majesty; and at the last stage of his earthly career, sent the Duke of Sussex, with whom he had long been at variance, his own ribbon of the order of St. Patrick, with an assurance of his most sincere affection. Erskine, while attorney-general to the prince, had so offended his royal highness, by accepting a retainer from Paine, on a prosecution being instituted against the latter for publishing the Rights of Man, that his immediate resignation was required.

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But, some time afterwards, Erskine was desired to attend at Carlton house, where the prince received him with great cordiality, and, after avowing his conviction that, 'in the instance that had separated them, his learned and eloquent friend had acted from the purest motives, he wished to give publicity to his present opinion on the subject, by appointing Mr. Erskine his chancellor.' On one occasion, at the opening of a session of parliament by George the Third in person, his royal highness, who was then very much in debt, having gone down to the house of lords in a superb military uniform with diamond epaulettes, Major Doyle subsequently remarked to him, that his equipage had been much noticed by the mob. 'One fellow,' added the major, 'prodigiously admired, what he termed 'the fine things which the prince had upon his shoulders.' 'Mighty fine, indeed,' replied another; 'but, mind me, they'll soon be *upon our shoulders*, for all that.' 'Ah, you rogue!' exclaimed the prince, laughing, 'that's a hit of your own, I am convinced:—but, come, take some wine.'

"He had some inclination for scientific pursuits, and highly respected those who were eminent for mechanical inventions. He contributed largely towards the erection of a monument to the memory of Watt. Of his medical information, slight as it undoubtedly was, he is said to have been particularly proud. Carpue had demonstrated to him the general anatomy of the human body, in his younger days; and for a number of years, the ingenious Weiss submitted to his inspection all the new surgical instruments, in one of which the king suggested some valuable improvements.

"His talents were, undoubtedly, above the level of mediocrity: they have, however, been greatly overrated, on the supposition that several powerfully written documents, put forth under his name, but composed by some of his more highly-gifted friends, were his own productions. His style was, in fact, much beneath his station: it was inelegant, destitute of force, and even occasionally incorrect. He read his speeches well, but not excellently: he possessed no eloquence, although, as a convivial orator, he is said to have been rather successful.

"At one time, while an associate of Sheridan, Erskine, Fox, &c., he affected, in conversation, to be brilliant, and so far succeeded, as to colloquial liveliness, that during their festive intercourse, according to the witty barrister's own admission, 'he fairly kept up at saddle-skirts' even with Curran. Notwithstanding this compliment, his pretensions to wit appear to have been but slender; the best sayings attributed to him being a set of middling puns, of which the following is a favourable selection:—When Langdale's distillery was plundered, during the riots of 1780, he asked why the proprietor had not defended his property. 'He did not possess the means to do so,' was the reply. 'Not the means of defence!' exclaimed the prince, 'and he a brewer—a man who has been all his life at *cart* and *tierce!*'—Sheridan having told him that Fox had *cooed* in vain to Miss Pulteney, the prince replied, 'that his friend's attempt on the lady's heart was a *coup maoqué*.'—He once quoted from Suetonius, the words, '*Jure* cæsus videtur,' to prove, jestingly, that trial by jury was as old as the time of the first Cæsar.—A newspaper panegyric on Fox, apparently from the pen of Dr. Parr, having been presented to his royal highness, he said that it reminded him of Machiavel's epitaph, 'Tanto nomini nullum *Par* eulogium.'—A cavalry officer, at a court ball, hammered the floor with his heels so loudly, that the prince observed, 'If the war between the mother country and her colonies had not terminated, he might have been sent to America as a republication of the *stamp* act.'—While his regiment was in daily expectation of receiving orders for Ireland, some one told him, that country quarters in the sister kingdom were so filthy, that the rich uniforms of his corps would soon be lamentably soiled: 'Let the men act as dragoons, then,' said his royal highness, 'and *scour the country*.' When Horne Tooke, on being committed to prison for treason, proposed, while in jail, to give a series of dinners to his friends, the prince remarked, that 'as an inmate of Newgate, he would act more consistently by establishing a *Ketch*-club.'—Michael Kelly having turned wine-merchant, the prince rather facetiously said, 'that Mick *imported* his music, and *composed* his wine!'"

We reluctantly break off here till next week.

The Topographer.

BRIGHTON AS IT WAS.

(Concluded from page 90.)

This immunity, however, deprived them of the privileges which the people of the adjacent towns enjoyed; and was

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probably the true reason, why this town did not obtain a place among those called Cinque ports. It lies in their neighbourhood, is more ancient, and was always more considerable than most included in that number.

To reduce its consequence still more, the tithes were in this period taken from the incumbent, appropriated to the use of the Priory at Lewes, and have never since been restored; and a Convent of mendicant friars, more burthensome than ten endowed ones of monks, was founded and dedicated to St. Bartholomew.

Struggling under these difficulties, nothing but the Reformation could enable the inhabitants of this place to emerge from their wretchedness. And accordingly we find, that, in the happier days of Queen Elizabeth, their affairs put on a new face. They then applied themselves with vigour to their old employments of fishing, and fitting out vessels for trade; seeking subsistence from their darling element the sea.

Persecution prevailing at this juncture in many parts of Europe, numbers fled to this island as to an asylum, and many settled in this town, bringing with them industry, and an attachment to maritime affairs; or soon learning them here. The number of its inhabitants being thus increased, its trade became proportionably greater: so that in 1579, a record now subsisting says, "There are in the said town of Brighthelmston of fishing-boats four-score in number, and of able mariners four hundred in number, with ten thousand fishing-nets, besides many other necessaries belonging to their mystery."* And the descendants of many of these French, Dutch, and Spanish families still reside here.†

From this record we likewise learn, that the town was fortified to the sea by a flint wall, and that the fort, called the Block-house, had been then lately erected. The east-gate of this wall, in a line with the Block-house was actually standing last year, and has been since taken down to open a more convenient entrance to a battery lately built.‡

The town at present consists of six principal streets, many lanes, and some spaces surrounded with houses, called by the inhabitants squares. The great plenty of flint stones on the shore, and in the corn-fields near the town, enabled them to build the walls of their houses with that material, when in their most impoverished state; and their present method of ornamenting the windows and doors with the admirable brick which they burn for their own use, has a very pleasing effect. The town improves daily, as the inhabitants, encouraged by the late great resort of company, seem disposed to expend the whole of what they acquire in the erecting of new buildings, or making the old ones convenient. And should the increase of these, in the next seven years, be equal to what it has been in the last, it is probable there will be but few towns in England, that will excel this in commodious buildings.§

Here are two public rooms, the one convenient, the other not only so, but elegant; not excelled perhaps by any public room in England, that of York excepted: and the attention of the proprietor in preparing every thing that may answer for the conveniency and amusement of the company, is extremely meritorious.

For divine service there is a large Church, pleasantly situated on a rising ground above the town; but at a distance that is inconvenient to the old and infirm. The Dissenters, who, of all denominations, amount to but forty families, have a Presbyterian, a Quaker's, and an Anabaptist's meeting-house.

The men of this town are busied almost the whole year in a succeeding variety of fishing; and the women industriously dedicate part of their time, disengaged from domestic cares, to the providing of nets adapted to the various employments of their husbands.

The spring season is spent in dredging for oysters, which are mostly bedded in the Thames and Medway, and afterwards carried to the London market; the mackerel fishery employs them during the months of May, June, and July; and the fruits of their labour are always sent to London; as Brighthelmston has the advantage of being its

* It is a melancholy reflection to compare the present state of the fishery with its prosperity in 1579, or in more modern periods. Within the recollection of the editor, there were 60 boats employed in catching mackerel, and in a propitious season, that species of fish has produced in Billingsgate market a sum of £10,000, with which the town was enriched. In the autumn, 20 of these boats were fitted out for the herring voyage, and one boat has been known to land during the season, from 20 to 30 lasts of herrings, each last containing 10,000 fish, computing 132 to the 100.

† The families of Mighell and Wichelo are all that appear to remain as of Spanish origin.

‡ The kindness of a friend has enabled me to supply this work with a view of the town taken from the sea in 1743, when the wall, Block-house, and East gate were partly standing.

§ The recent publications on the present state of the town, will amply establish the prophecy of our historian.

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nearest fishing sea-coast, and as the consumption of the place, and its environs, is very inconsiderable. In the early part of this fishery they frequently take the red mullet; and near the close of it, abundance of lobsters and prawns. August is engaged in the trawl-fishery, when all sorts of flat fish are taken in a net called by that name. In September they fish for whiting with lines; and in November the herring fishery takes place, which is the most considerable and growing fishery of the whole. Those employed in this pursuit show an activity and boldness almost incredible, often venturing out to sea in their little boats in such weather as the largest ships can scarce live in. Part of their acquisition in this way is sent to London, but the greatest share of it is either pickled, or dried and made red. These are mostly sent to foreign markets, making this fishery a national concern.*

In examining the ancient and modern descriptions of the Baiæ in Campania, where the Romans of wealth and quality, during the greatness of that empire, retired for the sake of health and pleasure, when public exigencies did not require their attendance at Rome, and comparing them with those of Brighthelmston, I can perceive a striking resemblance; and I am persuaded, that every literary person who will impartially consider this matter on the spot, will concur with me in opinion, giving, in some measure, the preference to our own Baiæ, as exempt from the inconvenient steams of hot sulphureous baths, and the dangerous vicinity of Mount Vesuvius. And I have no doubt but it will be equally frequented, when the healthful advantages of its situation shall be sufficiently made known.

* There are 300 fishermen, 11 vessels, and 57 fishing boats belonging to this place.

Spirit of Discovery.

A NIGHT ON THE NIGER.

(From the Landers' Travels; unpublished.)

We made no stop whatever on the river, not even at meal-times, our men suffering the canoe to glide down with the stream while they were eating their food. At five in the afternoon they all complained of fatigue, and we looked around us for a landing-place, where we might rest awhile, but we could find none, for every village which we saw after that hour was unfortunately situated behind large thick morasses and sloughy bogs, through which, after various provoking and tedious trials, we found it impossible to penetrate. We were employed three hours in the afternoon in endeavouring to find a landing at some village, and though we saw them distinctly enough from the water, we could not find a passage through the morasses, behind which they lay. Therefore we were compelled to relinquish the attempt, and continue our course on the Niger. We passed several beautiful islands in the course of the day, all cultivated and inhabited, but low and flat. The width of the river appeared to vary considerably, sometimes it seemed to be two or three miles across, and at others double that width. The current drifted us along very rapidly, and we guessed it to be running at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The direction of the stream continued nearly east. The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most heavenly hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless, the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokened a coming storm; the wind whistled through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere, we cared not where, and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually, and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously. But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable-looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus*, and others danced about we knew not how. But what was more vexatious than all, after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full half hour against the current, which in this little

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channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village from which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, the sound of the people's voices ceased of a sudden, and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot, we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut,—all was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; every thing was as visionary as "sceptres grasped in sleep." We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land could any where be discovered which was firm enough to bear our weight. Therefore, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fatigued with the labours of the day to work any longer. But here a fresh evil arose which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came plashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never in all their lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people told us, that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them was sure to perish. These came so close to us, that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them. There were two Bornou men among our crew who were not so frightened as the rest, having seen some of these creatures before on Lake Tchad, where, they say, there are plenty of them. However, the terrible hippopotami did us no kind of mischief whatever; they were only sporting and wallowing in the river for their own amusement, no doubt, at first when we interrupted them; but had they upset our canoe, we should have paid dearly for it. We observed a bank on the north side of the river shortly after this, and I proposed halting on it for the night, for I wished much to put my foot on firm land again. This, however, not one of the crew would consent to, saying, that if the Gewo Roua, or water elephant, did not kill them, the crocodiles certainly would do so before the morning, and I thought afterwards that we might have been carried off like the Cumbrie people on the islands near Yaoorie, if we had tried the experiment. Our canoe was only large enough to hold us all when sitting, so that we had no chance of lying down. Had we been able to muster up thirty thousand cowries at Rabba, we might have purchased one which would have carried us all very comfortably. A canoe of this sort would have served us for living in entirely, we should have had no occasion to land excepting to obtain our provisions; and having performed our day's journey, might have anchored fearlessly at night. Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night. The eastern horizon became very dark, and the lightning more and more vivid; indeed, I never recollect having seen such strong fork lightning before in my life. All this denoted the approach of a storm. At eleven P.M. it blew somewhat stronger than a gale, and at midnight the storm was at its height. The wind was so strong, that it washed over the sides of the canoe several times, so that she was in danger of filling. Driven about by the wind, our frail little bark became unmanageable; but at length we got near a bank, which in some measure protected us, and we were fortunate enough to lay hold of a thorny tree against which we were driven, and which was growing nearly in the centre of the stream. Presently we fastened the canoe to its branches, and wrapping our cloaks round our persons, for we felt overpowered with fatigue, and with our legs projecting half over the sides of the little vessel, which, for want of room, we were compelled to do, we lay down to sleep. There is something, I believe, in the nature of a tempest which is favourable to slumber, at least so thought my brother; for though the thunder continued to roar, and the wind to blow,—though

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the rain beat in our faces, and our canoe lay rocking like a cradle, still he slept soundly. The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward till midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe drenched with water, and our little vessel was filling so fast, that two people were obliged to be constantly baling out the water to keep her afloat. The water-elephants, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but fortunately did not touch our canoe. The storm continued until three in the morning of the 17th, when it became clear, and we saw the stars sparkling like gems over our heads. Therefore, we again proceeded on our journey down the river, there being sufficient light for us to see our way, and two hours after, we put into a small, insignificant, fishing village, called *Dacannie*, where we landed very gladly. Before we arrived at this island, we had passed a great many native towns and villages, but in consequence of the early hour at which we were travelling, we considered it would be imprudent to stop at any of them, as none of the natives were out of their huts. Had we landed earlier, even near one of these towns, we might have alarmed the inhabitants, and been taken for a party of robbers; or, as they are called in the country, *jacallees*. They would have taken up arms against us, and we might have lost our lives; so that for our safety we continued down the river, although we had great desire to go on shore. In the course of the day and night, we travelled, according to *our* estimation, a distance little short of a hundred miles. Our course was nearly east. The Niger in many places, and for a considerable way, presented a very magnificent appearance, and, we believe, to be nearly eight miles in width.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The Gatherer.

Ancient Trade.—Alexandria was formerly the chief commercial city in the world. We may judge of its wealth and prosperity by the circumstance, that, after the defeat of Queen Zenobia, a single merchant of this city, undertook to raise and pay an army out of the profits of his trade. Delos was the richest city in the Archipelago, it was a free port, where nations warring with each other, resorted with their goods, and traded. Strabo calls it one of the most frequented emporiums in the world; and Pliny tells us, that all the commodities of Europe and Asia were sold, purchased, or exchanged there. Trade was much encouraged at Athens; and if any one ridiculed it, he was liable to an action of slander. A fine of a thousand drachmas (about £37. 10*s.*) was inflicted on him who accused a merchant of any crime which he was unable to prove. Solon was engaged in merchandize; the founder of the city of Messilia was a merchant; Thales and Hippocrates, the mathematician, traded; Plato sold oil in Egypt; Maximinus the Roman emperor, traded with the Goths in the produce of his estate in Thracia; Vespasian farmed the privies at Rome; and the Emperor Pertinax, originally dealt in charcoal.

P. T. W.

Unnecessary fears about the Cholera.—Nothing is more calculated to allay unnecessay and groundless fears, in the case of the cholera, than the undeniable fact of the smallness of the mortality in proportion to the whole population, where it has raged with most violence. In addition to which, if it be borne in mind, that the disease invariably attacks those who are most predisposed to engender any malady, it is not unreasonable to infer, that of those to whom it has proved mortal, many would have died within the same period, had cholera not attacked them.—*Morning Herald.*

King Regner died singing the pleasure of falling in battle: his words are, "The hours of my life are passed away, I shall die laughing."—*Britain's Historical Drama.*

On a very Fat Man.

All flesh is grass, so do the Scriptures say,
And grass, when mown, is shortly turn'd to hay.
When Time, to mow you down, his scythe doth take,
Good Man! how large a stack you then will make. J. J.

Retort Uncourteous.—James I. observed that he never knew a modest man make his way at court. David Floyd upon this, bluntly asked, "Pray whose fault is that?" His Majesty was silent.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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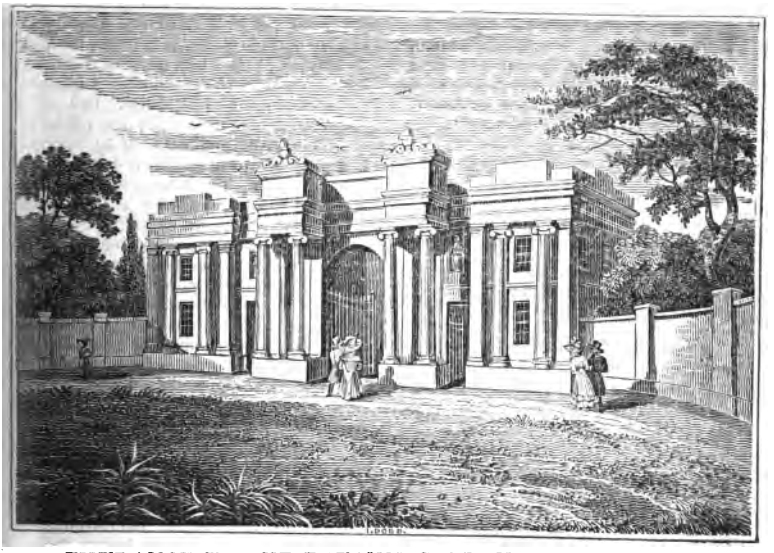

ENTRANCE TO THE BOTANIC GARDEN, MANCHESTER.

Manchester is distinguished among the large towns of the kingdom for its majority of enlightened individuals. "The whole population," it has been pertinently observed by a native, "seems to be imbued with a general thirst for knowledge and improvement." Even amidst the hum of its hundreds of thousand spindles, and its busy haunts of industry, the people have learned to cultivate the pleasures of natural and experimental science, and the delights of literature. The Philosophical Society of Manchester is universally known by its excellent published Memoirs: it has its Royal Institution; its Philological Society, and public libraries; so that incentives to this improvement have grown with its growth. Among these is the Botanical and Horticultural Society, formed in the autumn of 1827, whose primary object was "a Garden for Manchester and its neighbourhood." Previously to its establishment, Manchester had a Floral Society, with six hundred subscribers, which was a gratifying evidence of public taste, as well as encouragement for the Garden design.

We find the promised advantages of the plan thus strikingly illustrated in an Address of the preceding date, "The study of Botany has not been pursued in any part of the country with greater assiduity and success than in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Far from being confined to the higher orders of society it has found its most disinterested admirers in the lowest walks of life. Though to the skill and perseverance of the cottager we are confessedly indebted for the improved cultivation of many plants and fruits, an extensive acquaintance with the choicest productions of nature, and a philosophical investigation of their properties, are very frequently to be met with in the Lancashire Mechanic. But whilst some knowledge of the principles of Horticulture is almost universal, and the inferior objects of attention are readily procured, it is obvious that the difficulty and expense which attend the possession of plants of rare, and more particularly of foreign growth, form a natural and insurmountable obstruction to the researches of many lovers of the science." * * "Whatever regard is due to the rational gratifications of which the most laborious life is not incapable, there is a moral influence attendant on horticultural pursuits, which may be supposed to render every

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friend of humanity desirous to promote them. The most indifferent observer cannot fail to remark that the cottager who devotes his hours of leisure to the improvement of his garden, is rarely subject to the extreme privations of poverty, and commonly enjoys a character superior to the circumstances of his condition. His taste is a motive to employment, and employment secures him from the temptations to extravagance and the natural consequences of dissipated habits."* Further, we learn, one great object of the society is to educate a certain number of young men as gardeners. As "an inviting scene of public recreation," it is observed, "those who are little interested in the cultivation of Botany, and who may regard the employments of Horticulture with disdain, may still be induced to frequent the Botanical garden, for the beauty of the objects, the pleasures of the society, and the animating gaiety of the scene."

The Manchester Garden, we should think, must, by this time, have an Eden-like appearance. The Committee began fortunately. Mr. Loudon, in one of his valuable Gardening Tours,† refers to "a few traits of liberality in the parties connected with it; the noble result, as we think, of the influence of commercial prosperity in liberalizing the mind. Mr. Trafford, the owner of the ground, offered it for whatever price the Committee chose to give for it. The Committee took it at its value to a common farmer, and obtained a lease of the 16 acres (10 Lancashire) for 99 years, renewable for ever at 120*l.* a year." He describes the donations of trees, plants, and books, by surrounding gentlemen, as very liberal. Mr. Loudon does not altogether approve of the plan, and certainly by no means of the manner in which the Garden has been planted, yet he has no doubt it will contribute materially to the spread of improved varieties of culinary vegetables and fruits, and to the education of a superior description of gardeners. He commends the hot-houses, which have been executed at Birmingham; especially "the manner in which Mr. Jones has heated the houses by hot water; though a number of the garden committee were at first very much against this mode of heating. Mr. Mowbray (who planned the Garden) informed us that last winter the man could make up the fires for the night at five o'clock, without needing to look at them again till the following morning at eight or nine. The houses were always kept as hot as could be wished, and might have been kept at 100° if thought necessary. A young gardener, who had been accustomed to sit up half the night during winter, to keep up the fires to the smoke flues (elsewhere) was overcome with delight when he came here, and found how easy the task of foreman of the houses was likely to prove to him, as far as concerned the fires and nightwork."

As a means of social improvemement, (a feature of public interest, we hope, always to be identified with *The Mirror*,) we need scarcely add our commendation of the design of the Botanic Garden at Manchester, and similar establishments in other large towns of Britain. What can be a more delightful relaxation to a Lancashire Mechanic than an hour or two in a *Garden*: what an escape from the pestiferous politics of the times. At Birmingham too, there is a Public Garden, similar to that at Manchester, where we hope the Artisan may enjoy a sight at least of nature's gladdening beauties.

In the suburbs of our great metropolis, matters are not so well managed; though Mr. Loudon, we think, proposes to unite a Botanic with the Zoological Gardens. Folks in London must study botany on their window-sills. The wealthy do not encourage it. *Their* love of the country is confined to the forced luxuries of kitchen-gardens, conveyed to them in wicker-baskets; and a few hundred exotics hired from a florist, to furnish a mimic conservatory for an evening rout. They shun her gardens and fields; but, as Allan Cunningham pleasantly remarks in his Life of Bonington: "Her loveliness and varieties are not to be learned elsewhere than in her lap He will know little of birds who studies them stuffed in the museum, and less of the rose and the lily who never saw anything but artificial nosegays."‡

* How pleasingly is the substance of these observations embodied in one of our "Snatches from *Eugene Aram*:"—"It has been observed, and there is a world of homely, ay, of legislative wisdom in the observation, that wherever you see a flower in a cottage garden, or a bird at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are better and wiser than their neighbours." Vol i. p. 4. Yet with what wretched taste is this morality sought to be perverted in an abusive notice of Mr. Bulwer's *Eugene Aram*, in a Magazine of the past month, by a reference to Clark and Aram's stealing flower-roots from gentlemen's gardens to add to the ornaments of their own. The writer might as well have said that Clark and Aram were fair specimens of the whole human race, or that every gay flower in a cottage garden has been so stolen

† Gardeners' M[illegible] No. XXXIII August. 1[illegible]

‡ [illegible] No. XXVII.

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TO A SNOWDROP.

A Translation.

(For the Mirror.)

First and fairest of flowery visiter—through the dark winter I have dreamed of thy paleness and thy purity—youngest sister of the lily—like her, thou art to be loved for thine own sake. Can so delicate a thing spring from an earthly bed? or art thou, indeed, fallen from the heavens as a Snowdrop? Thus I pluck thee from thy clayey abode, in which, like some of us mortals, thou wouldst find an early grave. I place thee in my bosom, (oh! that it were half so pure as thou), and there shalt thou die. Thou comest like a pure spirit, rising from thy earthly home unsullied and unknown. No longer a child of the dust, thou steppest forth almost too delicately attired at such a season as this. Ye winds of heaven: "breathe on it gently." Ye showers descend on my Snowdrop with the tenderness of dew. Little flower, I love thy look of unpretending innocence: thou art the child of simplicity. Thou art a *flower*, even though colourless. Wert thou never gay as others? Where are the hues thou once didst wear? Hast thou lent them to the rainbow, or to gay and gaudy flowers, or why so pale? Dost thou fear the winter's wind? Canst thou survive the snow-storm? Tell me: dost thou sleep by starlight, or revel with midnight fairies? My Snowdrop, I pity thee, for thou art a lonely flower. Why camest thou out so early, and wouldst not tarry for thy more cautious spring-time companions? Yet thou knowest not fear, "fair maiden of February." Thou art bold to come out on such a morning, and friendless too. It must be true as they tell me, that thou wert once an icicle, and the breath of some fairy's lips warmed thee into a flower. Indeed thou lookest a frail and fairy thing, and thou wilt not sojourn with us long; therefore it is I make much of thee. Too soon, ah! too soon, will thy graceful form droop and die; yet shall the memory of my Snowdrop be sweet, while memory lasts. I know not that I shall live to see thy drooping head another year. A thousand flowers with a thousand hues will follow after thee, but I will not, I will not forget thee my Snowdrop.

Major Convolvulus.

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.

It may not plainly appear to some readers that our Engraving of this fine vestige of ancient art, is from a View taken in the year 1818. The Bishop's Chapel, which is there shown, was demolished about twelve months since, at whose bidding we know not; perhaps of the same party who now contend for the destruction of the Lady Chapel.

By the way we referred to the Altar Screen, of which we now find the following memorandum in a *History of St. Saviour's Church*, published in 1795:*

"Anno 1618. 15 Jac. I.

"The screen at the entrance to the chapel of the Virgin Mary was this year set up."

In the same work occur the particulars of the repairs of the Lady Chapel in 1624:

"Anno 1624. 21 Jac. I.

"The chapel of the Virgin Mary was restored to the parishioners, being let out to bakers for above sixty years before, and 200*l.* laid out in the repair. Of which we preserve the following extract from Stowe:

"But passing all these, some what now of that part of this church above the chancell, that in former times was called Our Ladies Chappell.

"It is now called the New Chappell; and indeed, though very old, it now may be called a new one, because newly redeemed from such use and imployment, as in respect of that it was built to, divine and religious duties, may very well be branded, with the style of wretched, base, and unworthy, for that, that before this abuse, was (and is now) a faire and beautifull chappell, by those that were then the corporation (which is a body consisting of thirty vestry-men, six of those thirty, churchwardens) was leased and let out, and the house of God made a bake-house.

"Two very faire doores, that from the two side iles of the chancell of this church, and two that thorow the head of the chancell (as at this day they doe againe) went into it, were lath't, daub'd, and dam'd up: the faire pillars were ordinary posts against which they piled billets and bavens: in this place they had their ovens, in that a bolting place, in that their kneading trough, in another (I have heard) a hogs-trough; for the words that were given mee were these, this place have I knowne a hog-stie, in another a store house, to store up their hoorded meal; and in all of it something of this sordid kind and condition. It was first let by the corporation afore named, to one *Wyat*, after him, to one *Peacocke*, after him, to one *Cleybrooke*, and last, to one

* By M. M. Concanen, jun. and A. Morgan.

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Wilson, all bakers, and this chappell still imployed in the way of their trade, a bake-house, though some part of this bake-house was some time turned into a starch-house.

"The time of the continuance of it in this kind, from the first letting of it to Wyat, to the restoring of it again to the church, was threescore and some odde yeeres, in the yeere of our Lord God 1624, for in this yeere the ruines and blasted estate, that the old corporation sold it to, were by the corporation of this time, repaired, renewed, well, and very worthily beautified: the charge of it for that yeere, with many things done to it since, arising to two hundred pounds.

"This, as all the former repairs, being the sole cost and charge of the parishioners."

A correspondent, E. E. inquires how it happens that the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, shown in all old plans of the Church, has likewise disappeared within the present century? This Chapel adjoined the South transept, and was removed during the repairs, under the able superintendence of Mr. Gwilt. It was thus described by Mr. Nightingale in 1818:

"The chapel itself is a very plain erection. It is entered on the south, through a large pair of folding doors, leading down a small flight of steps. The ceiling has nothing peculiar in its character; nor are the four pillars supporting the roof, and the unequal arches leading into the south aisle, in the least calculated to convey any idea of grandeur, or feeling of veneration. These arches have been cut through in a very clumsy manner, so that scarcely any vestige of the ancient church of St. Mary Magdalen now remains. A small doorway and windows, however, are still visible at the east end of this chapel; the west end formerly opened into the south transept; but that also is now walled up, except a part, which leads to the gallery there. There are in different parts niches which once held the holy water, by which the pious devotees of former ages sprinkled their foreheads on their entrance before the altar, I am not aware that any other remains of the old church are now visible in this chapel. Passing through the eastern end of the south aisle, a pair of gates leads into the Virgin Mary's Chapel."

From what we remember of the character of this Chapel, the lovers of architecture have little to lament in its removal. Our Correspondent, E. E., adds—"This, and not the Lady Chapel, it was, (No. 456 of *The Mirror*,) that contained the gravestone of one Bishop Wickham, who, however, was not the famous builder of Windsor Castle, in the time of Edward III., but died in 1595, the same year in which he was translated from the see of Lincoln to that of Winchester. His gravestone, now lying exposed in the churchyard, marks the south-east corner of the site of the aforesaid Magdalen Chapel."

SCOTTISH ECONOMY.

SHAVINGS *v.* COAL AND PEAT.

(To the Editor.)

WITHOUT intending to be angry, permit me to inform your well-meaning correspondent, *M. L. B.* that his observations on the inhabitants of "Auld Reekie," are something like the subject of his communication "Shavings," *rather* superficial.

Improvidence forms no feature in the Scottish character; but your flying tourist charges "the gude folk o' Embro'" with monstrous extravagance in making bonfires of their carpenters' chips; and proceeds to reflect in the true spirit of civilization how much better it would have been if the builders' chips had been used in lighting household fires, to the obviously great saving of bundle-wood, than to have thus wantonly forced them to waste their gases on the desert air. But your traveller forgot that in countries which abound in wheat, rye is seldom eaten; and that on the same principle, in Scotland, where coal and peat are abundant, the "natives," like the ancient Vestals, never allow their fires to go out, but keep them burning through the whole night. The business of the "gude man" is, immediately before going to bed, to load the fire with coals, and crown the supply with a "canny passack o' turf," which keeps the whole in a state of gentle combustion; when, in the morning a sturdy thrust from the poker, produces an instantaneous blaze. But, unfortunately, should any untoward "o'ernight clishmaclaver" occasion the neglect of this duty, and the fire be left, like envy, to feed upon its own vitals, a remedy is at hand in the shape of a pan "o' live coals" from some more provident neighbour, resident in an upper or lower "flat;" and thus without bundle-wood or "shavings," is the mischief cured.

I hope that this explanation will sufficiently vindicate my Scottish friends from *M. L. B.*'s aspersion. Scotchmen improvident! never: for workhouses are

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as scarce among them as bundle-wood, or intelligent travellers. Recollect that I am not in a passion; but this I will say, though the gorge choke me, that *M. L. B.* strongly reminds me of the French princess, who when she heard of some manufacturers dying in the provinces of starvation, said, "Poor fools! die of starvation—if I were them I would eat bread and cheese first."

The next time *M. L. B.* visits Scotland, let him ask the first peasant he meets how to keep eggs fresh for years; and he will answer *rub a little oil or butter over them, within a day or two after laying, and they will keep any length of time, perfectly fresh.* This discovery, which was made in France by the great Reamur, depends for its success upon the oil filling up the pores of the egg-shell, and thereby cutting off the perspiration between the fluids of the egg and the atmosphere, which is a necessary agent in putrefaction. The preservation of eggs in this manner, has long been practised in all "braid Scotland;" but it is not so much as known in our own boasted land of stale eggs and bundle-wood.

In Edinburgh, I mean the Scottish and not the Irish capital, *M. L. B.* may actually eat *new laid* eggs a *year old!* How is it that this great comfort is not practised in the navy? The Scotch have also a hundred other domestic practices for the saving of the hard earned "siller;" and are far from the commission of any such idle waste as *M. L. B.*'s story exhibits. S. S.

P. S. Tinder-boxes are unknown in Scotland, and I am sure *M. L. B.* if he wants a business would as readily make his fortune by selling them, as the Yorkshireman who went to the West Indies with a cargo of great coats.

LINES

ON MY FORTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

(For the Mirror.)

On the slope of Life's decline,
The landmark reached of *forty-nine*,
Thoughtful on this heart of mine
Strikes the sound of forty-nine.
Greyish hairs with brown combine
To note Time's hand—and forty-nine.
Sunny hours that used to shine,
Shadow o'er at forty-nine.
Of youthful sports the joys decline,
Symptoms strong of forty-nine.
The dance I willingly resign,
To lighter heels than forty-nine.

* * * * * * *

Yet, why anxiously repine?
Pleasures wait on forty-nine.
Social pleasures—joys benign—
Still are found at forty-nine.
With a friend to go and dine,
What better age than forty-nine?
Ladies with me sip their wine,
Though they know I'm forty-nine.
Tea and chat, and wit combine,
To enliven musing forty-nine.
Let harmony its chords untwine,
Music charms at forty-nine.
O'er wasting care let croakers whine,
Care we'll defy at forty-nine.
Fifty shall not make me pine—
Why lament o'er forty-nine.
Joys let's trace of "Auld Lang Syne,"
Memory's fresh at forty-nine.
Then fill a cup of rosy wine,
And drink a health to FORTY-NINE.

W. W.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PHILOSOPHY OF LONDON.

The Quadrant

The principle of *suum cuique* is felicitously enforced in that ostentatious but rather heavy piece of architecture, the Regent Quadrant, the pillars of which exhibit from time to time different colours, according to the fancy of the shop-owners to whose premises respectively they happen to belong. Thus, Mr. Figgins chooses to see his side of a pillar painted a pale chocolate, while his neighbour Mrs. Hopkins insists on disguising the other half with a coat of light cream colour, or haply a delicate shade of Dutch pink; so that the identity of material which made it so hard for Transfer, in Zeluco, to distinguish between his metal Venus and Vulcan, is often the only incident that the two moieties have in common.

Squares.

The few squares that existed in London antecedent to 1770, were rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen gardens, than any thing else. Grosvenor Square in particular, fenced round with a rude wooden railing, which was interrupted by lumpish brick piers at intervals of every half-dozen yards, partook more of the character of a pond than a parterre; and as for Hanover Square, it had very much the air of a sorry cow-yard, where blackguards were to be seen assembled daily, playing at hussel-cap up to their ankles in mire. Cavendish Square was then for the first time dignified with a statue, in the modern uniform of the Guards, mounted on a charger, *à l'antique*, richly gilt and burnished; and Red Lion Square, elegantly so called from the sign of an ale-

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shop at the corner, presented the anomalous appendages of two ill-constructed watch-houses at either end, with an ungainly, naked obelisk in the centre, which, by the by, was understood to be the site of Oliver Cromwell's re-interment. St. James's Park abounded in apple-trees, which Pepys mentions having laid under contribution by stealth, while Charles and his queen were actually walking within sight of him. The quaint style of this old writer is sometimes not a little entertaining. He mentions having seen Major-General Harrison "hanged, drawn, and quartered at Charing-Cross, he (Harrison) looking as cheerful as any man could in that condition." He also gravely informs us that Sir Henry Vane, when about to be beheaded on Tower Hill, urgently requested the executioner to take off his head so as not to hurt a seton which happened to be uncicatrized in his neck!

Modern Building.

We are the contemporaries of a street-building generation, but the grand maxim of the nineteenth century, in their management of masonry, as in almost every thing else, as far as we can discover, appears to lie in that troublesome line of Macbeth's soliloquy, ending with, "'twere well it were done quickly." It is notorious that many of the leases of new dwelling-houses contain a clause against dancing, lest the premises should suffer from a mazurka, tremble at a gallopade, or fall prostrate under the inflictions of "the parson's farewell," or "the wind that shakes the barley." The system of building, or rather "running up" a house first, and afterwards providing it with a false exterior, meant to deceive the eye with the semblance of carved stone, is in itself an absolute abomination. Besides, Greek architecture, so magnificent when on a large scale, becomes perfectly ridiculous when applied to a private street-mansion, or a haberdasher's warehouse. St. Paul's Church, Covent-Garden, is an instance of the unhappy effect produced by a combination of a similar kind; great in all its parts, with its original littleness, it very nearly approximates to the character of a barn. Inigo Jones doubtless desired to erect an edifice of stately Roman aspect, but he was cramped in his design, and, therefore, only aspired to make a first-rate barn; so far unquestionably the great architect has succeeded. Then looking to those details of London architecture, which appear more peculiarly connected with the dignity of the nation, what can we say of it, but that the King of Great Britain is worse lodged than the chief magistrate of Glaris or Zug, while the debates of the most powerful assembly in the world are carried on in a building, (or, a return to Westminster Hall,) which will bear no comparison with the Stadthouse at Amsterdam! The city, however, as a whole, presents a combination of magnitude and grandeur, which we should in vain look for elsewhere, although with all its immensity it has not yet realized the quaint prediction of James the First,—that London would shortly be England, and England would be London.

Morning.

The metropolis presents certain features of peculiar interest just at that unpopular dreamy hour when stars "begin to pale their ineffectual fires," and the drowsy twilight of the doubtful day brightens apace into the fulness of morning, "blushing like an Eastern bride." Then it is that the extremes of society first meet under circumstances well calculated to indicate the moral width between their several conditions. The gilded chariot bowls along from square to square with its delicate patrimonial possessor, bearing him homeward in celerity and silence, worn with lassitude, and heated with wine quaffed at his third rout, after having deserted the oft-seen ballet, or withdrawn in pettish disgust at the utterance of a false harmony in the opera. A cabriolet hurries past him still more rapidly, bearing a fashionable physician, on the fret at having been summoned prematurely from the comforts of a second sleep in a voluptuous chamber, on an experimental visit to

"Raise the weak head, and stay the parting sigh,
Or with new life relume the swimming eye."

At the corners of streets of traffic, and more especially

"Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,"

the matutinal huckster may be seen administering to costermongers, hackney-coachmen, and "fair women without discretion," a fluid "all hot, all hot," ycleped by the initiated elder wine, which, we should think, might give the partakers a tolerable notion of the fermenting beverage extracted by Tartars from mare's milk not particularly fresh. Hard by we find a decent matron superintending her tea-table at the lamp-post, and tendering to a remarkably select company little, blue, delft cups of bohea, filled from time to time from a prodigious kettle, that simmers unceasingly on its

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charcoal tripod, though the refractory tad often protests that the fuel fails before the boiling stage is consummated by an ebullition. Hither approaches perhaps an interesting youth from Magherastaphena, who, ere night-fall, is destined to figure in some police-office as a "juvenile delinquent." The shivering sweep, who has just travelled through half a dozen stacks of chimneys, also quickens every motion of his weary little limbs, when he comes within sight of the destined breakfast, and beholds the reversionary heel of a loaf and roll of butter awaiting his arrival. Another unfailing visiter is the market-gardener, on his way to deposit before the Covent Garden piazza such a pyramid of cabbages as might well have been manured in the soil with Master Jack's justly celebrated bean-stalk. Surely Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The female portion of such assemblages, for the most part, consists of poor Salopian strawberry-carriers, many of whom have walked already at least four miles, with a troublesome burden, and for a miserable pittance—egg-women, with sundry still-born chickens, goslings, and turkey-pouts—and passing milk-maidens, peripatetic under the yoke of their double pail. Their professional cry is singular and sufficiently unintelligible, although perhaps not so much so as that of the Dublin milk-venders in the days of Swift; it used to run thus,—

"Mugs, jugs, and porringers,
Up in the garret and down in the cellar."

They are in general a hale, comely, well-favoured race, notwithstanding the assertion of the author of Trivia to the contrary.*

The most revolting spectacle to any one of sensibility which usually presents itself about this hour, is the painful progress of the jaded, foundered, and terrified droves of cattle that one necessarily must see not unfrequently struggling on to the appointed slaughter-house, perhaps after three days during which they have been running

"Their course of suffering in the public way."

On such occasions we have often wished ourselves "far from the sight of city, spire, or sound of minster clock." One feels most for the sheep and lambs, when the softened fancy recurs to the streams and hedgerows, and pleasant pastures, from whence the woolly exiles have been ejected; and yet the emotion of pity is not wholly unaccompanied by admiration at the sagacity of the canine disciplinarians that bay them remorselessly forward, and sternly refuse the stragglers permission to make a reconnoissance on the road. They are highly respectable members of society these same sheep-dogs, and we wish we could say as much for "the curs of low degree," that just at the same hour begin to prowl up and down St. Giles's, and to and fro in it, seeking what they may devour, with the fear of the Alderman of Cripplegate Within before their eyes. The feline kind, however, have reason to think themselves in more danger at the first round of the watering cart, for we have often rescued an unsuspicious tortoise-shell from the felonious designs of a skin-dealer, who was about to lay violent hands on unoffending puss, while she was watching the process of making bread through the crevices of a Scotch grating.†

Another animal *sui generis*, occasionally visible about the same cock-crowing season, is the parliamentary reporter, shuffling to roost, and a more slovenly-looking operative from sunrise to sunset is rarely to be seen. There has probably been a double debate, and between three and five o'clock he has written "a column *bould.*" No one can well mistake him. The features are often Irish, the gait jaunty or resolutely brisk, but neither "buxom, blithe, nor debonnair," complexion wan, expression pensive, and the entire propriety of the toilette disarranged and *degagée*. The stuff that he has perpetrated is happily no longer present to his memory, and neither placeman's sophistry nor patriot's rant will be likely in any way to interfere with his repose. Intense fatigue, whether intellectual or manual, however, is not the best security for sound slumber at any hour, more particularly in the morning.

Even at this hour the swart Savoyard (*filius nullius*) issues forth on his diurnal pilgrimage, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," to excruciate on his superannuated hurdy-gurdy that sublime melody, "the hundred and seventh psalm," or the plaintive sweetness of "Isabel," perhaps speculating on a breakfast for himself and Pug, somewhere between Knightsbridge and Old Brentford. Poor fellow! Could he pro-

* "On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains:
Oh! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!"

† They say that no town in Europe is without a Scotchman for an inhabitant. This trade in London is generally professed by North Britons, and it is always a cause of alarm to a stranger if he notices the enormous column of black smoke which is emitted from their premises at the dawn of the morning.

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cure a few bones of mutton, how hard would it be for his hungry comprehension to understand the displeasure which similar objects occasioned to Attila on the plains of Champagne!

Then the too frequent preparations for a Newgate execution—but enough of such details; it is the muse of Mr. Crabbe that alone could do them justice. We would say to the great city, in the benedictory spirit of the patriot of Venice,—*esto perpetua!* Notwithstanding thy manifold "honest knaveries," peace be within thy walls, and plenty pervade thy palaces, that thou mayest ever approve thyself, oh queen of capitals,

"Like Samson's riddle in the sacred song,
A springing sweet still flowing from the strong!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Sketch-Book.

SCOTTISH SPORTING.

From the Letters of Two Sportsmen; with Recollections of the Ettrick Shepherd.

(For the Mirror.)

AFTER visiting Thoms, the sculptor, "Burns's cottage," "Halloway Kirk," Monument, &c., in Ayrshire, we toddled on over to Dumfries, and had a *crack* with poor "Rabbie Burns's" widow, not forgetting Mc Diarmid the author; thence to Moffat, and up that dismal glen, the pass of Moffat, to the grey mare's tail, a waterfall, so called from its resembling the silvery tail of a grey mare; and truly, if the simile were extended into infinitude, which from its sublimity it would admit of, we might compare its waving, silky stream swinging over the broad face of its lofty grey rock, to the tail of the pale horse of Revelation, over the chaos of time. It was a sombre, solemn sort of a day, and the dense clouds hung curtaining down the mountain sides, like our living pall as it were—I scarcely know how—but we felt dismally until we took a dram and got into a perspiration, with tugging up the sinuosities of the cliffs, to the summit of the waterfall. Loch Skein, where we were galvanized, electrified, magnetized, and petrified, all at once, by the quackery, clackery, flappery, quatter, splatter, clatter, scatter, and dash-de-blash, and squash, of a flock of wild ducks, on its reedy, flaggy surface; O, what a *scutter* was there! Our hearts, too full, leapt into our mouths, but our guns were turned into tons of lead, and ere we could heave them up to our shoulders of clay, the thousand had fled into the eternal grey mist of the mountain, like the dispersion of a confused dream. There we stood like two sumphs, (as Hogg calls those who are ganging a bit aglee in their wits) gaping and staring at each other with a look which said, why did not *you* shoot? Our dogs too stood as stiff as two pumps, with tails standing out like the handles! *Apropos*—talking of Hogg, the poet, we called to see him in his half-acre island in Eltrive Lake, and truly we met with that burning hot reception which we had anticipated from *Blackwood's Magazine* description of him. We had no *notes of introduction* except the notes which our guns pricked upon the echoes of Ettric Forest, and which James Hogg heard and answered with a view-hallo, for us to "come awa doon the brae an' tak' a dram o' speerits," and so we did, and in true Highland style; he met us at the door and gave us a dram from the bottle, first gulping a glass himself of that double-strong like a fire-eater, without a twink of the eye or a wince of the mouth; and then with a grip o' the daddle, which made the fingers crack, he pulled us into his bonnie wee bit shooting box of a house, with a "Come awa ben ye'll be the better o' a bite o' venison pasty;" so in we went, and were introduced to his bonnie wife and sousy barnes, which latter, Jammie Hogg nursed as though he lov'd 'em frae the uttermost ends o' his sowl.

Campbell has it against Byron, that "the poetic temperament is incompatible with matrimonial felicity." Fudge, fudge, Mr. Campbell, did you ever visit James Hogg?

Well, we sat down to take a snack with James and an extraordinary monkey of his, which he has dressed in the garb of a Highland soldier, and which too, sat down at table, and played his knife and fork like a true epicure. "An extrornry crater is that wee Heelan-man o' mine, gentlemen, he can conduc himsel' as weel's ony Christan man at table, and aft when I'm pennin' a bit rhyme 'thegither, the crater'll lowp up 'ith chair anent me and tak' up a pen, in exac emeetation o' me, and keck into my 'een in his cunnin way, as if he was speering me what to write aboot; he surely maun ha' a feck o' thocht in his heed if ane could gar him spak it; but ye ken his horsemanship beats a'. I had a spire-haired collie, a breed atween a Heelan lurcher, a grew, and a wolf-dog, a meety, muckle collie he is for sure—weel, gentlemen, do ye ken, he

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a' rides on him when we hoont the tod (fox), an' to see him girt a screep o' red flannin on for a saddle, that the neer-do-weel toor fra a beggar-wife's tattered duds ane day; an' then to see him lowp on like a mountebank, and sit skreighin an' chatrin, an' cronkin like a paddock on a clud o' yearth. O, its a luchin teeklesome sicht for sure—an' then hee'l thud, thud, thud his wee bit neive 'ith shouther 'oth collie, an' steek his toes in his side, just for a' the world like a Newmarket jockey, an' then hee'l turn him roon behint-afore an' play treeks, till collie gerns at him; an' then beway o' makin friens again, hee'l streek an' pat him, an' peek the ferlie oot o' his hurdies; an' then when we're a' ready for gannin awa, to be sure what a dirdum an' stramash do they twa keek up; an' then aff they flee like the deevil in a gale o' wind, an' are oot o' sicht before ye can say owr the border an' far awa. But I ha' just been speerin the forester aboot the tod (fox), an' he gars me gang owr the muir to Ettric Forest, an' leuk in a cleuch in a rock there is there, an' I shall find the half-peckit banes o' a joop o' mine that stray'd yestreen. So, gentlemen, if yer fond o' oor kin o' sportin, ye shall hae such a sicht o' rinnin an' ridin as ye ne'er saw heretofore we your twa een."

We readily accepted the invite, and off we set in company with the "Ettric Shepherd" and his monkey, and certainly it was a "*teeklesome sicht*" to see him mounted on the long, lank, wire-haired, shaggy wolf-dog-grew-lurcher, while he in play was scouring round and round the wild and barren moor; away and away as swift as the wind, over brae and bourn and bog they went, like a red petticoated witch on a besom, flying in the storm.

On our way we fell in with the foresters, who were going a deer-stalking; they had a buck to kill for the duke, so we joined company, and gave that satisfactory shrug of the shoulders, with the expectation of sport, that a spider would feel while sitting in the corner of a hollow nut-shell, and seeing his victim already entangled in his web, while he was whetting his appetite with suspended hope, in dream of anticipated fatenings.

We made the best of our way to the watering-place haunt of the deer. Silence was the word, and we crept on tip-toe and tip-toe, scarce breathing, keeping ever out of the wind's course; for they have an ear of silk, and an eye of light, and a scent so exquisite that they could, if it were possible, hear the tread, see the essence, and scent the breath, of a spirit. This watering haunt was in a lonely glen, which was commanded, within pistol-shot, by a small clump of trees, which were undergrown by brushwood and brambles, and wherein we ambushed ourselves. Ay, there it was, the "gory bed," where "this day a stag must die," just one hundred yards from that said clump. Hush, hush, silence, silence, "Swallow your brith," says Jammie Hogg, hush, "Heck, cack, a," says the monkey, "the deevil tak' the monkey," says Jammie, "whist, whist, hush!"

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE GEORGIAN ERA.

(Concluded from page 124.*)*

Sheridan.

"In early life, Sheridan had been generally accounted handsome: he was rather above the middle size, and well proportioned. He excelled in several manly exercises: he was a proficient in horsemanship, and danced with great elegance. His eyes were black, brilliant, and always particularly expressive. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted his portrait, is said to have affirmed, that their pupils were larger than those of any human being he had ever met with. They retained their beauty to the last; but the lower parts of his face exhibited, in his latter years, the usual effects of intemperance. His arms were strong, although by no means large; and his hands small and delicate. On a cast of one of them, the following appropriate couplet is stated, by Moore, to have been written:—

> Good at a fight, but better at a play;
> Godlike in giving; but the devil to pay!

"No man of his day possessed so much tact in appropriating and adorning the wit of others. He pillaged his predecessors of their ideas, with as much skill and effrontery as he did his contemporaries of their money. It was his ambition to appear indolent; but he was, in fact, particularly, though not regularly laborious. The most striking parts of his best speeches were written and re-written, on separate slips of paper, and, in many cases, laid by for years, before they were spoken. He not only elaborately polished his good ideas, but, when they were finished, waited patiently,

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until an opportunity occurred of uttering them with the best effect. Moore states, that the only time he could have had for the pre-arrangement of his conceptions, must have been during the many hours of the day which he passed in bed; when, frequently, while the world gave him credit for being asleep, he was employed in laying the frame-work of his wit and eloquence for the evening.

"Like that of his great political rival, Pitt, his eloquence required the stimulus of the bottle. Port was his favourite wine; it quickened, he said, the circulation and the fancy together; adding, that he seldom spoke to his satisfaction until after he had taken a couple of bottles. Arthur O'Leary used to remark, that, like a porter, he never was steady unless he had a load on his head.

"He also needed the excitement of wine when engaged in composition. 'If an idea be reluctant,' he would sometimes say, 'a glass of port ripens it, and it bursts forth; if it come freely, a glass of port is a glorious reward for it.' He usually wrote at night, with several candles burning around him.

"The most serious appointments were, to him, matters of no importance. After promising to attend the funeral of his friend Richardson, he arrived at the church after the conclusion of the burial service; which, however, to their mutual disgrace, he prevailed on the clergyman to repeat. But, notwithstanding his liability to the charge of desecration, even in more than one instance, he professed, and it is but charitable to presume that he felt, in his better moments, a deep sense of the worth of piety. He had ever considered, he said, a deliberate disposition to make proselytes in infidelity, as an unaccountable depravity, a brutal outrage, the motive for which he had never been able to trace or conceive.

"Sheridan enjoyed a distinguished reputation for colloquial wit. From among the best of the occasional dicta, &c. attributed to him, the following are selected:—

"An elderly maiden lady, an inmate of a country house, at which Sheridan was passing a few days, expressed an inclination to take a stroll with him, but he excused himself, on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards, she met him sneaking out alone. 'So, Mr. Sheridan,' said she, 'it has cleared up.' 'Yes, madam,' was the reply; 'it certainly has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two;' and off he went.

"He jocularly observed, on one occasion, to a creditor, who peremptorily required payment of the interest due on a long-standing debt, 'My dear sir, you know it is not my *interest* to pay the *principal*; nor is it my *principle* to pay the *interest*.'

"One day, the prince of Wales having expatiated on the beauty of Dr. Darwin's opinion, that the reason why the bosom of a beautiful woman possesses such a fascinating effect on man is, because he derived from that source the first pleasurable sensations of his infancy. Sheridan ridiculed the idea very happily. 'Such children, then,' said he, 'as are brought up by hand, must needs be indebted for similar sensations to a very different object; and yet, I believe, no man has ever felt any intense emotions of amatory delight at beholding a pap-spoon.'

"Boaden, the author of several theatrical pieces, having given Drury lane theatre the title of a wilderness, Sheridan, when requested, shortly afterwards, to produce a tragedy, written by Boaden, replied, 'The wise and discreet author calls our house a wilderness:—now, I don't mind allowing the oracle to have his opinion; but it is really too much for him to expect, that I will suffer him to prove his words.'

"Kelly having to perform an Irish character, Johnstone took great pains to instruct him in the brogue, but with so little success, that Sheridan said, on entering the green-room, at the conclusion of the piece, 'Bravo, Kelly! I never heard you speak such good English in all my life!'

"He delighted in practical jokes, and seems to have enjoyed a sheer piece of mischief, with all the gusto of a school-boy. At this kind of sport, Tickell and Sheridan were often playfellows: and the tricks which they inflicted on each other, were frequently attended with rather unpleasant consequences. One night, he induced Tickell to follow him down a dark passage, on the floor of which he had placed all the plates and dishes he could muster, in such a manner, that while a clear path was left open for his own escape, it would have been a miracle if Tickell did not smash two-thirds of them. The result was as Sheridan had anticipated: Tickell fell among the crockery, which so severely cut him in many places, that Lord John Townshend found him, the next day, in bed, and covered with patches. 'Sheridan has behaved atrociously towards me,' said he, 'and I am resolved to be revenged on him. But,'

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added he, his admiration at the trick entirely subduing his indignation, 'how amazingly well it was managed!'

"He once took advantage of the singular appetite of Richardson for argument, to evade payment of a heavy coach-fare. Sheridan had occupied a hackney-chariot for several hours, and had not a penny in his pocket to pay the coachman. While in this dilemma, Richardson passed, and he immediately proposed to take the disputant up, as they appeared to be going in the same direction. The offer was accepted, and Sheridan adroitly started a subject on which his companion was usually very vehement and obstinate. The argument was maintained with great warmth on both sides, until at length Sheridan affected to lose his temper, and pulling the check-string, commanded the coachman to let him out instantly, protesting that he would not ride another yard with a man who held such opinions, and supported them in such a manner. So saying, he descended and walked off, leaving Richardson to enjoy his fancied triumph, and to pay the whole fare. Richardson, it is said, in a paroxysm of delight at Sheridan's apparent defeat, put his head out of the window and vociferated his arguments until he was out of sight."

The minor or appendix biographies are not so neatly executed as the more lengthy sketches. It is rather oddly said, "that Alderman Wood shortly before the demise of George the Fourth, obtained leave to bring in a bill for the purpose of preventing the spread of canine madness." Again, as the Alderman is a hop-factor, why observe "he is said to have realized a considerable fortune by his fortunate speculations in hops." This describes him as a mere speculator, and not as an established trader in hops.

The present volume of the Georgian Era is handsomely printed, and is, without exception, *the cheapest book of the day*, considered either as to its merit or size—quality or quantity: what can transcend nearly 600 pages of such condensed reading as we have proved this work to contain—for half-a-guinea! Were it re-written and printed in the style of a fashionable novel, it would reach round the world, and in that case, it should disappear at *Terra del Fuego*.

The embellishments of the Georgian Era are not its most successful portion; but a fine head of George I. fronts the title-page. The anecdotes, by the way, will furnish us two or three agreeable pages anon.

Fine Arts.

PATRICK NASMYTH.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS distinguished landscape-painter was the son of Mr. Alexander Nasmyth, an artist who is still living and well known in Edinburgh, at which city Patrick was born about the year 1785. His education appears to have been good, and he was early initiated in the art of painting by his father, who constantly represented to him the many great advantages to be derived from the study of nature rather than from the old masters' productions, the greater portion of which have lost their original purity by time and the unskilful management of those persons who term themselves *picture restorers*. Far from confining himself to the usual method adopted by most young artists of servilely imitating old paintings, young Nasmyth very soon began to copy nature in all her varied freshness and beauty. Scotland contains much of the picturesque, and from this circumstance he seized every opportunity to cultivate his genius for landscape-painting. With incessant application he studied the accidental formation of clouds and the shadows thrown by them on the earth; by which practice he acquired the art of delineating with precision the most pleasing effects. His style appears very agreeable and unaffected; he excelled however, only in rural scenery, in which his skies, distant hills, and the barks of the trees, are truly admirable. His foregrounds are always beautifully diversified, and every blade of grass is true to nature. He is not equal in every respect to Hobbima, yet certainly approximates nearer to that celebrated master than any English artist.

In 1830, Mr. Nasmyth sold his valuable collection of original sketches and drawings for thirty pounds to George Pennell, Esq., who also purchased several of his exquisitely finished pictures, one of which—a View in Lee Wood, near Bristol—is now in the possession of Lord Northwick. Nasmyth was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the British Institution, &c., and his performances delighted the uninstructed spectator as well as the connoisseur.

In person, he was of the middle stature, and possessed a manly countenance with an agreeable figure. In conversation he was vivacious and witty, especially when in company with a convivial party. His character, in some

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respects, was similar to that of George Morland; he was rather too much addicted to convivial pleasures, yet was ever solicitous to mix with the best company, and his polite manners always rendered him an acceptable guest; in this respect he was *unlike* Morland, who, it is well known, loved to select his companions from the lowest class of society. Although Nasmyth obtained considerable sums for his pictures, he was never sufficiently economical to save money; on the contrary his private affairs were in a very deranged state. He was never married, and during the last ten years of his life resided at Lambeth.

Towards the end of July, 1831, Mr. Nasmyth, accompanied by two of his intimate acquaintances, made an excursion to Norwood for the purpose of sketching. Much rain had fallen the day before, and the air was still chilly; the artist, however, commenced his drawing, and remained stationary for about two hours, when, the sketch being finished, he rejoined the friends whom he had left at an inn. He then complained of being excessively cold, but on taking something warm his usual spirits returned, and the party passed the rest of the day pleasantly. On the following morning, however, Nasmyth felt considerably indisposed, and it appeared evident he had taken a violent cold. Notwithstanding medical assistance, his indisposition daily increased; and on the 18th of August he breathed his last, in the 46th year of his age.

He died in extreme poverty, and a subscription to defray the expenses of the funeral was raised among his friends. Wilson, Stanfield, and Roberts subscribed, and followed the remains of their late talented friend to the grave in St. Mary's churchyard, Lambeth.

G. W. N.

PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.

(To the Editor.)

The document giving an account of Jesus Christ, which is referred to by *Veritas*, in No. 533 of *The Mirror*, has been long since known to be a glaring forgery. It is one of many stories invented in the second, third, and fourth centuries, by the early Christians; for a full account of whose forgeries in such matters, you may consult Mosheim, Lardner, Casaubon, and other ecclesiastical writers. The latter says, "It mightily affects me to see how many there were in the earliest times of the church, who considered it as a capital exploit to lend to heavenly truth the help of their own inventions, in order that the new doctrine might be more readily allowed by the wise among the Gentiles. These officious lies, they were wont to say, were devised for a good end. From which source, beyond question, sprung *nearly innumerable* books, which that and the following ages saw published by those who were far from being bad men, under the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Apostles, and of other Saints." — *Lardner*, vol. iv. p. 524.

Dr. Mosheim, among his excellent works, has published a dissertation, showing the *reasons* and *causes* of these supposed letters and writings respecting Christ, the Apostles, &c., to which I would beg to recommend your correspondent *Veritas*.

JUSTUS.

Notes of a Reader.

DEATH OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

The last days of the patriot Hampden are thus graphically told in the *Edinburgh Review* of Lord Nugent's recently published "Memorials." We need scarcely observe, by way of introduction, that Hampden fell in the great contest between Charles and his parliament; and that when the appeal was to the sword, Hampden accepted the command of a regiment in the parliamentary army, under the Earl of Essex; the Royal forces being headed by Prince Rupert.

"In the early part of 1643, the shires lying in the neighbourhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert and his cavalry. Essex had extended his lines so far, that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partisan, frequently surprised posts, burned villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford, before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

"The languid proceedings of Essex were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the parliamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been entrusted to him. But it was decreed that, at this conjuncture, England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents—the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

"In the evening of the 17th of June,

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Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day, he attacked and dispersed a few parliamentary soldiers who were quartered at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were posted there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

"Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the General. The cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly dispatched in that direction, for the purpose of intercepting them. In the meantime, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But 'he was,' says Lord Clarendon, 'second to none but the General himself in the observance and application of all men.' On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

"Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride, Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition, that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his last public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Green-coats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

"A short time before his death, the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that, though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he yet agreed with that Church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. 'Lord Jesus,' he exclaimed, in the moment of the last agony, 'receive my soul—O Lord, save my country—O Lord, be merciful to—.' In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

"He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded with reversed arms, and muffled drums, and colours, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm, in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him, in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

"The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the next *Weekly Intelligencer*. 'The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honour and esteem; —a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valour, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind him,'

"He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party, many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, — half-fanatic, half-buffoon, — whose talents

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discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the state, —the valour and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sidney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile."

SNATCHES FROM EUGENE ARAM.

Love.—What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—what a divine guide would be human reason—if Love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other.

The Pathetic and Sublime. — What a world of reasonings, not immediately obvious, did the sage of old open to our inquiry, when he said that the pathetic was the truest source of the sublime.

Fortune-telling by Gipsies. — Very few men under thirty ever sincerely refuse an offer of this sort. Nobody believes in these predictions, yet every one likes hearing them.

Gardening.—'Tis a winning thing, a garden! It brings us an object every day; and that's what I think a man ought to have if he wishes to lead a happy life.

Knaresbro' Castle.—You would be at some loss to recognise now the truth of old Leland's description of that once stout and gallant bulwark of the north, when "he numbrid 11 or 12 toures in the walles of the Castel, and one very fayre beside in the second area." In that castle, the four knightly murderers of the haughty Becket (the Wolsey of his age) remained for a whole year, defying the weak justice of the times. There, too, the unfortunate Richard the Second,—the Stuart of the Plantagenets —passed some portion of his bitter imprisonment. And there, after the battle of Marston Moor, waved the banner of the loyalists against the soldiers of Lilburn. It was made yet more touchingly memorable at that time, as you may have heard, by an instance of filial piety. The town was straitened for want of provisions; a youth, whose father was in the garrison, was accustomed nightly to get into the deep, dry moat, climb up the glacis, and put provisions through a hole, where the father stood ready to receive them. He was perceived at length; the soldiers fired on him. He was taken prisoner, and sentenced to be hanged in sight of the besieged, in order to strike terror into those who might be similarly disposed to render assistance to the garrison. Fortunately, however, this disgrace was spared the memory of Lilburne and the republican arms. With great difficulty, a certain lady obtained his respite; and after the conquest of the place, and the departure of the troops, the adventurous son was released. * * The castle then, once the residence of Pierce Gaveston,—of Hubert III,—and of John of Gaunt, was dismantled and destroyed. It is singular, by the way, that it was twice captured by men of the name of Lilburn, or Lilleburne, once in the reign of Edward II., once as I have related. On looking over historical records, we are surprised to find how often certain great names have been fatal to certain spots; and this reminds me that we boast (at Knaresbro',) the origin of the English Sibyl, the venerable Mother Shipton. The wild rock, at whose foot she is said to have been born, is worthy of the tradition.

Consolation for the Loss of Children. —Better that the light cloud should fade away into Heaven with the morning breath, than travail through the weary day to gather in darkness, and end in storm!

Bells before a Wedding.—The bells were already ringing loud and blithely; and the near vicinity of the church to the house brought that sound, so inexpressibly buoyant and cheering, to the ears of the bride, with a noisy merriment, that seemed like the hearty voice of an old-fashioned friend who seeks, in his greeting, rather cordiality than discretion.

The Murderer's Unction.—Ay, all is safe! He will not again return; the dead sleeps without a witness.—I may lay this working brain upon the bosom that loves me, and not start at night and think that the soft hand around my neck is the hangman's gripe.

Hogarth.—Nothing makes a picture of distress more sad than the portrait of some individual sitting indifferently looking on in the back-ground. This was a secret Hogarth knew well. Mark his death-bed scenes: — Poverty and Vice worked up into Horror—and the

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physicians in the corner wrangling for the fee!—or the child playing with the coffin—or the nurse filching what fortune, harsh, yet less harsh than humanity, might have left.

Change of Circumstance.—In our estimate of the ills of life, we never sufficiently take into consideration the wonderful elasticity of our moral frame, the unlooked for, the startling facility with which the human mind accommodates itself to all change of circumstance, making an object and even a joy from the hardest and seemingly the least redeemed conditions of fate. The man who watched the spider in his cell, may have taken, at least, as much interest in the watch, as when engaged in the most ardent and ambitious objects of his former life; and he was but a type of his brethren; all in similar circumstances would have found similar occupation.

Eternal Punishment.—So wonderful in equalizing all states and all times in the varying tide of life, are the two rulers yet levellers of mankind, Hope and Custom, that the very idea of an eternal punishment includes that of an utter alteration of the whole mechanism of the soul in its human state, and no effort of an imagination, assisted by past experience, can conceive a state of torture, which custom can *never* blunt, and from which the chainless and immaterial spirit can *never* be beguiled into even a momentary escape.

Prison Solitude.—I have been now so condemned to feed upon myself, that I have become surfeited with the diet.—*Aram.*

Sensibility.—We may triumph over all weaknesses but that of the affections.

Silence of Cities.—The stillness of a city is far more impressive than that of Nature; for the mind instantly compares the present silence with the wonted uproar.

Suspense.—Of all the conditions to which the heart is subject, suspense is the one that most gnaws, and cankers into the frame. One little month of that suspense, when it involves death, we are told, in a very remarkable work lately published by an eye-witness,* is sufficient to plough fixed lines and furrows in a convict of five-and-twenty—sufficient to dash the brown hair with grey, and to bleach the grey to white.

Consolation.—Her high and starry nature could comprehend those sublime inspirations of comfort, which lift us from the lowest abyss of this world to the contemplation of all that the yearning visions of mankind have painted in another.

It is a fearful thing to see *men* weep.

We are seldom sadder without being also wiser men.

What is more appalling than to find the signs of gaiety accompanying the reality of anguish.

Consolation.—If we go at noon day to the bottom of a deep pit,† we shall be able to see the stars which on the level ground are invisible. Even so, from the depths of grief—worn, wretched, seared, and dying—the blessed apparitions and tokens of heaven make themselves visible to our eyes.

Progress of Crime.—Mankind are not instantly corrupted. Villany is always progressive. We decline from right—not suddenly, but step after step.—*Aram's Defence.*

SKETCHES FROM THE TOUR OF A GERMAN PRINCE, VOL. III.

Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"A very worthy and amiable woman, formerly, they say, married to the King, but at present wholly without influence in that quarter, but no less beloved and respected, *d'un excellent ton et sans pretension.*"

Her Majesty.

"The Duchess of Clarence honoured the feast with her presence; and all pressed forward to see her, for she is one of those rare Princesses whose personal qualities obtain for them much more respect than their rank, and whose unceasing benevolence and highly amiable character, have obtained for her a popularity in England, of which we Germans may well be proud—the more so, since in all probability she is destined to be one day the Queen of that country."

The King.

"I had the honour of dining with the Duke of Clarence, where I also met the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, and the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duke makes a most friendly host, and is kind enough to retain a recollection of the different times and places where he has before seen me. He has much of the English national character, in the best sense of the word, and also the English love of domestic arrangement. The daughters of the Duke are *d'un beau sang*, all extraordinarily handsome. though in different

* Wakefield on "The Punishment of Death."

† The remark is in Aristotle. Buffon quotes it in, I think, the first volume of his great work.

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styles of beauty. Among the sons Colonel Fitzclarence is, in many respects, the most distinguished. Rarely, indeed, do we meet with a young officer of such various accomplishments."

The Duchess of St. A——

"According to the earliest recollections of her Grace, she found herself a forsaken, starving, frozen child, in an outshed of an English village. She was taken thence by a gipsy-crew, whom she afterwards left for a company of strolling players. In this profession, she obtained some reputation by a pleasing exterior, a constant flow of spirits, and a certain originality—till by degrees she gained several friends, who magnanimously provided for her wants. She long lived in undisturbed connexion with the rich banker C——, who, at length, married her, and, at his death, left her a fortune of 70,000*l.* a year. By this colossal inheritance, she afterwards became the wife of the Duke of St. A—, the third English Duke in point of rank, and, what is a somewhat singular coincident, the descendant of the well-known actress Nell Gwynn, to whose charms the Duke is indebted for his title, in much the same way (though a hundred years earlier) as his wife is now for hers.

"She is a very good sort of woman, who has no hesitation in speaking of the past—on the contrary, is rather too frequent in her reminiscences. Thus she entertained us the whole evening, with various representations of her former dramatic characters. The drollest part of the affair was, that she had taught her husband, a very young man, thirty years under her own age—to play the lover's part, which he did badly enough. Malicious tongues were naturally very busy, and the more so, as many of the recited passages gave room or the most piquant applications."

Fortune-telling.

"I dined to-day with Lady F. Her husband was formerly Governor in the Isle of France, and she had there purchased from a negress, the pretended prophesying book of the Empress Josephine, who is said to have read therein her future greatness and fall, before she sailed for France. Lady F. produced it at tea, and invited the company to question fate, according to the prescribed forms. Now, listen to the answers, which are really remarkable enough. Mrs. Rothschild was the first—and she asked if her wishes would be fulfilled. Answer: 'Weary not fate with wishes—one who has obtained so much, may well be satisfied.' Next came Mr. Spring Rice, a celebrated parliamentary speaker, and one of the most zealous champions of the Catholic Question. He asked, whether on the following day when the question was to be brought forward in the upper house, it would pass. I should here remark, that it is well known here that it will not pass—but that in all probability in the next session it will. The laconic answer of the book ran thus:—'You will have no success *this time.*' They then made a young American lady ask if she should soon be married. 'Not in this part of the world,' was the answer.

The Gatherer

Shakspeare and Garrick. — At the opening dinner of the Garrick Club, the company forgot to drink the Memory of SHAKSPEARE; and the health of our living dramatists was only proposed when the party had dwindled from 200 to 20! Where would be the fame of Garrick but for Shakspeare.

Talent has lately been liberally marked by royal favour. Among the last batch of knights are Mr. Smirke, the architect; Dr. Meyrick, the celebrated antiquarian scholar; and Col. Trench.

"*Passing Strange.*" — The *Court Journal*, speaking of the deputaion of boys from Christ's Hospital at the Drawing-room, says, "The number of boys appointed to attend on this occasion is 40; but, owing to the indisposition of one of them, there were *no more than 39 present.*"

Millinery Authorship. — "We must acknowledge our prejudice in favour of an opportunity for the display of that most courtly of all materials, the train of Genoa velvet; where (as Lord Francis Levison expresses it)

Finger-deep the rich embroidery stiffens.
Court Journal.

In a puff precipitate of a play, we are told that M——— "is pleased *with his character.*"

Two cats were placed within a cage,
And resolving to quarrel, got into a rage,
They fought so clean, and fought so clever,
The devil a bit was left of either.

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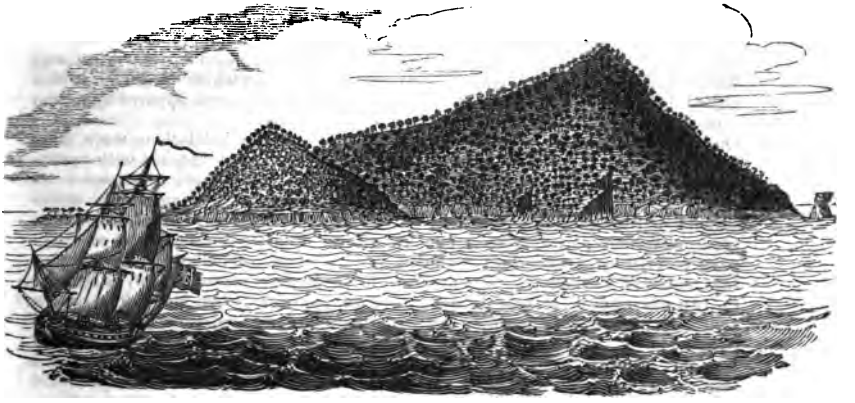
The Mirror

OF

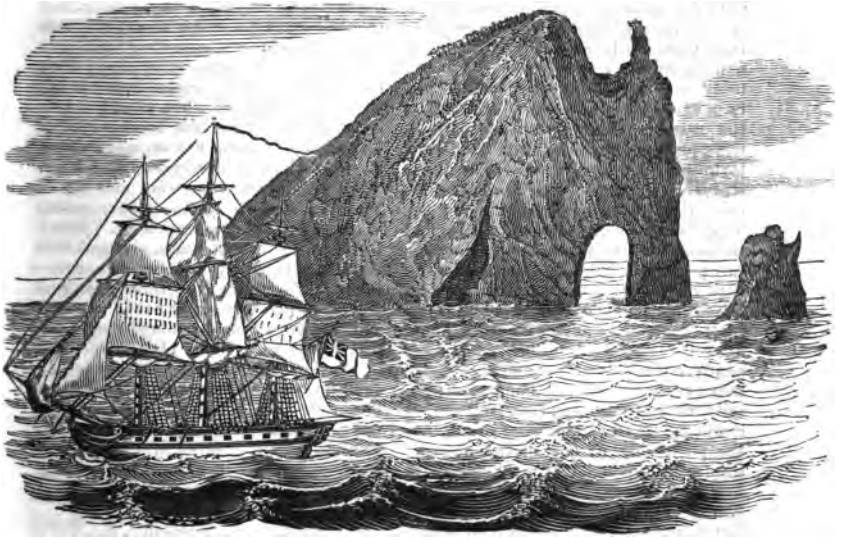
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 537.] SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1832. [Price 2d.

POLYNESIAN ISLANDS.



TUCOPIA.



PIERCY ISLANDS.

Mr. George Bennett,* whose "Journals" and "Researches" denote him to be a shrewd and ingenious observer, has favoured us with the original sketches of the above cuts. They represent three of the spots that stud the Southern Pacific Ocean. The first beams with lovely luxuriance in its wood-crowned heights; while the second and third rise from the bosom of the sea in frowning sterility

* Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c.

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amidst the gay ripple that ever and anon laves their sides, and plashes in the brilliancy of the sunbeam.

Tucopia, or Barwell's Island, has recently been elsewhere described by Mr. Bennett.* His sketch includes the S.W. side of the island, and his entertaining description is as follows:

"This small but elevated and wooded island was discovered by the ship Barwell in 1798; it was afterwards (1810) visited by the French navigators, who called it by the native name Tucopia. On the S.W. side of the island is a wooded, picturesque valley, surrounded by lofty mountains, and containing a small but well-inhabited village. Two singularly isolated basaltic rocks, of some elevation, partially bare, but at parts covered by shrubs, rise from about the centre of the valley. When close in, two canoes came off containing several natives, who readily came on board; two of them had been in an English whaler, (which ships occasionally touched at the island for provisions, &c.) and addressed us in tolerable English. They were well formed, muscular men, with fine and expressive features, of the Asiatic race, in colour of a light copper; they wore the hair long, and stained of a light brown colour; they were tattooed only on the breast, which had been executed in a neat vandyked form; the ears, as also the septum narium, were perforated, and in them were worn tortoiseshell rings; around the waist was worn a narrow piece of native cloth (died either of a dark red or yellow colour), or a small narrow mat formed from the bark of a tree, and of fine texture; some of these had neatly-worked dark red borders, apparently done with the fibres of some dyed bark. They rub their bodies with scented cocoa-nut oil as well as turmeric. The canoes were neatly constructed, had outriggers, and much resemble those of Tongatabu; the sails were triangular, and formed of matting. No weapons were observed in the possession of any of the natives; they said they had two muskets, which had been procured in barter from some European ship. We landed on a sandy beach, and were received by a large concourse of natives. We were introduced to a grave old gentleman, who was seated on the ground, recently daubed with turmeric and oil for this ceremony; he was styled the ariki, or chief, of this portion of the island. On an axe, as well as other presents, being laid before him, he, (as is usual among the chiefs of the Polynesian Islands on a ceremonial occasion) did not show any expression of gratification or dislike at the presents but in a grave manner made a few inquiries about the ship. Near the ariki sat a female, whose blooming days had passed; she was introduced as his wife; her head was decorated with a fillet of white feathers; the upper part of her body was exposed, but she wore a mat round the waist which descended to the ancles; the chief was apparently a man of middle age.

"The native habitations were low, of a tent form, and thatched with cocoa-nut leaves; these habitations were not regular, but scattered among the dense vegetation which surrounded them on all sides. The tacca pinnatifida, or Polynesian arrow-root plant, called massoa by the natives, was abundant, as also the fittou, or calophyllum inophyllum, and a species of fan palm, growing to the height of fifteen and twenty feet, called tarapurau by the natives; the areka palm was also seen, and the piper betel was also cultivated among them. They had adopted the oriental custom of chewing the betel; in using this masticatory they were not particular about the maturity of the nuts, some eating them very young as well as when quite ripe; they carried them about enclosed in the husk, which was taken off when used.† At a short distance from the beech, inland, was a lake of some extent, nearly surrounded by lofty, densely-wooded hills. Some wild ducks were seen, and a gun being fired at them, the report raised numbers of the "plumy tribe," filling the air with their screams, alarmed at a noise to which they had been unaccustomed. Several native graves were observed, which were very neat; a stone was placed at the head and the grave neatly covered over by plaited sections of the cocoa-nut frond; no particular enclosures for the burial of the dead were observed. When rambling about, the 'timid female' fled at our approach. From a casual glimpse of the fair objects, they merit being classed among the 'beautiful portion of the creation;' their hair was cut close.

"Cooked yams, cocoa-nuts, &c. were brought us by the natives, and their manner was very friendly; of provisions, yams, hogs, &c. could be procured.

* United Service Journal, Jan. 1832.

† I did not observe them take the trouble of wrapping up the ingredients together, as is customary in India; but some would eat the betel leaf, previously dipping it in some lime (made from burnt coral) which he held in his hand, and ate the areka-nut afterwards; they had no tobacco to eat with it, nor did I hear them inquire for any.

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The natives were anxious to accompany us on the voyage, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could get rid of them. It seems they have occasional intercourse with islands at some distance from them; two fine polished gourds, containing lime, &c. used with their betel, were observed among them—one was plain and the other ornamented with figures, apparently burnt by some instrument. They stated that these had been procured from the island of Santa Cruz (Charlotte's Archipelago) by one of the chief's sons. Some of the natives were observed much darker than others, and there appeared a mixture of some races. Their numerals were as follows:—

1 Tashi.	6 Ono.
2 Rua	7 Pithu.
3 Toru.	8 Warru.
4 Fa.	9 Hiva.
5 Hima.	10 Tanga, foru."

The isolated basaltic rocks in the centre of the valley may give rise to some curious speculations on the origin of this island. It has long been decided that basaltic rocks are of igneous origin, in opposition to the theory of Werner—that they were deposited by the ocean on the summits of elevated mountains. May not the occurrence of these basalt rocks therefore illustrate the more immediate volcanic origin of Tucopia?

The second Cut represents the PIERCY ISLANDS, two barren islets situated a short distance off Cape Bret, (New Zealand,) near the entrance of the Bay of Islands: one is of very small size, and appears connected to the other by a ledge of rocks visible at low water. The larger one is quoin shaped, and has a remarkable perforation, seen in the sketch.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(For the Mirror.)

ONE of the residences of this historian and poet, was about a mile from Paddington on the north side of the Edgware Road, near a place called Kilburn Priory; and the wooden cottage is still standing, although the land near it has been of late covered with newly-erected villas. It is occupied by a person in humble life, and is not to be altered or removed owing to the respect entertained for the memory of this remarkable literary character. In this cottage, Goldsmith wrote his admirable treatise on *Animated Nature*. A sketch of this rustic dwelling is a desideratum, as, in after days, it may be demolished to make way for modern improvement. J. C. H.

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STANZAS

TO THE SPIRIT OF EVENING.

(For the Mirror.)

MILD genius of the silent eve!
Thy pathway through the radiant skies,
Is the rich track which sunbeams weave
With all their varied, mingling, dyes,
Ere yet the lingering sun has fled,
Or glory left the mountain's head.

Yet not one ray of sunset's hue
Illumes thy silent, graceful train;
And scarce a murmur trembles through
The woods, to hail thy gentle reign,
Save where the nightingale, afar,
Sings wildly to thy lonely star.

Yet gentlest eve, attending thee,
Come meek devotion, peace, and rest,
Mild contemplation, memory,
And silence with her sway so blest;
And every mortal wish and thought,
By thee to holiest peace is wrought.

Thine airs that crisp the quiet stream,
Are soft as slumbering infants' breath;
The trembling stars, that o'er thee beam,
Are pure as Faith's own crowning wreath:
And e'en thy silence has for me
A charm more sweet than melody.

Oh gentle spirit, blending all
The beauties parting day bestows,
With deeper hues that slowly fall,
To shadow Nature's soft repose;
So sweet, so mild, thy transient sway,
We mourn it should so soon decay.

But like the loveliest, frailest things
We prize on earth, thou canst not last;
For scarce thine hour its sweetness brings
To soothe, and bless us, e'er 'tis past;
And night, dull cheerless night destroys
Thy tender light, and peaceful joys.

SYLVA.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(To the Editor.)

I OBSERVE a communication respecting my little note on the shrimp in one of your recent Numbers. Whether shrimps or not, I was not aware of my error, for they closely resembled them, and were not "as different as possible," as *H. W.* asserts. Every person too, must have remarked the agility of the old shrimp when caught. They were besides of various sizes, many being much larger that what *H. W.* means as the "sea flea." Perhaps *H. W.* will be good enough to describe the size of the latter when he sends his history of the shrimp.

With regard to the "encroachers," my information must have been incorrect. I had omitted, accidentally however, in the hurry of writing, to add "if undisturbed for a certain period," to the passage quoted in page 20 of your No. 529.

In North Wales, some years ago, there were some serious disturbances concern-

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ing an invasion of the alleged rights of the peasantry, but I do not now remember the particulars. Few things by the way, have been attended with more mischievous effects in England than the extensive system of inclosures which has been pursued within the last thirty years. No less than 3,000 inclosure acts have been passed during that period; and nearly 300,000 acres formerly common, inclosed: from which the poor cottager was once enabled to add greatly to his comfort, and by the support thus afforded him, to keep a cow, pigs, &c.

I attended a meeting at Exeter Hall, the other day, of the "Labourers' Friend Society," whose object is to provide the peasantry with small allotments of land at a low rent. This system, if extensively adopted, promises to work a wonderful change for the better in the condition of the working classes. Indeed the system where adopted has already been attended with astonishing results. When we come to consider that out of the 77,394,433 acres of land in the British Isles, there are no less than 15,000,000 acres of uncultivated wastes, which might be profitably brought under cultivation; it is surprising to us, that instead of applying funds for emigration, our legislators have so long neglected this all-important subject. Of the remaining 62,394,433 acres, it appears that 46,522,970 are cultivated, and 15,871,463 unprofitable land. The adoption of the allotment system has been justly characterized as of national importance, inasmuch as it diminishes the burdens of the poor, is a stimulus to industry, and profitably employs their leisure hours; besides affording an occupation for their children, who would otherwise, perhaps, run about in idleness.

In the reign of Elizabeth, no cottager had less than four acres of land to cultivate; but it has been found that a single rood has produced the most beneficial effects. We need scarcely add that where adopted, it has very greatly reduced the poor-rates. The subject is an interesting one, and, I trust, we shall in a short period hear of the benevolent and meritorious objects of the Society being extensively adopted. We refer the reader to some remarks on the subject in connexion with the Welsh peasantry, &c. in *The Mirror*, No. 505.

In our description of Swansea, in No. 465, we mentioned the facility with which the harbour could be improved, and the importance of adapting it for a larger class of shipping than now frequent that port. On a recent visit to South Wales, we found this improvement about to be carried into effect, and an act is to be obtained during the present session of Parliament. A new harbour on an extensive scale, is also about to be commenced near Cardiff. The increase of population in Wales has been very considerable since the census of 1821. Wales contains a superficies of 4,752,000 acres; of which 3,117,000 are cultivated; 530,000 capable of improvement, and 1,105,000 acres are unprofitable land. VIVIAN.

The Sketch Book.

SCOTTISH SPORTING.

(*Concluded from page* 137.)

BUT here come the graces of the forest, fifty at least in the herd—how beautifully light and airy; elegance and pride personified; onward they come in short, stately trot, and tossing and sawing the wind with their lofty antlers, like Sherwood oak taking a walk; heavens! it is a sight of sights. Now advance in play, a score of fawns and hinds in front of the herd, moving in their own light as it were, and skipping and leaping and scattering the dew from the green sward with their silvery feet, like fairies dancing on a moonbeam, and dashing its light drops on to the fairy ring with their feet of ether. O! it was a sight of living electricity; our very eyes seemed to shoot sparks from man to man, and even the monkey himself, as we gazed at each other in trembling suspense.

"Noo, here they coom wi' their een o' fire an' ears o' air," whispered the Ettric poet.

"Hush," quoth I, "or they'll be off like feathers in a whirlwind, or shadows of the lights and darks of nothingness lost in a poet's nightmare."

"A *sumph* ye mean," answered Jammie.

"Hush, there they are gazing in the water, and falling in love with their own reflected beauty."

"Mark the brindled tan buck," whispered one keeper to the other. They fired together, and both struck him plump in his eye of fire; mine seemed to drop sparks with sympathy: he bounded up ten feet high—he shrieked, and fell stone dead; Gods, what a shriek it was; I fancy even now I have that shriek and its hill-echo chained to the tympanum of my ear, like the shriek of the shipwrecked hanging

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over the sea—heavens! it was a pity to slay a king I thought, as I saw him fall in his pride and strength; but by some irresistible instinct, my own gun, pulled, I don't know how, and went off, and wounded another in the hip, and he plunged like mad into the river, to staunch his wounds and defend himself against the dogs. Ay, there he is keeping them at bay, and scorning to yield an inch backward; and now the keeper steals in behind him and lets him down by ham-stringing him: but when he found his favourite dog back-broken by the buck, why he cursed the deer, and begged our pardon for swearing; and now he cuts a slashing gash from shoulder to chop to let out the blood; and there lay they, dead, in silvan beauty, like two angels which might have been resting on the pole, and spirit-stricken into ice before they had power to flee away.

But we must away to Sir Reynard's hall, and unsough him; this we can do with less sorrowful feelings than killing a deer, which indeed, is like taking the life of a brother or a sister; but as to a fox, there is an old clow-jewdaism about him, that makes me feel like passing Petticoat-lane or Monmouth-street, or that sink of iniquity, Holywell-street. O, the cunning, side-walking, side-long-glancing, corner-peeping, hang-dog-looking, stolen-goods-receiving knave; "Christian dog" can hold no sympathy with thee, so have at thee. Ah, here is his hold, a perfect Waterloo of bones.

"The banes o' my bonnie Toop, a prayer of vengeance for that; an' Sandy Scott's twa-yir-auld gimmer, marterdum for that." "An' my braxsied wether," quoth a forester; "the rack for that, and finally the auld spay-wife's bantam cock, eyes and tongue cut out and set adrift again, for that." Now we set to work to clear his hole for "rough Toby" (a long-backed, short-legged, wire-haired terrier of Dandy Dinmont's breed) to enter; in he went like red-hot fire, and "ready to nose the vary deevil himsel sud he meet him," as Jammie Hogg said; and to see the chattering anxiety of the red-coated monkey, as he sat at the mouth of the fox-hole, on his shaggy, grizzle-grey shadow of a horse, like a mounted guardsman in the hole yonder at St. James's; it truly would have made a "pudding creep" with laughter—"Reek, reek, reeking into th' hole after Toby, with his we we cunnin, pinkin, glimmerin een, an' catchin him 'bith stump o' th' tail as he were gooin in an' hauding as long as he could," as James said. O, it was a very caricature of a caricature. But list, I hear them scuffle, they are coming out. Notice the monkey shaving his "bit staff;" here they come like a chimney swept in a hurry, they are out. "What a gernin, glowerin, sneerin, deevilitch leuk can a tod gie when hee's keepit at bay just afore he slinks off," exclaimed the poet, as Reynard was stealing away; but yonder they go before the wind, down the sweeping, outstretched glen, like smoke in a blast. Ay, there they go, two stag hounds, monkey, and grew, and Toby yelping behind; what a view we have of them—the grew is too fleet for him, he turns him and keeps him at bay till the hounds come up; now they are off again, and now we lose them, vanished like the shadow of a dream.

We followed, and on our way we met a herdsman, with his eyes staring like two bullets stuck in clay, or rather two currants stuck in a pudding: he said he had met "the deevil, a' dress'd like a heelanman o' tod huntin;" of course we laughed from the bottom end of our very bowels; but that was not the was to undemonize him, no, he pledged himself that he saw him "wi' his own twa een lowp off the shoather o' a thing lik a shagged foal, an' gie the tod such a dirl 'ith heed, that he kilt him deed's a herrin, an' we micht a' witness the same by gannin to the Shouther o' Birkin Brae." And truly it was as he said, for we found the mark of the little Highlandman's shillela on the fox's head, while he himself was sitting a straddle on him, like "the devil looking over Lincoln Minster," and the dogs lying panting round about.

On our road home to Hogg's we paid a visit to a wild-cat's lair in the Eagle's Cragg, and of all the incarnate devils, for fighting I ever saw, they "cow the cuddy," as the Scotch say; perfect fiends on earth. There was *pa* and *ma*, or rather *dad* and *mam*, (about the bigness of tiger-cats, one was four feet and a half from tip to tail) and seven kittens well grown; and O, the spit, snarl, tusshush and crissish, and mow-waaugh they did kick up in their den, whilst in its darkness we could see the *electricity* or phosphorescence of their eyes and hair sparkling like chemical fire-works. But I must tell you the rest hereafter, for my paper is out!

W. H.

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Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURES.

MR. HAYDON has nearly completed his *Xenophon*, which he intends to make the nucleus of an Exhibition during the present town season. The King has graciously lent Mr. Haydon the *Mock Election* picture; (for an Engraving of which see *Mirror*, vol. xi. p. 193,) for the above purpose. There will be other pictures, of comic and domestic interest by the same artist; among which will be *Waiting for the Times*, (purchased by the Marquess of Stafford;) *The First Child*, very like papa about the eyes, and mamma about the nose; *Reading the Scriptures; Falstaff and Pistol; Achilles playing the Lyre;* and others, which with a variety of studies, will make up an interesting Exhibition.

The Naturalist.

A DAY IN BRAZIL.

THE following is a translation of the leaf from the journal of Dr. Martius, dated Para, August 16, 1819; and describes an equatorial day, as observed near the mouths of the Para and the Amazons:—

How happy am I here! How thoroughly do I now understand many things which before were incomprehensible to me! The glorious features of this wonderful region, where all the powers of nature are harmoniously combined, beget new sensations and ideas. I now feel that I better know what it is to be a historian of nature. Overpowered by the contemplation of an immense solitude, of a profound and inexpressible stillness, it is, doubtless, impossible at once to perceive all its divine characteristics; but the feeling of its vastness and grandeur cannot fail to arouse in the mind of the beholder the thrilling emotions of a hitherto inexperienced delight.

It is three o'clock in the morning, I quit my hammock; for the excitement of my spirits banishes sleep. I open my window, and gaze on the silent solemnity of night. The stars shine with their accustomed lustre, and the moon's departing beam is reflected by the clear surface of the river. How still and mysterious is every thing around me! I take my dark lantern, and enter the cool verandah, to hold converse with my trusty friends the trees and shrubs nearest to our dwelling. Most of them are asleep, with their leaves closely pressed together; others, however, which repose by day, stand erect, and expand themselves in the stillness of night. But few flowers are open; only those of the sweet-scented Paullínia greet me with a balmy fragrance, and thine, lofty mango, the dark shade of whose leafy crown shields me from the dews of night. Moths flit, ghost-like, round the seductive light of my lantern. The meadows, ever breathing freshness, are now saturated with dew, and I feel the damp of the night air on my heated limbs. A Cicada, a fellow-lodger in the house, attracts me by its domestic chirp back into my bedroom, and is there my social companion, while, in a happy dreaming state, I await the coming day, kept half awake by the buzz of the mosquites, the kettle-drum croak of the bull-frog, or the complaining cry of the goatsucker.

About five o'clock I again look out, and behold the morning twilight. A beautiful even tone of grey, finely blended with a warmth-giving red, now overspreads the sky. The zenith only still remains dark. The trees, the forms of which become gradually distinct, are gently agitated by the land wind, which blows from the east. The red morning light and its reflexes play over the dome-topped caryocars, bertholetias, and symphonias. The branches and foliage are in motion, and all the lately slumbering dreamers are now awake, and bathe in the refreshing air of the morning. Beetles fly, gnats buzz, and the varied voice of the feathered race resounds from every bush; the apes scream as they clamber into the thickets; the night moths, surprised by the approach of light, swarm back in giddy confusion to the dark recesses of the forest; there is life and motion in every path; the rats and all the gnawing tribe are hastily retiring to their holes, and the cunning marten, disappointed of his prey, steals from the farm-yard, leaving untouched the poultry, to whom the watchful cock has just proclaimed the return of day.

The growing light gradually completes the dawn, and at length the effulgent day breaks forth. It is nature's jubilee. The earth awaits her bridegroom, and, behold, he comes! Rays of red light illumine the sky, and now the sun rises. In another moment he is above the horizon, and, emerging from a sea of fire, he casts his glowing rays upon the earth. The magical twilight is gone; bright gleams flit from point to point, accompanied by deeper and deeper shadows. Suddenly the enraptured observer beholds around him the joyous earth, arrayed in fresh dewy splendour, the fairest of brides. The vault of heaven is cloudless; on the earth all is instinct

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with life, and every animal and plant is in the full enjoyment of existence. At seven o'clock the dew begins to disappear, the land breeze falls off, and the increasing heat soon makes itself sensibly felt. The sun ascends rapidly and vertically the transparent blue sky, from which every vapour seems to disappear; but presently, low in the western horizon, small, flaky, white clouds are formed. These point towards the sun, and gradually extend far into the firmament. By nine o'clock the meadow is quite dry, the forest appears in all the splendour of its glowing foliage. Some buds are expanding; others, which had efflorescced more rapidly, have already disappeared. Another hour, and the clouds are higher: they form broad, dense masses, and, passing under the sun, whose fervid and brilliant rays now pervade the whole landscape, occasionally darken and cool the atmosphere. The plants shrink beneath the scorching rays, and resign themselves to the powerful influence of the ruler of the day. The merry buzz of the gold-winged beetle and humming-bird becomes more audible. The variegated butterflies and dragon-flies on the bank of the river, produce, by their gyratory movements, lively and fantastic plays of colour. The ground is covered with swarms of ants, dragging along leaves for their architecture. Even the most sluggish animals are roused by the stimulating power of the sun. The alligator leaves his muddy bed, and encamps upon the hot sand; the turtle and lizard are enticed from their damp and shady retreats; and serpents of every colour crawl along the warm and sunny footpaths.

But now the clouds are lowering; they divide into strata, and, gradually getting heavier, denser, and darker, at last veil the horizon in a bluish grey mist. Towards the zenith they tower up in bright broad-spreading masses, and assume the appearance of gigantic mountains in the air. All at once the sky is completely overcast, excepting that a few spots of deep blue still appear through the clouds. The sun is hid, but the heat of the atmosphere is more oppressive. The noontide is past; a cheerless melancholy gloom hangs heavily over nature. Fast sink the spirits; for painful is the change to those who have witnessed the joyous animation of the morning. The more active animals roam wildly about, seeking to allay the cravings of hunger and thirst; only the quiet and slothful, who have taken refuge in the forest, seem to have no apprehension of the dreadful crisis. But it comes! it rushes on with rapid strides, and we shall certainly have it here. The temperature is already lowered; the fierce and clashing gales tear up trees by the roots. Dark and foaming billows swell, the surface of the deeply agitated sea. The roar of the river is surpassed by the sound of the wind, and the waters seem to flow silently into the ocean. There the storm rages. Twice, thrice, flashes of pale blue lightning traverse the clouds, in rapid succession: as often does the thunder roll in loud and prolonged claps through the firmament. Drops of rain fall. The plants begin to recover their natural freshness; it thunders again, and the thunder is followed, not by rain, but by torrents, which pour down from the convulsed sky. The forest groans; the whizzing rustle of the waving leaves becomes a hollow murmuring sound, which at length resembles the distant roll of muffled drums. Flowers are scatterd to and fro, leaves are stripped from the boughs, branches are torn from the stems, and massy trees are overthrown; the terrible hurricane ravishes all the remaining virgin charms of the levelled and devastated plants. But wherefore regret their fate? Have they not lived and bloomed? Has not the *Inga* twisted together its already emptied stamens? Have not the golden petals fallen from the fractified blossoms of the Banisèria, and has not the fruit-loaded *Arum* yielded its faded spathe to the storm? The terrors of this eventful hour fall heavily even on the animal world. The feathered inhabitants of the woods are struck dumb, and flutter about in dismay on the ground; myriads of insects seek shelter under leaves and trunks of trees. The wild Mammàlia are tamed, and suspend their work of war and carnage; the cold-blooded Amphíbia alone rejoice in the overwhelming deluge, and millions of snakes and frogs, which swarm in the flooded meadows, raise a chorus of hissing and croaking. Streams of muddy water flow through the narrow paths of the forests into the river, or pour into the cracks and chasms of the soil. The temperature continues to descend, and the clouds gradually empty themselves.

But at length a change takes place, and the storm which lately raged so furiously is over. The sun shines forth with renovated splendour through long extended masses of clouds, which gradually disperse towards the horizon on the north and south, assuming, as in the morning, light vapoury forms, and hemming the azure basis of the firmament. A smiling deep blue sky now gladdens the earth, and the horrors of the pas

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are speedily forgotten. In an hour no trace of the storm is visible; the plants, dried by the warm sunbeams, rear their heaps with renewed freshness, and the different kinds of animals obey, as before, their respective instincts and propensities.

Evening approaches, and new clouds appear between the white flaky fringes of the horizon. They diffuse over the landscape tints of violet and pale yellow, which harmoniously blends the lofty forests in the back-ground with the river and the sea. The setting sun, surrounded by hues of variegated beauty, now retires through the western portals of the firmament, leaving all nature to love and repose. The soft twilight of evening awakens new sensations in animals and plants, and buzzing sounds prove that the gloomy recesses of the woods are full of life and motion. Love-sighs are breathed through the fragrant perfumes of newly collapsed flowers, and all animated nature feels the influence of this moment of voluptuous tranquillity. Scattered gleams of light, reflected splendours of the departed sun, still float upon the woodland ridges; while, amidst a refreshing coolness, the mild moon arises in calm and silent grandeur, and diffusing her silver light over the dark forest, imparts to every object a new and softened aspect. Night comes;—nature sleeps, and the etheral canopy of heaven, arched out in awful immensity over the earth, sparkling with innumerable witnesses of far distant glories, infuses into the heart of man humility and confidence,—a divine gift after such a day of wonder and delight!—*Mag. Nat. Hist.* No. 24.

Notes of a Reader.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

We are happy to learn that the celebrated Arundel MSS., which had been held for some time by the Royal Society, have recently been transferred to the British Museum; as well as a valuable addition of coins. In accordance with the suggestions made during the last Session of Parliament, the library of the Museum will henceforth be open to the public every day in the week, except Sundays.

During the past year 38,000 individuals visited the Museum, and very nearly 100,000, namely, 99,852 persons, from all parts of the kingdom, visited the Library for the purposes of study.

By the way, a livery-servant complained, in *The Times* of the 1st instant, that he had been refused admission to the Museum on an open and public day, in consequence of his wearing a livery, notwithstanding he saw "soldiers and sailors go in without the least objection." *The Times* remarks, "We believe livery-servants are not excluded from the sight at Windsor on an open day. We suspect that the regulation is not so much owing to any aristocratical notions on the part of the Directors of the Museum, as to that fastidious feeling which prevails in this country more than any other, and most of all among the lower ranks of the middle classes." The cause is reasonable enough; but we believe that livery-servants are not admitted at Windsor: the exclusion seems to be a caprice of Royalty, for servants are excluded from our palace-gardens, as Kensington. Surely this is unjust. If servants consent to wear liveries to gratify the vanity of their wealthy employers, it is hard to shut them out from common enjoyments on that account. This is in the true spirit of vassalage, of which the liveries are comparatively a harmless relic. In Paris we remember seeing a round-frocked peasant, apparently just from the plough, pacing the polished floor of the Louvre gallery with rough nailed shoes, and then resting on the velvet topped settees; and he was admitted *gratis*. Would such a person, tendering his shilling, be admitted to the Exhibition at Somerset House?

DOMESTIC CHEMISTRY.

Elements of Chemistry familiarly explained and practically illustrated.

This is an excellent little work by Mr. Brande: it is not avowedly so, although every one familiar with his valuable Manual of Chemistry will soon identify the authorship. The present is only the first Part of this petite system, containing Attraction, Heat, Light, and Electricity. It is, as the author intended it to be, "less learned and elaborate than the usual systematic works, and at the same time more detailed, connected, and explicit than the 'Conversations' or 'Catechisms.'" It avoids "all prolixity of language and the use of less intelligible terms;" and, to speak plainly, the illustrative applications throughout the work are familiar as household words. Witness the following extract from the effects of Heat:

Ventilation—Heating Rooms.

"In consequence of the *lightness* of heated air, it always rises to the upper parts of rooms and buildings, when it either escapes, or, becoming cooled and

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heavier, again descends. If, in cold weather, we sit under a skylight in a warm room a current of cold air is felt descending upon the head, whilst warmer currents, rising from our bodies and coming into contact with the cold glass, impart to it their excess of heat. Being thus contracted in bulk, and rendered specifically heavier, they in their turn descend, and thus a perpetual motion is kept up in the mass of air. This effect is attended with much inconvenience to those who inhabit the room, and is in great measure prevented by the use of double windows, which prevent the rapid cooling and production of troublesome currents in the air of the apartment.

"We generally observe, when the door of a room is opened, that there are two distinct currents in the aperture; which may be rendered evident by holding in it the flame of a candle. At the upper part it is blown outwards, but inwards at the lower part; in the middle, scarcely any draught of air, one way or other, is perceptible.

"The art of ventilating rooms and buildings is in a great measure dependent upon the currents which we are enabled to produce in air by changes of temperature, and is a subject of considerable importance. As the heated air and effluvia of crowded rooms pass upwards, it is common to leave apertures in or near the ceiling for their escape. Were it not, indeed, for such contrivances, the upper parts of theatres and some other buildings would scarcely be endurable; but a mere aperture, though it allows the foul air to escape, in consequence of its specific lightness, is also apt to admit a counter-current of denser and cold air, which pours down into the room, and produces great inconvenience. This effect is prevented by heating, in any convenient way, the tube or flue through which the foul air escapes. A constantly ascending current is then established; and whenever cold air attempts to descend, the heat of the flue rarefies and drives it upwards. Thus the different ventilators may terminate in tubes connected with a chimney; or they may unite into a common trunk, which may pass over a furnace purposely for heating it.

"In some of our theatres, the gas chandelier is made a very effectual ventilator. It is suspended under a large funnel, which terminates in a cowl outside the roof; and the number of burners heat the air considerably, and cause its very rapid and constant ascent through the funnel, connected with which there may be other apertures in the ceiling of the building. But in these and most other cases, we may observe that the vents are not sufficiently capacious; and the foul air from the house, and from the gas-burners themselves, not being able readily to escape, diffuses itself over the upper part of the building, and renders the galleries hot and suffocating—all which is very easily prevented by the judicious adjustment of the size of the ventilating channels to the quantity of air which it is requisite should freely pass through them.

"The small tin ventilators, consisting of a rotating wheel, which we sometimes see in window-panes, are perfectly useless, though it is often imagined, in consequence of their apparent activity, that they must be very effectual; but the fact is, that a very trifling current of air suffices to put them in motion, and the apertures for its escape are so small as to produce no effectual change in the air of the apartment: they are also as often in motion by the ingress as by the egress of air.

"From what has been said, it will be obvious that our common fires and chimneys are most powerful ventilators, though their good services in this respect are often overlooked. As soon as the fire is lighted, a rapid ascending current of air is established in the chimney, and consequently there must be a constant ingress of fresh air to supply this demand, which generally enters the room through the crevices of the doors and windows. When these are too tight, the chimney smokes or the fire will not draw; and in such cases it is sometimes necessary to make a concealed aperture in some convenient part of the room for the requisite admission of air, or to submit to sitting with a window or door partly open. Any imperfect action of the chimney, or descending current, is announced by the escape of smoke into the room, and is frequently caused by the flue being too large, or not sufficiently perpendicular and regular in its construction. When there is no fire, the chimneys also generally act as ventilators; and in summer there is often a very powerful current up them, in consequence of the roof and chimney-pots being heated by the sun, and thus accelerating the ascent of the air. In a well-constructed house there should be sufficient apertures for the admission of the requisite quantity of air into the respective rooms, without having occasion to trust to its accidental ingress through every crack and crevice that will allow it to pass. These openings

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may either be concealed, or made ornamental, and by proper management may be subservient to the admission of warm air in winter."

HENRI III. OF FRANCE.

We quote the following scene from one of the Tales recently published in three volumes with the general cognomen of *Chantilly*. It is from the longest and most successful of the stories called "D'Espignac," in the time of Henri III., and, as our extract shows, the scenes and sketches exhibit considerable talent, and a certain graphic minuteness which has become very popular in modern novels. The tale itself is not to our purpose, but we promise the reader a *petit souper* of horrors from its perusal, especially to those who woo terror to delight them. The pen is young and feminine, and of high promise. The occasion of the following scene is an interview of one of the characters with Henri.

"It was a small dark apartment, hung round with tapestry, the ceiling richly decorated with massive ornaments of carved oak, and the floor covered with a dark-coloured carpet of Turkey manufacture, so thick and soft that the footsteps fell unheard as they advanced over it. It was here that the monarch usually spent his leisure hours, and various were the objects indicative of his tastes and habits scattered around, in a confusion which completely put to flight all ideas of study or devotion in the mind of the visiter. On a small table near the door were strewn divers preparations for the toilette, and cosmetics for improving the complexion, of which the King used quantities almost incredible, all prepared by his own hand; and the mixing and arranging of these formed his greatest delight and amusement. In the recesses on each side the window stood two highly-polished ebony cases, which Catherine de Medicis his mother had brought from Italy, for containing books and holy relics; but for this they were totally useless to the present royal owner, who applied them to a far different purpose. On the lower shelf next the ground, were arranged small ornamented baskets, in each of which, on satin cushions, reposed in regal luxury a litter of spaniel puppies, which, together with their pampered mother, did not fail to salute with deafening noise any stranger who entered. The messes, medicines, and food of these little favourites completely filled the upper shelves, or only disputed ground with the chains and collars of their predecessors, a few of whom, rescued from oblivion, stood on the top, seemingly ready as in life to fly out with inhospitable fury on the approach of intruders.

"The upper compartments of the window were of painted glass, and cast a dismal light through the apartment, while the lower panes were darkened by the hawk-mews raised on the terrace, that the King might enjoy the daily satisfaction of seeing the birds fed before his eyes. On a table near the window stood an inkstand, with various implements for writing, but from the sorry condition in which they appeared, and the confusion prevailing around, it was evident they were but seldom used. Small was the space, however, allotted to such unimportant objects. His Majesty had been deeply engaged during the morning tending a sick puppy, which having washed in sweet water, and combed with a gilt comb, he had adorned with ribbons, and placed in a basket by his side; mixing a scented paste for whitening the hands, preparing a wash for the skin, binding the broken leg of a wounded merlin, and finally seeking relief from such engrossing pursuits in the favourite recreation of disburthening a precious missal of its exquisite illuminations, in order to ornament the walls and enliven the chamber! It was at this table that Henri himself was seated, with his head resting on his hands, and apparently buried in thought. The noisy greeting of the spaniels as La Vallée entered caused him to start, and he turned towards the door an anxious unquiet look, bespeaking distrust and apprehension, which, however, quickly changed to one of pleasure as he heard the name and recognised the features of his visiter.

"The King was at that time in the very flower of his age, and yet he appeared no longer young. The cares of royalty, the murder of the Guises, had planted many a deep and lasting furrow on his brow, which time would have otherwise withheld for many years. His pallid cheek and sunken eye told of a mind but ill at ease. No art, no charm could restore the bloom and freshness which remorse for the past and fear for the future had long ago dispelled, never to return. And yet, with that sweet self-deception which all are so disposed to practise, he sought to banish reflection and beguile alarm in the pursuit of all kinds of frivolous amusements unworthy of his rank or station, and fancied he had succeeded in chasing care if for a moment he ceased to think.

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"His costume even now was foppish and *recherché*. Much time had evidently been spent in adjusting the drooping feathers of his jewelled toque, and no pains had been spared in properly disposing the plaits of his *fraise* and ruffles, or in arranging the folds of his broidered mantle. The snow-white slippers, with the sky-blue roses, the silken hose and braided doublet, seemed better fitted for the parade of the courtly saloon than the privacy of the closet. The hand he extended to the Count was like that of a youthful beauty, rather than of one who had once wielded sword with the bravest. Every finger was adorned with a costly jewel, which flashed and sparkled in the light as he waved his hand in token of welcome, and, pointing to a chair, bade his visiter be seated."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE LAW OF ARREST. A TALE FROM FACTS.

ONCE upon a time there lived at Hamburgh a certain merchant of the name of Meyer—he was a good little man; charitable to the poor, hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely respected, in spite of his good nature. Among that part of his property which was vested in other people's hands, and called debts, was the sum of five hundred pounds owed to him by the Captain of an English vessel. This debt had been so long contracted that the worthy Meyer began to wish for a new investment of his capital. He accordingly resolved to take a trip to Portsmouth, in which town Captain Jones was then residing, and take that liberty which in my opinion should in a free country never be permitted, viz. the liberty of applying for his money.

Our worthy merchant one bright morning found himself at Portsmouth; he was a stranger to that town, but not unacquainted altogether with the English language. He lost no time in calling on Captain Jones.

"And vat?" said he to a man whom he asked to show him to the Captain's house, "vat is dat fine veshell yondare?"

"She be the Royal Sally," replied the man, "bound for Calcutta—sails to-morrow; but here's Captain Jones's house, Sir, and he'll tell you all about it."

The merchant bowed, and knocked at the door of a red brick house—door green—brass knocker. Captain Gregory Jones was a tall man; he wore a blue coat without skirts; he had high cheek bones, small eyes, and his whole appearance was eloquent of what is generally termed the bluff honesty of the seaman.

Captain Gregory seemed somewhat disconcerted at seeing his friend—he begged for a little further time. The merchant looked grave—three years had already elapsed. The Captain demurred—the merchant pressed—the Captain blustered—and the merchant, growing angry, began to threaten. All of a sudden Captain Jones's manner changed—he seemed to recollect himself, begged pardon, said he could easily procure the money, desired the merchant to go back to his inn, and promised to call on him in the course of the day. Mynheer Meyer went home, and ordered an excellent dinner. Time passed—his friend came not. Meyer grew impatient. He had just put on his hat and was walking out, when the waiter threw open the door, and announced two gentlemen.

"Ah, dere comes de monish," thought Mynheer Meyer. The gentlemen approached—the taller one whipped out what seemed to Meyer a receipt. "Ah, ver well, I will sign, ver well!"

"Signing, Sir, is useless; you will be kind enough to accompany us. This is a warrant for debt, Sir; my house is extremely comfortable—gentlemen of the first fashion go there—quite moderate, too, only a guinea a-day—find your own wine."

"I do—no—understand, Sare," said the merchant, smiling amiably. "I am ver vell off here—thank you—"

"Come, come," said the other gentleman, speaking for the first time, "no parlavoo Monsoo, you are our prisoner—this is a warrant for the sum of 10,000*l.* due to Captain Gregory Jones."

The merchant stared—the merchant frowned—but so it was. Captain Gregory Jones, who owed Mynheer Meyer 500*l.*, had arrested Mynheer Meyer for 10,000*l.*; for, as every one knows, any man may arrest us who has conscience enough to swear that we owe him money. Where was Mynheer Meyer in a strange town to get bail? Mynheer Meyer went to prison.

"Dis be a strange vay of paying a man his monish!" said Mynheer Meyer.

In order to wile away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow-prisoners. "Vat be you in prishon for?" said he to a stout respectable-looking man who seemed in a violent passion—"for vhat crime?"

"I, Sir, crime!" quoth the prisoner;

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"Sir, I was going to Liverpool to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposite candidate had me suddenly arrested for 2,000*l*. Before I get bail the election will be over!"

"Vat's that you tell me? arrest you to prevent your giving an honesht vote? is that justice?"

"Justice, no!" cried our friend, it's the Law of Arrest."

"And vat be you in prishon for?" said the merchant pityingly to a thin cadaverous-looking object, who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to eyes that were worn with weeping.

"An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could obtain a few names to indorse it—*I*, Sir, indorsed it. The bill became due, the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill; there were eight of us, the law allows him to charge two guineas for each; there are sixteen guineas, Sir, for the lawyer—but I, Sir—alas my family will starve before *I* shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men called discounting attorneys, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folk."

"Mine Gott! but is dat justice?"

"Alas! No, Sir, it is the law of arrest."

"But," said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the Devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession; "dey tell me, dat in England a man be called innoshent till he be proved guilty; but here am I, who, because ven carrion of a shailor, who owesh me five hundred pounds, takes an oath that *I* owe him ten thousand—here am I, on that schoundrel's single oath, clapped up in a prishon. *Is* this a man's being innoshent till he is proved guilty, Sare?"

"Sir," said the lawyer primly, "you are thinking of criminal cases; but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that is quite a different thing:—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime!"

"But, mine Gott! is that justice?"

"Justice! pooh! it's the law of arrest," said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated; no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate; he told his case; he implored justice against Captain Jones.

"Captain Jones!" said the magistrate, taking snuff; "Captain Gregory Jones, you mean!"

"Ay, mine goot Sare—yesh!"

"He set sail for Calcutta yesterday. He commands the Royal Sally. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer. He's a clever fellow is Gregory Jones!"

"De teufel! but, Sare, ish dere no remedy for de poor merchant?"

"Remedy! oh, yes—indictment for perjury."

"But vat use is dat? You say he be gone—ten thousand miles off—to Calcutta!"

"That's certainly against your indictment!"

"And cannot I get my monish?"

"Not as I see."

"And *I* have been arreshted instead of him!"

"You have."

"Sare, I have only von vord to say—*is* dat justice?"

"That I can't say, Mynheer Meyer, but it is certainly the law of arrest," answered the magistrate; and he bowed the merchant out of the room.

New Monthly Magazine.

SONGS FOUND IN A GRECIAN URN.

THE FIRST-BORN.

Beautiful, O woman! the sun on flower and tree,
And beautiful the balmy wind that dreameth on the sea;
And softly soundeth in thine ear, the song of peasants reaping,
The dove's low chant among the leaves, its twilight vigil keeping.

And beautiful the hushing of the linnet in her nest,
With her young beneath her wings, and the sunset on her breast:
While bid among the flowers, where the dreamy bee is flitting,
Singing unto its own glad heart, the poet child is sitting.

It stirreth up the soul, upon the golden waves to see,
The galley lifting up her crowned head triumphantly—
Io! Io! now she laugheth like a Queen of Araby,
While Joy and Music strew with flowers the pathway of her Chariotry!

And beautiful unto thy soul, at summer time to wait,
Till Moonlight with her sweet pale feet, comes dancing to thy gate;
Thy violet-eyes upturn'd unto thy love with timid grace,
He feels thine arm about his neck, thy kisses on his face.

Beautiful, O gentle girl, these pleasant thoughts to thee,
These chosen sheaves, long harvested within thy memory!
But when thy face grows dim, with weariness and care,
Thy heart, forgetting all its songs, awaketh but to prayer!

Thou lookest for a gleeful face, thine opening eyes to greet,
While coldness gathers on thy breast, the shadow round thy feet—

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Beautiful, O woman, the green earth and the flowers may be,
But sweeter in that hour the voice of thy First-born Child to thee!

THE ATHENIAN LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

The spirit of mine eyes is faint
With gazing on thy light;
I close my eyelids, but within,
Sweet, thou art shining bright,
Sitting amid the purple gloom,
Like a flower-bird at night!

Thy beauty walketh by my side
By the green wood, on the sea;
I hear thee in the bird that sings
Upon the orange-tree:
Thy face upon the haunted streams
Is looking up to me.

Gentle one, in grief I linger
Beside the glimmering nest,
Till evening sinketh in the flowers,
Like a weary fawn to rest,
Yea, my heart is sick with longing
To dream upon thy breast!

From the dark of their golden lids
Thy singing eyes look out,
Like doves in the olives bearing
The shepherd's jocund shout,
As he wandereth with his pipe
The sunny glen about.

I have opened mine eyes—
Thy beauty will not part,
But thy feet are dancing round me,
Lovely! that thou art—
The sweet breath of thine eyes doth fall,
Like odour on my heart!

TO AN ARCADIAN CHILD SLEEPING.

Sleep on—sleep on—the silver flowers
A pillow for thy head may be,
While Evening with her band of hours
Sits by thee silently.

From Morning in the vine-yards straying—
Sweet child, so fair and meek!
She lieth down, and tired of playing,
Darkens the bright grass with her cheek.

One arm upon her eyes she foldeth,
O'er which her hair is softly fann'd,
And still with fainting grasp she holdeth
The lilies in her hand.

Oh—wake her not! the forest streams
With balmy lips are breathing rest;
Nor stir the garland of sweet dreams
Which Sleep hath bound upon her breast.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON.

These are three volumes of spirit-stirring scenes, understood to be written by Captain Trelawney, the friend of Lord Byron. They are said to embody many incidents of the early life of the writer, though portions are too strongly tinged with romance to belong to sober reality. The Younger Son is driven from his native hearth by a cruel father. His proud spirit revolts at such oppression. He sings with Byron

And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide wide sea;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me.

His father intends him for the church, but instead of being sent to Oxford, he is taken to Portsmouth, and shipped on board a line of battle ship, the Superb, as passenger to join one of Nelson's squadron; but through delay he falls in with the Nelson fleet of Trafalgar, two days after the deathless victory. He returns to England, and is sent to Dr. Burney's navigation school. He next sails for the East Indies, and at Bombay he falls in with an adventurous stranger, whom he is minute in describing, "to account in part for the extraordinary influence he gained, on so short an acquaintance," over his mind and imagination. He became his model. The height of his ambition was to imitate him, even in his defects. Thenceforth his life of adventure begins. In its progress, he describes many beautiful scenes in the East with touching enthusiasm, and some of his pictures of luxuriant nature are admirably painted.

We pass over these to the heroine, at Port St. Louis:

An Arabian Beauty.

"Zela had the blood of a fearless race. She had been bred and schooled amidst peril always at hand. Not having learnt to affect what she did not feel, she crossed ravines, wound along precipices, and waded through streams and rivers, not only without impeding us by enacting a pantomimic representation of fears, tears, entreaties, prayers, screaming, and fainting, but she was such a simpleton as not even to notice them, unless, in the usual sweet, low tone of her voice, to remark that they were delightful places to sit in, during the sultry part of the day; or she would stop her pony over a precipice to gather some curious flowers, drooping from a natural arch; or to pluck the pendant and waving boughs of the most graceful of Indian tress, the imperial mimosa, sensitive and sacred as love, shrinking from the touch of the profane.

"'Put this,' she said, holding out a branch, 'in your turban; for I am sure in some of these hollow caves and dreary chasms the ogres live; they feed their young with human blood, and they love to give them the young and beautiful. Put it in your turban, brother,—since you say I must not call you master;—and never frown,—I do not like to see it, for then you are not so handsome,—I mean, good, as when you smile. Do not laugh, but take it. It will preserve

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you from every spell and magic. Nothing bad dares come near it.'

"While crossing a sandy level, suddenly she started, as her eye caught some object. Without stopping her horse, which was ambling along, she sprang off, and ran up a sand hill, like a white doe. Never having witnessed any thing like this before, I was so astonished that she was returning, ere I could overtake her to ask if an ogre had lured her with his evil eye. 'O, no,' she cried,—'look here! You like flowers, but did you ever see any so lovely as this? Smell it,—'tis so sweet, that the rose, if growing near it, loses its beauty and fragrance, from envy of its rival.'

"Certainly I thought she was bewitched. It was a glaring, large, red bough, full of blowzy blossoms, and yellow berries, with a musky, foetid odour. 'Why,' I exclaimed, 'you have as much reason to be jealous of old Kamalia, your nurse, as the rose to be jealous of such a scraggy bramble as this! Faugh! the smell makes me sick.'

"I suppose I was instigated to make this rude speech by her fondling and kissing it. Her dark eyes expanded; and she seemed, for an instant, to view me with astonishment, then with sorrow; as they closed, I perceived that their brightness was gone, and the long, jetty fringe, which arched upwards as it pressed her cheek, was covered with little pearly dew-drops. The branch fell from her hand under my feet, her sprightly form drooped, and the tones of her voice reminded me of the time when she hung over her dying parent, as she said,—'pardon me, stranger! I had forgotten you are not of my father's land. This tree covered my father's tent, sheltered us from the sun, and kept away the flies, when we slept in the day. Our virgins wreathe it in their hair, and, if they die, it is strewed over their graves. So, I can't help loving it better than any thing. But, since you say it makes you sick, I won't love it, or gather it any more.' Then her words became almost inarticulate from sobbing, as she added,—'Why should I wear it now? I belong to a stranger! My father is gone!'

I need scarcely say that I not only returned the flowers, and pleaded my ignorance, but I went up the hill, and pulled up the tree by the roots. 'Sweet sister,' said I, 'I was only angry with it because you abused the favoured tree of our country, the rose. But now, as the sun shines on it, and I see it nearer,'—looking at her,—'I do think the rose may envy it, as the loveliest of my country women might envy you. I'll plant it in our garden.'

"'O, how good you are!' she exclaimed; 'and I'll plant a rose-tree near it, and they shall mingle their sweets; for our love and care of them will make them live together without envy. Every thing should love each other. I love every tree, and fruit, and flower.'

"Still I observed, as her thin robes were disarranged, that her little downy bosom fluttered like an imprisoned bird panting for liberty; and, to turn her thoughts from what had pained her, I said,—'Do not fear, dear Zela. That is the last stream we have to cross; and then we shall ride over that beautiful plain.'

"'O, stranger!' she replied, 'Zela never feared any thing, but her father, when angry; and then, those who feared not to gaze on the lightning, when all the world appeared to be on fire, feared to look in his face. Then his voice was louder than the thunder, and his lance deadlier than the thunderbolt. Last evening, when you talked to that tall man, who is so gentle, you looked like my father; and I thought you were going to kill him, and I wanted to tell you not; for I have read his eyes, and he loves you much. It is very bad to be angry with those that love us.'

"'Oh, you mean Aston! No, dear, I was not angry with him. I love him too. We were talking of the horrid cruelties practised on the poor slaves here; and I was angry at that.'

"'I wish I knew your language! How I should have loved to hear you! And then I should have slept; but being ignorant of that, I did nothing but weep, because I thought I saw you angry with one that loves you.'"

* * * * *

"It was only in Zela's absence that I could dwell on her portraiture. She had just turned her fourteenth year; and though certainly not considered, even in the east, as matured, yet, forced like a flower, fanned by the sultry west wind, into early developement, her form, like its petals bursting through the bud, gave promise of the rarest beauty and sweetness. Nurtured in the shade, her hue was pale, but contrasted with the date-coloured women about her, the soft and transparent clearness of her complexion was striking; and it was heightened by clouds of the darkest hair. She looked like a solitary star unveiled in the night. The breadth and depth of her clear and smooth forehead were partly hidden by the even silky line from which the hair

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arose, fell over in rich profusion, and added to its brightness; as did the glossy, well-defined eye-brow, boldly crossing the forehead, slightly waved at the outer extremities, but not arched. Her eyes were full, even for an orientalist, but neither sparkling nor prominent, soft as the thrush's. It was only when moved by joy, surprise, or sorrow, that the star-like iris dilated and glistened, and then its effect was most eloquent and magical. The distinct ebon-lashes which curtained them were singularly long and beautiful; and when she slept they pressed against her pale cheeks, and were arched upwards.

"That portion of the eye, generally of a pearly whiteness, in hers was tinted with a light shade of blue, like the bloom on a purple grape, or the sky seen through the morning mist. Her mouth was harmony and love; her face was small and oval, with a wavy outline of ineffable grace descending to her smooth and unruffled neck, thence swelling at her bosom, which was high, and just developing into form. Her limbs were long, full, and rounded, her motion was quick, but not springy, light as a zephyr. As she then stood canopied beneath the dense shade of that sacred Hindoo tree, with its drooping foliage hanging in clusters round her, in every clasped and sensitive leaf of which a fairy is said to dwell, I fancied she was their queen, and must have dropped from one of the leaves, to gambol and wanton among the flowers below. Running to her, I caught her in my arms, and said, 'I watched your fall, and have you now, dear sprite, and will keep you here!'—pressing her to my bosom.

"'Oh, put me down! You hurt me,—I have not fallen,—oh, let me go!'

"'Will you promise then not to take flight to your leafy dwelling, in that your fairy kingdom-tree?'

"'What do you mean? Oh, let me go,—you'll crush me!'

"I gently placed her on the ground, and told her my fears. The instant I unclutched her, she ran to her old attendant, scared like a young leveret; and this was my first embrace of my Arab maid.

"That it may not be considered I exaggerate, when speaking of the Arabs in India generally, I must refer the reader to what a recent, learned, and unprejudiced traveller says of them: 'The Arabs are numerous in India; their comparative fairness, their fine, bony, and muscular figures, their noble countenances, and picturesque dress, intelligent, bold, and active,' &c.

"Zela's father was all this, and her mother a celebrated beauty brought from the Georgian Caucasus, and twice made captive by the chance of war. After giving birth to Zela, she looked, and saw her own image in her child, blessed it, and yielded up her mortality. Is it to be marvelled at, that the offspring of such parents was as I have described, or rather what I have attempted to describe? For I am little skilled in words, or words are insufficient to represent what the eye sees, and the heart feels."

We must return to these very attractive volumes.

The Gatherer.

A Mistake.—In consequence of some transposition by which an announcement of the decease of a country clergyman had got inserted amongst the announcements of the marriages in a country paper a few days since, the announcement read thus: "Married the Rev. ———, curate of ———, to the great regret of all his parishioners, by whom he was universally beloved. The poor will long have cause to lament the unhappy event."

New Bankrupt Court.—One of the inferior judges, whose salaries are, by the Act, to be paid out of the fees, seeing that the whole amount was absorbed by the chief, observed to an associate on the bench, "Upon my word, R——, I begin to think that our appointment is all a matter of moonshire." "I hope it may be so," replied R——, "for then we shall soon see the first quarter."

The same humorous judge had listened to a very long argument on a particular case in which the counsel rested much upon a certain act of parliament. His opponent replied, "You need not rely on *that* act, for its teeth have been drawn by so many decisions against it, that it is worth nothing. Still the counsel argued on, and insisted on its authority; after listening to which for a good hour, his lordship drily remarked, "I do believe all the teeth of this act have been drawn, for there is nothing left but the jaw."—*Literary Gazette.*

Criticism.—A print of a wounded leopard is described by a contemporary as "a powerful exhibition of animal agony." Did our critic ever hear of vegetable agony?

Humbug.—A correspondent of the *Times* says "Every body is not acquainted with the etymology of the word Humbug."

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bug. It is a corruption of Hamburgh, and originated in the following manner: "During a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburgh, that, at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "You had that from Hamburgh;" and thus, "That is Hamburgh," or "Humbug," because a common expression of incredulity.

A Clincher.— An American paper says, this is the method of catching tigers in India:—"A man carries a board, on which a human figure is painted; as soon as he arrives at the den, he knocks behind the board with a hammer; the noise rouses the tiger, when he flies in a direct line at the board, and grasps it, and the man behind clinches his claws in the wood, and so secures him."

Franking Letters. — The Princess Augusta asked Lord Walsingham for a frank; he wrote one for her in such detestable characters that, at the end of a week, after having wandered half over England, it was opened, and returned to her as illegible. The Princess complained to Lord Walsingham, and he then wrote the frank for her so *legibly*, that at the end of a couple of days, it was returned to her, marked "Forgery."—*The Town.*

Epigram from Scarron.

A Confessor was caugh t'other day rather jolly,
Who observed, "When a man has committed a folly,
If he has any sense left, hastens straightway to me.
When, confessing his guilt, I can soon set him free;
But how hard is my fate! for when wrong I have done,
Absolution's denied me by every one;
In which case, that I may from conscience escape,
Take refuge from thought in the juice of the grape. M. T.

Signs.—To trace the origin of signs would be an amusing relaxation for the Society of Antiquaries. Who could have imagined that "bag o' nails," was a corruption of the Bacchanals, which it evidently is from the rude epigraph still subjoined to the fractured classicism of the title? In the same manner the more modern "Goat and compasses" may be identified with the text of "God encompasseth us," which was a favourite motto amongst the ale-house Puritans.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Half-honesty.—A few nights since a friend gave a hackney-coachman two sovereigns instead of two shillings for his fare; when the coachman turned sharply and said, "Sir, you have given me a sovereign," keeping back the other; for which supposed honesty he was rewarded. C. D.

Proxy.—In 1436, we find the Bishop of Hola, in Iceland, whimsically enough hiring the master of a London merchant ship to sail to Iceland as his proxy, and to perform the necessary visitation of his see; the good prelate dreading in person to encounter the boisterous northern ocean. T. Gill.

Swelled Ankles at a Discount. -In the year 1699, when King William returned from Holland in a state of severe indisposition, he sent for Dr. Radcliffe, and showing him his swollen ankles, while the rest of his body was emaciated, said, "What think you of these?" "Why truly," replied the doctor, "I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms." This freedom was never forgiven by the king, and no intercession could ever recover his favour towards Radcliffe. P. T. W.

Judge Rumsey was so excellent a lawyer that he was called the *Picklock of the Law.*

Commerce and Theft in every age and country have gone regularly together. Commerce accumulates riches, supplies the commodities to be stolen, supplies therefore the temptation, and puts the temptation in the way. Mercury was the God at once of Peace, of Merchants, and of Thieves; and it is not very long since an African king said he designed to send his son to Europe, "to read book and be rogue like white man." T. Gill.

A Question.—Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, "At which end, my Lord?"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

[o. 538.] SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1832. [Price 2d.

THE ARBALEST, or CROSS-BOW.

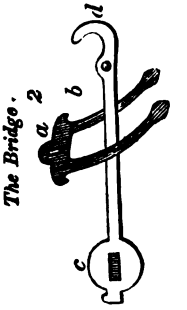
a. the lock of the Arbalest. b. the Bridge. c. the Sphynx. d. the bow bent.
e. the head of Medusa. f. the head of Bellona. g. the terminus. h. the Trigger.

The Sphynx.

The Steel Bow.

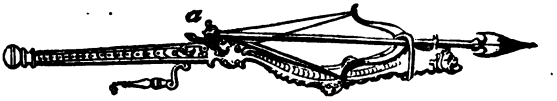
The Lock.

The Arrow.



The Bridge.

The Bow charged.



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THE ARBALEST, OR CROSS-BOW.

The Bow would appear to have been in most ancient nations the principal implement of war; and to keep alive this "mystery of murder," archery, or the art of shooting with a bow and arrow, seems to have been a favourite pastime in days of peace. In no country, however, has archery been more encouraged than in this island; wherefore the English archers became the best in Europe, and procured many signal victories. Tributary as have been the bow and arrow to some of the brightest scenes in our history, it is not surprising that its exercise should have become cherished among us as an amusement. Strutt tells us that in the early ages of chivalry, the usage of the bow was considered as an essential part of the education of a young man who wished to make a figure in life. Hence the long-bow and cross-bow have been and are playthings in the hands of youth; and would that they had only been the toys of the playground instead of leading men to slaughter each other for the costly toys of the game of life. It is chiefly to the use of the cross-bow that we propose to confine ourselves upon the present occasion.

The arbalest, or cross-bow, was not only much shorter than the long-bow, but fastened also upon a stock, and discharged by means of a catch or trigger, which Mr. Strutt reasonably enough thinks gave rise to the lock on the modern musket. The old logicians illustrate the distinction in their quaintest fashion. Bayle, explaining the difference between testimony and argument, uses this laconic simile, "Testimony is like the shot of a long-bow, which owes its efficacy to the force of the shooter; argument is like the shot of the cross-bow, equally forcible, whether discharged by a dwarf or a giant."

The arbalest is said by some writers to be of Italian origin. Verstegan says it was introduced here by the Saxons, but was neglected till again brought into use by William the Conqueror, at the battle of Hastings. No mention is made of bowmen among the troops of Harold; but we read that the Norman army was fronted by "footmen clothed in light armour, worn over a gilted cassock, and bearing either long-bows or steel cross-bows." Harold himself had his eye struck by an arrow, notwithstanding which he continued to fight at the head of his army. Cross-bows were afterwards prohibited by the second Lateran Council, anno 1139, as hateful to God, and unfit to be used among Christians; in consequence whereof they were laid aside till the reign of Richard the First, who again introduced them, and was himself killed by an arrow or quarrel, discharged from a cross-bow at the siege of the Castle of Chalus.*

Cross-bows shot darts called quarrels, or *quarreaux*, or *quadrels*, and in English *bolts*: they were headed with solid, square pyramids of iron, and sometimes trimmed with brass instead of feathers. According to Sir John Smith a cross-bow would kill point blank 60 yards, and if elevated above 160. There was an officer styled *Balistrarius Regius*; and several estates were held by the service of delivering a cross-bow and thread to make the string, when the king passed through certain districts. These you will find in Blount's Tenures and Jacob's Law Dictionary.†

We find that the pay of a cross-bowman, in the reign of Edward II., was sixpence *per diem*.‡ Few notices of archery are, however, upon record till an order by Edward III. in the 15th year of his reign, to the sheriffs of most of the English counties, to provide bows and arrows for the intended war against France: these orders, however, relate to the long-bow. In the famous battle of Crecy, fought in 1346, our chroniclers state that we had 2,800 archers, who were opposed to about the same number of the French; which, together with a circumstance to be immediately mentioned, seems to prove that by this time we used the long-bow whilst the French archers shot with the arbalest. The circumstance alluded to is as follows:—Previously to the engagement there fell a heavy rain, which is said to have much damaged the bows of the French, or rather the strings of them. Now, the long-bow, when unstrung, may be conveniently covered, so as to prevent the rain injuring it; nor is there scarcely any addition to the weight from a case; whereas the arbalest is of a most inconvenient form to be sheltered from the weather. It is also stated§ that, at Crecy, "the Genoese archers, fatigued by their heavy cross-bows, in a sultry and tempestuous march, rushed forward

* Notes by Mr. Grose, the antiquarian, in *Selections from Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. i. In the *Archæologia*, vol. vi. we find it stated that "Artillery (*artillérie*) is a French term signifying *Archery*, as the king's *bowyer* is in that language styled *artillier du roy*; and from that nation the English seem to have learnt at least the cross-bow archery.

† Grose.

‡ Grose.

§ Hist. England, by Sir James Mackintosh, vol. i

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with loud cries to attack the English bowmen, who were the strength of Edward's army. These last stood still; even on the second charge they stirred not one foot! When they got within shot of their foes, they let fly their arrows so quickly that they came like snow. The Genoese fled, and some of the heavy-armed troops were involved in their confusion." At Crecy the English ascribed their victory to their archers. The battle of Poictiers, fought in 1356, was gained by the same means. In 1417, Henry V. attributed his splendid victory at Agincourt to the archers, and directed the sheriffs of many counties to pluck from every goose six wing-feathers for the purpose of improving arrows, which were to be paid for by the King. In 1421, though the French had been defeated at Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, by the English archers, yet they still continued the use of the cross-bow; for which reason Henry V., as Duke of Normandy, confirms the charters and privileges of the *balistarii*, who had been long established as a fraternity in his city of Rouen.

We now meet with several enactments by Edward IV. for the appointment of bowmen with the long-bow; but we pass over these and other records to the 19th year of the reign of Henry VII., who forbade the use of the cross-bow, because "the long-bow had been much used in this realme, whereby honour and victory had been gotten against outward enemies, the realm greatly defended, and much more the dread of all Christian princes by reason of the same." Statutes for the promotion of archery with the long-bow are now very frequent; but the cross-bow is proscribed in the same proportion: and, in the time of Henry VIII. a penalty of ten pounds was inflicted on every one who kept a cross-bow in his house.

Though archery continued to be encouraged by the king and legislature for more than two centuries after the first knowledge of the effects of gunpowder, yet by the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII., it seems to have been partly considered as a pastime.

From this period we pass to the date of the annexed CUTS, for which we are indebted to the research of an ingenious Correspondent, with the antiquarian subscription of "JONATHAN OLDBUCK,"* who appends to his sketches the following historical notice:

"After the destruction of the Spanish Armada, fears being entertained lest the King of Spain should (out of revenge) send an emissary to attempt the life of Queen Elizabeth, a number of noblemen of the Court formed themselves into a body guard for the protection of her person, and under the denomination of the 'Companie of Liege Bowmen of the Queene,' had many privileges conferred upon them. The famous Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was captain of this company, which was distinguished by the splendour of its uniform and accoutrements. Upon the accession of James I. the company was disbanded, although those who composed it retained the privileges which had been conferred upon them by Elizabeth. Upon the breaking out of the Civil wars Charles reorganized this bodyguard which attended him against the Parliamentary forces, and afterwards emigrated with Charles II. At the Restoration this company was maintained, and under the title of 'Royal Company of Archers' received a new Charter, being the origin of the present 'Royal Artillery Company' of London. About the time of the institution of the Liege Bowmen of the Queen, a new kind of cross-bow was constructed in Holland, by one Vander Foheman, having many advantages over the old one. This he brought to England and it was purchased and adopted by the Company.†

"An ARBALEST of Foheman's construction, bearing the date 1579, 3 feet 3 inches long, exquisitely carved out of black oak, is now in the possession of A. Nossoc, Esq., the proprietor of a rare and valuable collection of paintings by ancient masters. By this gentleman's kindness I have been able to take a sketch of it, a copy of which I enclose. In these instruments the impulse is not communicated to the arrow directly by the string, but by means of a movable iron bridge, placed behind the string. I subjoin outlines of the arrow used with this kind of bow, and also of its lock.—(*See Cuts.*)

"The end (*a*) of the arrow, Fig. 1., was placed against a small square plate of metal (*a*) of the bridge, and the other end of the arrow rested on the steel bow. The string pulled upon the hook, (*d*) Fig. 2, and the end (*c*) acting with a lever advantage communicated its impulse to the bridge, (*b*) against which was placed the arrow. The figure 3 will explain the rest of the contrivance, (*f*) being a spring to keep the trigger down.

"The wooden part of the arbalest is

* Dated from Clarence-terrace, Regent's-park.

† Vide Grose on Ancient Armour. D'Alembert, Encyclopedie. Art. Arbalette.

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beautifully carved with figures; its front extremity is a lion's head holding in its mouth an acorn originally of gold, for which a wooden one is substituted, as is the round stock at the other extremity which was of silver; its lower side has a figure of Bellona, a terminus, &c., carved out of it; its upper, a sphynx, head of Medusa, leaves, and numerous other ornaments upon it; the sides are also beautifully carved, and two steel escutcheons on its sides before the bridge have engraved on them a trophy, and two roses.

"As these cross-bows are now extremely rare, I should feel gratified if any correspondent could inform me whether an arbalest of this description is preserved in the Tower, or in any public or private collection of ancient armour; and whether it was used by the Company of Archers after the Restoration.

The *Steel Bow* is of the shape annexed, *Fig. 5*, being a resting-place for the fore end of the arrow.

We may here add that the *Cross-bow* was also called a *Steel-bow*, because the horns were usually made with steel; and others were called *Stone-bows* because they were modified to the purpose of discharging stones. The cross-bow makers used to exercise themselves in shooting at the popinjay, or artificial parrot, in a field called Tassal Close in London, from the number of thistles growing there, now called the Old Artillery Ground.*

The following description of an archer, his bow, and accoutrements, is given in a MS. written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. "Captains and officers should be skilful of that most noble weapon, and to see that their soldiers according to their draught and strength have good bowes, well nocked, well strynged, every strynge whippe in their nocke, and in the myddes rubbed with wax, braser, and shuting glove, some spare strynges trymed as aforesaid, every man one shefe of arrows, with a case of leather defensible against the rayne, and in the same fower and twentie arrowes, whereof eight of them should be lighter than the residue, to gall or astoyne the enemye with the hail-shot of light arrows, before they shall come within the danger of the harquebuss shot. Let every man have a brigandine, or a little cote of plate, a skull or hufkyn, a mawle of leade of five foote in lengthe, and a pike, and the same hanging by his girdle, with a hook and a dagger; being thus furnished, teach them by musters to marche, shoote, and retire, keepinge their faces upon the enemy's. Sumtyme put them into great nowmbers, as to battell apparteyneth, and thus use them often times practised, till they be perfecte; ffor those men in battel ne skirmish can not be spared. None other weapon maye compare with the same noble weapon."

Even in Elizabeth's reign the bow was thought to be more advantageous than the musket; because the latter was at that period very cumbrous, and unskilful in contrivance, while archery had been carried to the highest perfection. Mr. Grose tells us that an archer could formerly shoot six arrows in the time necessary to charge and discharge a musket; and, as a specimen of the aim to be taken, even in modern days, a practised bowman has been known to shoot twelve arrows in a minute, into a circle not larger than the circumference of a man's hat, at the distance of forty yards.

* Maitland's London.

THE GIPSEY FORTUNE-TELLER.

(For the Mirror.)

Augur only happy days,
Gipsey, when thy glancing eye,
Fain would dart its piercing rays,
Through her future destiny.

Life is yet without a shade,
She has gathered flowers alone;
Tell her not, that roses fade,
When the ardent summer's gone.

Sully not her early dream,
With reality's cold hue,
Let her morning brighter seem,
Glittering with the early dew.

Tell her not, that clouds o'ershading,
Rainbows bright will darkly cover;
Tell her not, that quickly fading,
"All that's bright!" ere noon is over.

Tell her not of memory's tear,
And affection's broken chain;
Tell her not, that every year,
Brings but sorrow, care, and pain!

Soon the mist will roll away,
And the soft enchantment fly:
Gipsey, hasten on thy way,
Ne'er unrol her destiny!

Tell her, if thou wilt, that never,
'Neath the skies may be her home,
And if thou that *hope* hadst ever,
Tell her of a world to come!

Kirton, Lindsey. ANNE B.

Fine Arts.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE admirers of modern painting invariably anticipate much delight prior to

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the opening of the Exhibition at this institution, and their hopes in the present instance have not been disappointed, as there certainly is a fine display of talent in almost every department of the art. There are nearly six hundred works.

No. 1. Portsmouth, from the King's Bastion; painted by command of his Majesty, by Clarkson Stanfield.

5. The Falconer; a brilliant little picture by A. Fraser.

6. Sabrina, from Milton's Comus; Mr. Etty delineates the female form with peculiar accuracy and delicacy, and in the subject before us he has displayed his usual ability.

28. A Lady of Rank of the fifteenth century taking the Veil; a work of considerable promise by a young artist—S. A. Hart.

30. The Rick Side; beautifully executed by T. Woodward.

47. A Man saved from Shipwreck; this is an interesting subject by Charles Hancock. *Apropos*, this gentleman paints much in the fascinating manner of Mr. Landseer.

61. Entrance to a Village; painted from nature in a pleasing style by C. R. Stanley.

75. Interior of a Highlander's House; E. Landseer, R. A.

248. Distant View of Goderich Church; Copley Fielding.

337. The Recruit; by H. Liversege. The principal group in this picture is treated in the following way: around a table are seated four persons, among whom are two soldiers—being the recruiting sergeant with one of his party. The recruit, a rustic looking youth, has a good deal of expression in his countenance; he seems extremely doubtful concerning the step he has taken, while an interesting young woman, apparently his sister, is fondly endeavouring to dissuade him from it. The sergeant complacently smokes his pipe, and smiles at her solicitude. This is, perhaps, the most unaffected picture in the whole collection, being a remarkably modest representation of nature. The composition is good, and the freedom and delicacy of the execution stands unrivalled.

386. Hunt the Slipper; A. E. Chalon, R. A. In this picture several figures are introduced *seriatim*, engaged at this old English, but now rather unfashionable, game. A little too much vulgarity is displayed, though in other respects the performance is highly praiseworthy.

413. Love the best Physician; painted at Paris by Monsieur Destouches. Although we disapprove of the colouring and some parts of the execution of this work, the subject is very interesting. A young man of fortune, who had fallen in love with a beautiful young girl, becomes sick in consequence of his hopeless passion. The physicians appear to have rendered him no service, and as a last alternative, his friends prevail on the girl to visit him, accompanied by her parents. The deep blushes with which her face is suffused, and her downcast eyes, indicate the violent agitation of her frame; while the sick man, having raised himself in bed, stretches out his arms, and eagerly feasts his eyes on the charming object of his love.—G. W. N.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SCIENCE OF BURIAL.

(*From a piquant, rambling paper in Fraser's Magazine.*)

We arrived at Otaheite just in time to witness the funeral ceremonies of the pious chief Omaree. He was lying in state at his house above the harbour where we landed, and we were invited to assist at the obsequies. His *viscera* were removed, and his *remains*, properly speaking, were laid on an elegant palanquin or hanging bier, highly perfumed; around which, and through the apartment, odorous oils were burning. Several of his old friends came to see him, and complimented him highly on the state of his looks and his good condition in various respects. They presented him with numerous and tasteful gifts, which they assured him were sincere tokens of their esteem, and hoped he would accept them as such. Omaree replied by the mouth of an old priest who acted as master of the ceremonies—assuring the good company, in return, that he was "as well as could be expected," felt particularly flattered by the kind attentions of his friends and visiters, and hoped they would make themselves quite at home. "By the hand of my body," exclaimed the captain, sitting down to a bowl of fresh Palmetto wine, and lighting a pipe at the foot-lights, "this is the *dacentest* wake I ever came across out of Ireland! Noble sir, your good health and snug lying to you!"

After a conversation with Omaree on various interesting topics, his friends and family proposed taking him to see his property in another part of the island: he gratefully assented to the proposition, and requested the good company to avoid fatiguing themselves by travelling too rapidly, as he was in no

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hurry to leave them. He was then borne in state for some miles, preceded by dancers, singers, knuckle-drummers, strewers of flowers and leaves, &c., to a pretty spot by the sea-side, where he had lately made a tobacco-plantation, and which, he remarked, "would be scarce worth the plucking, as he had not been able to attend to it of late;—however, he hoped his venerable and disinterested friend and spiritual comforter, the priest, would accept the crop, such as it was, as a slight testimony of his eternal gratitude." Hereupon the crowd clapped their hands with delight, the singers shouted, the drummers thumped, and the dancers vaulted their admiration of the piety and generosity of Omaree.

Here he was placed in an easy sitting posture, in a commodious arm-chair that commanded a view of the plantation and the Pacific; where, sheltered from the meridian sun by a lofty arbour of the climbing *cohea* and wild vine tastefully trained through a cluster of cocoa-palms, he was invited to witness a dramatic representation containing incidents which they knew his memory reverted to with pride and pleasure. This drama, in which a great company of performers took part, was carried on with much taste and spirit. The old priest undertook to translate the most interesting passages for my edification (still acting as the mouthpiece of his deceased friend), with the exception of a few "love-passages," as Queen Elizabeth would have called them, the import of which was sufficiently perspicuous without verbal comment.

Whilst remaining at Hayti, I took an excursion, on foot and alone, through the mountains one day, to visit this interesting spot. The ascent to the cavern was steep and toilsome. I was obliged frequently to change my course, and pursue a more lengthened route than what my eye had anticipated; but at length I reached the place, and, pausing a few minutes to rest after my weary journey, struck a light, and, with lantern in hand, entered the awful cave. A large stone had been so placed within the entrance that it might have served for a stopper occasionally. Even in its withdrawn position I passed it with difficulty. "Now," I exclaimed, "I shall behold with my own eyes the aboriginal style of burial in these sacred and almost inaccessible recesses, which that unsatisfactory historian, Ferdinand Colon, was too lazy to inspect with his own eyes, and which his father had never seen in all his hunting-matches. Indeed, I don't think his blood-hounds could climb the ascent to this cave." As I entered, I felt myself treading on bones! I looked around the narrow chamber of death, and every where bones—human bones covered the rocky floor; but no sign of art or trace of religious obsequies rewarded my scrutiny. "Bless me!" said I, "what a journey I have had for nothing! This is merely the ordinary HOTTENTOT-HOLE style, with a stone instead of a thorn-bush to exclude wild beasts!" So I hastened forth, blaming the easy credulity that drank in traditionary tales of aboriginal tombs. At the entrance I found a negro standing, leaning on his musket; a brace of pistols were stuck in his girdle, and a sword hung by his side. I was rather startled, for the man possessed a fierce and threatening aspect, and I was perfectly defenceless. Nevertheless there was an air of manly dignity about him which assured me that he was not likely to be unnecessarily savage. "*Qui vive?*" demanded he, sternly. I explained my views in coming to this secluded spot. He unbent his dark brow on hearing that I was an Englishman.

"Behold that noble expanse!" said he, changing his tone and language together. "The guileless race whose bones whiten this rocky den once ranged over that lovely landscape in peace and freedom. The white savages came, and were received as brethren. They threw off the mask, and repaid friendship and love with bonds and tortures. The red man was too innocent, and too ignorant, and too feeble, to co-exist under the same sky with the cunning and ferocious white demon—and he retired to his caves to die! His race is extinct, for *he knew not the use of arms!*" He clasped his musket to his breast with emotion, and remained silent. "Who are you that feel so much for the exterminated Haytians?" I inquired. "Their avenger!" he replied, "and the champion of a darker race whose wrongs can never have vengeance enough. Christophe!"

* * * *

"You shall see the '*Dead men's feast,*'" said Logan. I followed him in silence, till we reached the southern bank of the Ohio, not far from his own residence. The tribe was seated in a beautiful and secluded *prairie*, that just afforded a vista of the river through the cypress swamp between. A number of men and women seemed busily engaged in the decoration of others with belts, beads, and brilliant-coloured garments; and these latter seemed passive or asleep. Logan laid down the load he carried in

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his blanket, and unwrapped the burden that had so long attracted my attention. "'Tis my grandsire!" said he: "he has only been two years buried:—I have brought him far. Aid me to cleanse the brave old limbs and skull from these worms, that his spirit may rejoice over the feast with his red children. Haste! my father yonder is painted and dressed already."

* * * *

Before I quitted Kentucky, I made a point of visiting the celebrated and immense nitre caverns or catacombs of the limestone region. Here I found the mummies of the pigmy race that once inhabited the gigantic valley of the Mississippi, adorned with strings of shell-wampum and turkeys' feathers—seated in death like the ancient Nasomenes, grinning at me with their long *inhuman* fore-teeth—and came out as wise as I went in. * *

* * * *

"O," said the captain, "a burial in Canada is no trifle in winter. Just before you arrived, our drummer died, and we mustered spades, picks, and shovels, to dig a grave for him; but the ground was one rock every where, and after trying twenty places we found—that we had spoiled our tools. It took the armourer next day to steel them all. The third day we got down four inches and a half, in the softest soil we could find; but it would only grind up pinch by pinch. The fourth day the armourer was at work again. The fifth day the whole company turned out in a rage with the ground, and having got under the frost in some degree, sunk the grave full nine inches more. This night another soldier, a corporal, died; and his comrades were almost dead with disappointment and vexation. The bodies would keep in the frost very well; but we had not a spare room in the barrack, and their comrades wanted to get them out of the way of a wedding. Well, sir, the sixth day I divided the garrison in two, and set them at separate graves; but, unluckily, they drank to keep up their spirits in the battle with the frost, and fought about the corporal's right of priority, and the freezing point of brandy. Worst of all, they forgot to cover the new picked surfaces with straw and blankets, so that when they came in the morning the points of attack were as invulnerable as ever. In despair they buried both in one grave—the corporal undermost—without further efforts to attain a decent depth. As to six feet, it was quite unfathomable. They heaped all the stones they could loosen over the bodies, and the chaplain read prayers at last, after a 'week's preparation' and suspense, 'snow to snow, and ice to ice.' That night a herd of wolves came prowling by, and carried the corporal and drummer along with them. The fifer—an Irish rascal—was laughing heartily the whole week; and it was he set up the corporal's claim to the deep grave, to have his joke out. When all was over, the sergeant reported him to me, for bragging 'that he could have buried them six feet deep himself in two hours, and have covered them up so *nately* after, that the devil couldn't stick a tooth in them; but he had kept the secret to be revenged of the corporal, who had 'listed him one day,' and of the drummer who had 'flogged him.' 'Please your honour,' said he, when called before me, 'I was *sartain* you wished to find work for us this *could* weather, and it wouldn't become *me* to say what your honour knew as well as myself—that a rousing fire would soften any frost; and sure, only I know you compassionated the poor starving wolves, I'd have thrown a few buckets of water through the grave-stones, and clinched 'em as tight as the bars of Newgate.'"

The fertilizing properties of an individual in the *chemical* stage of his existence, seem only to have been fully recognised since the memorable battle of Waterloo; the fields of which now annually wave with luxuriant corn-crops, unequalled in the annals of "the old prize-fighting ground of Flanders." I have no doubt, however, that the cerealia of *La Belle Alliance* would have been much more nutritive if the top-dressing which the plain received during the three days of June, 1815, had not been robbed of its stamina by London dentists, who carried off the soldiers' teeth in hogsheads; and by Yorkshire bone-grubbers, who freighted several transports with the skeletons of regiments of troopers, as well as troop-horses, to be ground to dust in Kingston-upon-Hull, and drilled with turnip seed in the chalky districts of the North and West Ridings of Yorkshire. The corn of Waterloo is thus cheated of its phosphate of lime; but the spirits of Cyrus the Great and Numa the Wise, who had a fair knowledge of the fructifying capabilities of the "human form divine," must rejoice in beholding how effectually the fertilizing dust pushes the young Globes, Swedes, and Tankards into their rough leaves, that bid defiance to that voracious "Yorkshire bite" *the turnip fly*.

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BIRTH SONG.

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

Hail, new-waked atom of the Eternal Whole,
Young voyager upon Time's rapid river!
Hail to thee, Human Soul,
Hail, and for ever!

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun!
A life has just begun!
Another soul has won
The glorious spark of being!
Pilgrim of life all hail!
He who at first called forth,
From nothingness the earth;
Who piled the mighty hills, and dug the sea,
Who gave the stars to gem
Night like a diadem,
Thou little child, made thee!
Young creature of the earth,
Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,
Hail, all hail.

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll;
The solid Earth dissolve; the Sun grow pale,
But thou, oh Human Soul,
Shalt be immortal. Hail!

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun!
A life has just begun!
Another soul has won
The glorious spark of being!
Oh young immortal, hail!
He before whom are dim
Seraph and cherubim;
Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,
Who sits upon Heaven's throne,
The Everlasting One,
Oh blessed child, made thee!
Fair creature of the earth,
Heir of immortal life, though mortal in thy birth,
Hail, all hail.

DIRGE OF DEATH.

ANGEL OF DEPARTURE.

Shrink not, oh Human Spirit,
The Everlasting Arm is strong to save.
Look up—look up, frail nature, put thy trust
In Him who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave.

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS.

'Tis nearly done,
Life's work is nearly done,
Watching and weariness and strife.
One little struggle more,
One pang and it is o'er,
Then farewell life.
Farewell, farewell, farewell.
Kind friends, 'tis nearly past,
Come, come and look your last.
Sweet children, gather near,
And that last blessing hear,—
See how he loved you, who departeth now.
And, with thy trembling step, and pallid brow,
Oh most beloved one
Whose breast he leant upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
And take his latest breath.
Farewell—farewell—farewell.

ANGEL OF DEPARTURE.

Hail, disenthralled spirit;
Thou that the wine-press of the field hast trod;
On, blest Immortal, on, through boundless space,
And stand with thy Redeemer face to face,
And bow before thy God.

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS.

'Tis done—'tis done;
Life's weary work is done;
Now the glad spirit leaves the clay,
And treads with winged ease
The bright acclivities
Of Heaven's crystalline way;
Joy to thee, Blessed one.
Lift up, lift up thine eyes,
Yonder is Paradise;
And this fair shining band
Are spirits of thy land;
And these, that throng to meet thee, are thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin.
Bright spirit, thou art blest,
This city's name is Rest;
Here sin and sorrow cease,
And thou hast won its peace,
Joy to thee, Blessed One.

New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

BONINGTON.

Mr. Allan Cunningham has completed his fifth volume of the *Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* It contains Jameson, Ramsey, Romney, Runciman, Copley, Mortimer, Raeburn, Hoppner, Owen, Harlow, and Bonington; all sketched in the author's most felicitous style. The memoir of Bonington is of peculiar interest, since all our readers must recollect the premature death of that promising artist. Mr. Cunningham observes of his last days:

"I know not whether Bonington was at all aware in these days that a visible decay had come upon him, and that in the regretful opinion of many he was a man marked out for an early grave: whatever he might feel or surmise, he said nothing, but continued to employ his pencil with all the ardour of the most flourishing health. He rose early and studied late; nor did he allow any piece to go hastily from his hand. The French, who are quick in discerning and generous in acknowledging merit, not only applauded his works from the outset, but watched his progress and improvement, and eagerly compared the marine paintings of the young Englishman with the standard works of the artists of their own country. M. Gros, who, it seems, had for some unrecorded reason closed his *atelier* against him, was so touched by his fine works, that he ere long recalled him with commendations; and, in the presence of his pupils, said, he considered it an honour to have him in his studio. A more moderate style of rapture was to be expected from his own countrymen; nevertheless, cold as English approbation of talent may seem, his works were welcomed here as few works of art have been welcomed. His extreme modesty was somewhat against his suc-

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cess: he was fearful of being thought presuming and forward; and has been known to shrink from introductions to men of rank and talent, from a doubt of his own deservings. A letter to me from Mrs. Forster, a lady distinguished by her own talent as well as from being the daughter of Banks the sculptor, contains the following passage:—'When Bonington visited England, in 1827, I gave him a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas Lawrence, but he returned to Paris without having delivered it. On my inquiring why he had not waited on the President, he replied,—"I don't think myself worthy of being introduced to him yet, but after another year of hard study I may be more deserving of the honour." The following spring he went to London with his pictures; those which brought him such well merited fame. He carried a letter from me to Sir Thomas, which he presented, and was received into his friendship; but, alas! it was of short duration; for the great success of his works, the almost numberless orders which he received for pictures and drawings, together with unremitting study, brought on a brain fever, from which he recovered only to sink in a rapid decline.' All other accounts concur with that of Mrs. Forster, in attributing his illness to the accumulation of pressing commissions: he viewed the amount with nervous dismay; he became deeply affected; his appetite failed; his looks denoted anguish of body and mind; a quick and overmastering consumption left him strength scarcely sufficient to bring him to London, where he arrived about the middle of September, 1828. The conclusion of his career was thus related to Mrs. Forster by Sir Thomas Lawrence:—'Your sad presage has been too fatally verified; the last duties have just been paid to the lamented Mr. Bonington. Except in the case of Mr. Harlow, I have never known, in my own time, the early death of talent so promising, and so rapidly and obviously improving. If I may judge from the later direction of his studies, and from remembrance of a morning's conversation, his mind seemed expanding in every way, and ripening into full maturity of taste and elevated judgment, with that generous ambition which makes confinement to lesser departments in the art painfully irksome and annoying.

"But the fair guerdon when we hope to find
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life."

Having not quite finished his 27th year, he died calmly on the 23rd of September, 1828, and was interred in the vault of St. James's Church, Pentonville, in the presence of Lawrence, and Howard, and Robson, and the Rev. J. T. Judkin,—himself a skilful painter—an ardent admirer and steadfast friend.

"Bonington was tall, well, and even to appearance, strongly formed. 'His countenance,' says the French biographer, 'was truly English; and we loved him for his melancholy air, which became him more than smiles.' The memory of his person will soon wear away; but it will fare otherwise with his fame. He lived long enough to assert his title to a high place amongst English landscape-painters, and had produced works which bid fair to be ranked permanently with the foremost. They are not numerous, but for that very reason they will, perhaps, be the more prized. A series of engravings amounting to some four and twenty, has been published by Carpenter, from pictures of this artist, some in his own possession, some in the galleries of the Marquess of Lansdown, the Duke of Bedford, and other patrons of art. The best of these are the landscapes; and of the landscapes, the worthiest are of mingled sea and land—pieces distinguished by great picturesque beauty, and singular grace of execution. His practice was to sketch in the outline and general character, and then make accurate studies of the local light-and-shade, and colour. His handling was delicate and true, and his colouring clear and harmonious. It cannot, however, be denied, that he wants vigour and breadth; that his more poetic scenes are too light and slim; and his express copies from nature too literal and real. He was a softer sort of Gainsborough, with more than his grace, and with not a little of his taste for scattering happy and characteristic groups among landscape scenes—but, it must be added, with only a far-off approach to the *strength* of that great master. That, had his life been prolonged, he would have risen to very high distinction, cannot be doubted. It was his generous dream, we are told, to acquire a competency by painting commissions, and then dedicate his time and pencil to historical compositions,—a dream which many artists have dreamed; but his works have little of the epic in them. Nature gave him good advice, when she directed his steps to the surf-beat shore, and bade him paint the swelling tide, the busy boats, fishermen drying their nets, and the sea-eagle looking from the rock upon his wide and, to him, fruitful dominion."

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MISS KEMBLE'S TRAGEDY.

FRANCIS I.

I passed him with his train,
The gathering crowd thronging and clamouring
Around him, stunning him with benedictions,
And stifling him with love and fumes of garlic;
He, with the air he knows so well to don,
With cap in hand, and his thick chestnut hair
Fann'd from his forehead, bowing to his saddle,
Smiling and nodding, cursing at them too
For hindering his progress—while his eye,
His eagle eye, well versed in such discernment,
Roved through the crowd; and ever lighted where
Some pretty ancle, clad in woollen hose,
Peep'd from beneath a short round petticoat,
Or where some wealthy burgher's buxom dame,
Decked out in all her high-day splendour, stood
Showing her gossips the gold chain, which lay
Cradled upon a bosom, whiter far
Than the pure lawn that kercheift it.

A BEAUTY.

Had a limner's hand
Traced such a heavenly brow, and such a lip,
I would have sworn the krave had dreamt it all
In some fair vision of some fairer world.
See how she stands, all shrined in loveliness;
Her white hands clasped; her clustering locks thrown back
From her high forehead; and in those bright eyes
Tears! radiant emanations! drops of light!
That fall from those surpassing orbs as though
The starry eyes of heaven wept silver dew.

A BETROTHED LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Ay; but ere I go, perchance for ever, lady,
Unto the land, whose dismal tales of battles,
Where thousands strew'd the earth, have christen'd it
The Frenchman's grave; I'd speak of such a theme
As chimes with this sad hour, more fitly than
Its name gives promise. There's a love, which born
In early days, lives on through silent years,
Nor ever shines, but in the hour of sorrow,
When it shows brightest: like the trembling light
Of a pale sunbeam, breaking o'er the face
Of the wild waters in their hour of warfare.
Thus much forgive; and trust, in such an hour,
I had not said e'en this, but for the hope
That when the voice of victory is heard
From the fair Tuscan valleys, in its swell
Should mournful dirges mingle for the dead,
And I be one of those who are at rest,
You may chance recollect this word, and say,
That day, upon the bloody field, there fell
One who had loved thee long, and loved thee well.

A MONK'S CURSE.

Hear me, thou hard of heart:
They who go forth to battle, are led on
With sprightly trumpets and shrill clam'rous clarions!
The drum doth roll its double notes along,
Echoing the horses' tramp; and the sweet fife
Runs through the yielding air in dulcet measure,
That makes the heart leap in its case of steel;
Thou—shalt be knell'd unto thy death by bells,
Pond'rous and brazen-tongued, whose sullen toll
Shall cleave thine aching brain, and on thy soul
Fall with a leaden weight: the muffled drum
Shall mutter round thy path like distant thunder:
'Stead of the war-cry, and wild battle roar,—
That swells upon the tide of victory,
And seems unto the conqueror's eager ear
Triumphant harmony of glorious discords;
There shall be voices cry, Foul shame on thee;
And the infuriate populace shall clamour
To heaven for lightnings on thy rebel head.

The Cosmopolite.

SUPERSTITIONS, FABLES, &c. RELATIVE TO ANIMALS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

A SUPERSTITION prevails both in England and Scotland (Qu. Are Wales and Ireland excepted?) that *Goats* are never to be seen for twenty-four hours together, owing to their paying Satan a visit once during that period, to have their beards combed; indeed, since the classical representations of Pan and the satyrs, from whose semi-brutal figures we derive our own superstitious idea of the form of the evil one, goats, rams, and pongos have shared with serpents and cats the obloquy of being in a manner his animal symbols. The offensive smell of this animal is thus accounted for by the natives of South Guinea:—

Having requested a female deity to allow them to use an aromatic ointment which she used, the enraged goddess rubbed them with one of a very different description, and the smell of this has been ever since retained by the descendants of the presumptuous offenders.

We may here remark, that of late years some doubts have arisen, and not without foundation, respecting the wholesomeness of goats' milk, hitherto believed to be, in many respects, superior even to that of the cow. The goat was much venerated by the ancient Egyptians, and never sacrificed, because Pan was represented with the legs and feet of that animal, but the Greeks destroyed it on account of its cropping the vines.

Few animals have been the cause, perhaps, of so many superstitions as the common domestic *Cat*; most of them are too well known here to require repetition, but the still prevalent, popular prejudice that this creature sucks the breath of sleepers, especially children, and thereby kills them, has been signally refuted by modern naturalists, who observe, that even if it were capable of drawing a person's breath thus, the construction of its mouth renders it impossible to impede the respiration of the slumberer through mouth and nostrils at the same time; this vulgar superstition probably arose from cats liking to lie warm, and nestling consequently in beds, cribs, and cradles. To dream of cats is considered unlucky, denoting treachery and quarrels on the part of friends. Cats, from no apparent cause, seeming shy, agitated, and traversing the house uttering cries, as if alarmed, is believed to forbode sudden and causeless strife between the members of the fami-

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lies with whom they reside. That the breath of these animals is poisonous, that they can play with serpents and remain uninjured, whilst their fur communicates the infection of the venom of those reptiles, that they lend themselves readily to infernal agents and purposes, that certain portions of their bodies possess magical properties and were efficacious in the preparation of charmed potions, and that they are partly supernatural creatures, endowed with a power of bringing good or evil fortune upon their possessors, with other facts just as credible, was once devoutly believed by the illiterate, as it is partially at this very day.*

Dogs are generally supposed to possess the faculty of beholding spirits when they are invisible to mortals, and of foretelling death by lamentable howls. It is lucky to be followed by a strange dog. The Welch believe in the apparition of certain spirits under the form of hunting dogs, which they call dogs of the sky (cwn wybir, or cwn annwy:) they indicate the death of a relation or friend of the person to whom they appear, but though generally accompanied by fire, are innocuous. The tradition of the Spectre Hound of Peel Castle (Isle of Man) or *Manthe Doog*, is well known. The religious superstition of Mahommedans lead them to consider the dog as an unclean animal; but the dog of the Seven Sleepers, according to a tale in the Koran, is, say the faithful, the only animal admitted into heaven. A more sweet and soothing creed is held by "the untutored Indian," who believes that the faithful companion of his laborious mortal career will accompany him into the everlasting regions; and, indeed, the idea that animals possess actually an inferior soul, and that, maltreated as they are on earth, they too have their appropriate heaven, has by many been considered a speculation less superstitious than truly philosophical.

The miraculous circumstance of Balaam's *Ass* being empowered to behold that startling apparition which his rider's eyes were holden so that he could not see, may have originated the superstition that animals behold spirits when they are invisible to man. *Horses*, from frequently starting at no apparent cause, have thus been placed amongst the seers. In the Highlands it is deemed lucky to meet a horse; but, according to Virgil, the sight of one of these animals was ominous of war, the reason for which may be found in a horse being as a martial animal dedicated to the god of war. The Persians, Armenians, and other ancient nations sacrificed horses to the sun. Tacitus says the Suevi maintained white horses in the several woods at the public charge, to draw omens from them; and there are to this day vestiges in England of some superstition relative to white horses, and of supposed Danish origin.

The *Hyæna* has been the subject of strange fables: its neck was supposed to be jointless, consisting but of one bone, and considered of great efficacy in magical preparations; and the Arabs to this day, when they kill this fierce animal, bury its head, lest it should be made the element of some charm against them. It was believed to possess the power of changing its sex annually; to be able to fascinate shepherds by its eyes and render them motionless, and its cognomen, "*Laughing*" is, of course, derived from the idea of its being able to imitate the human voice.

The ancients believed that if a man encountered a *Wolf*, and the animal first fixed its eyes upon him, he was deprived for ever of the power of speech: connected with these ferocious brutes is the fearful superstition of the *Lycanthropos*, *Were-wulf*, *Loup-garou*, or *Man-wolf*. "These *were-wolves*," says Verstegan, "are certain sorcerers, who having anointed their bodies with an ointment they make by the instinct of the devil, and putting on a certain enchanted girdle, do not only unto the view of others seem as wolves, but to their own thinking have both the shape and nature of wolves so long as they wear the said girdle; and they do dispose themselves as very wolves, in worrying, and killing, and waste of human creatures." The Germans had a similar superstition regarding wolves, and the same respecting the wild boar; and with these let us compare the British belief, that warlocks and weird women possess the power of transforming themselves into hares, cats, &c.

Swine, which are strangely uneasy in or against tempestuous weather, are believed to see the wind. In some parts of Great Britain it is a popular belief that, on commencing a journey, if a sow and pigs be met it will prove successful, but if a sow only crosses the road, the traveller, if he cannot pass, must ride round about it, otherwise ill luck will attend him.

(To be continued.)

* Much of the ill-treatment of the Cat has arisen from its being invariably the attendant of reputed Witches. (*See page 174. of the present Sheet.*) In later times the practice of such cruelties may be referred to the vituperations of naturalists: surely Buffon is among them. We are happy to see that our Correspondent, *M. L. B* writes in the kindlier spirit towards the poor, persecuted Cat.—ED. M.

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The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON.

We continue our extracts from this extraordinary work.

Madagascar.

"Madagascar is one of the largest and most fertile islands in the world; nearly nine hundred miles in length, and three hundred and fifty in its greatest breadth. There is a chain of glorious mountains, winding through its entire length, of varied height, whence many large and navigable rivers take their source. The interior of this vast island, and its inhabitants, are little known; but those parts on the coast which, at that time and afterwards, I have frequently visited, give abundant indications that nature has here scattered her riches with no stinting hand. Nothing seems wanting but knowledge to place this magnificent island in the foremost rank of great and powerful empires. When I was there, the line, distinguishing the man from the animal, was hardly visible."

The Mauritius.

"It is worthy of remark that, regarding climate, this island has a peculiarity I never remember to have found in any other in India. Other islands are comparatively cool and pleasant on the coasts, and close and unhealthy in the interior, unless on the heights. Here it is reversed: the entire coast is so scorchingly hot, and the air so bad, that at Port St. Louis, and other places round, no one dares venture out in the daytime during six months of the year, as he may be almost certain of having a sun-stroke, which occasions a brain-fever, the malignant fever, cholera morbus, or dysentery; while, at the same period, in the interior, particularly on the windward side, the air is temperate and salubrious. For six months in the year, from November to April, the town of St. Louis is insufferably and noxiously hot; scarcely any one but the slaves could be induced to remain there, the free inhabitants departing for the interior. Then again, the dry months at Port St. Louis are the rainy ones in the central parts; and, whilst the fiercest hurricanes are raging on the coast, a few miles in-land all is calm and sunshine. I have repeatedly witnessed this; and it is strange in so small an island.

"De Ruyter now came up, and we suddenly stood on the elevated plain, called Vacois, in the centre of the island. Our ascent had been very abrupt, winding, and rugged. Before us, in the middle of the plain, on which we now rode, was the pyramidical mountain, *Piton du Milieu.* Inclining to our right was the port and town of St. Louis. To the south were large plains, in rich vegetation, divided by a fine river, with one solitary hill. To the north were other plains, inclining to the sea, white as if the briny waters had recently receded from them, and only partially cultivated with sugar-canes, indigo, and in the marshy spots, with rice. From south to east it was volcanic and mountainous, with jungle and ancient forests. The north-east was, for the most part, level. The plain, where we were, was full of little sheets of deep water, forming themselves into pretty lakes; which, overflowing during the heavy rains, at times made the plain swampy, and ever overgrown with canes, reeds, and gigantic grass. Such was the diversified and beautiful scenery now disclosed, as the sun, having risen above the mountain in the east, dissipated the yellow mists, and laid bare the hitherto obscured beauties of this divine island, like a virgin unrobed for bathing.

"We alighted under the shade of a group of the rose-apple trees, which seemed to have drawn a charmed circle round a solitary oak, on the brink of a lake, clear as a diamond, and apparently of amazing depth, the golden Chinese fish sporting on its surface, and green, yellow, and blue dragon-flies darting here and there above it. The modest wood-pigeon and dove, disturbed in their morning ablutions, flew away to the woods. The gray partridge ran into the vacour, which stood in thick lines on the brink, impenetrable from its long fibrous leaves, standing out like a phalanx of lances. The water-hens dived, and the parrots chattered on the trees, as if they had been peopled with scolding married women; whilst the sluggish baboon sat, with portly belly, gormandizing with the voracity and gravity of a monk, regardless of all but the stuffing of his insatiable maw with bananas.

"We were told that there were, in this lake, prawns as big as lobsters, and eels of incredible size, from fifteen to twenty feet long. The two principal rivers took their rise from this plain, augmenting in their course by the tribute of an infinity of streamlets; till swollen into bulk and strength, like two rival monarchs, they ran parallel for a

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awhile, trying to outvie each other in pomp and velocity, springing over their rocky beds. After some distance they separated to the right and left, and passed through their different districts, to pay, in their turn, tribute to the mightier ocean.

"We left the lake on our right, skirted the base of *Piton du Milieu*, over a volcanic soil of pulverized cinders, and, by gentle descents, proceeded towards the south. Again we were among mountains, passing green lawns, and marshes overgrown with vitti-vert, (which is used for thatching,) fern, marsh-mallows, waving bamboos, and wild tobacco. We saw plantations of the manioc, (bread-fruit,) maize, sweet potatoes, the cotton-tree, the sugar-cane, coffee, and cloves. Then we crossed rocky channels of clear rippling water, hedged by dwarf oaks and the dusky-coloured olive, underneath which flourished the dark-green fig-tree, with its strawberry-red marrowy fruit, bared by the bursting of its emerald-green rind. Here the majestic palmiste towered grandly alone, crowned with its first, tardy, and only fruit; and when deprived of that diadem, like earthly monarchs, it perishes. We penetrated the wild native woods, where grew the iron-wood tree, the oak, the black cinnamon, the apple, the acacia, the tamarind, and the nutmeg. Our path was arched by wild vines, jessamine, and a multitude of deep scarlet-blossomed creepers, so thickly interlaced in their living cordage, that neither sun nor storm could penetrate them; or if a wandering beam found entrance through the thick natural trellice-work, it was only enough to cover some little tuft of violets or strawberries, its own offspring, growing up in its genial warmth with a strength and vigour pre-eminent amidst the pale and sickly brood of the neglected children of the shade. Nothing I had ever imagined of the loveliness of nature equalled the reality of these scenes."

Coffee in the East.

"On entering the zennanah, the old governante, Kamalia, having counted us on her four skinny fingers, proceeded to fulfil that sacred rite, never omitted in the east, of presenting refreshments; without the heartless and niggardly ceremony of appealing to the guests, as is wont in Europe, to learn whether they will take them or not, looking on those who receive them with an evil eye. I followed Kamalia to know how the genuine oriental coffee is made. Good mussulmans can alone make good coffee; for, being interdicted from the use of ardent spirits, their palate is more exquisite and their relish greater.

"Thus it is:—A bright charcoal fire was burning in a small stove. She first took, for four persons, four handsful of the small, pale, mocha berry, little bigger than barley. These had been carefully picked and cleaned. She put them into an iron vessel, where, with admirable quickness and dexterity, they were roasted till their colour was somewhat darkened, and the moisture not exhaled. The over-roasted ones were picked out, and the remainder, while very hot, put into a large wooden mortar, where they were instantly pounded by another woman. This done, Kamalia passed the powder through a camel's-hair cloth; and then repassed it through a finer cloth. Meanwhile a coffee-pot, containing exactly four cups of water, was boiling. This was taken off, one cup of water poured out, and three cups full of the powder, after she had ascertained its impalpability between her finger and thumb, were stirred in with a stick of cinnamon. When replaced on the fire on the point of over-boiling, it was taken off, the heel of the pot struck against the hob, and again put on the fire. This was repeated five or six times. I forgot to mention she added a very minute piece of mace, not enough to make its flavour distinguishable; and that the coffee-pot must be of tin, and uncovered, or it cannot form a thick cream on the surface, which it ought to do. After it was taken, for the last time, from the fire, the cup of water, which had been poured from it, was returned. It was then carried into the room, without being disturbed, and instantly poured into the cups, where it retained its rich cream at the top.

"Thus made, its fragrance filled the room, and nothing could be more delicious to the palate. So far from its being a long and tedious process, as it may appear in narrating, old Kamalia allowed herself only two minutes for each person; so that from the time of her leaving the room to her return, no more than eight minutes had elapsed."

To interesting sketches we can only add a scene of sea sport off Fort Rotterdam, at Macassar, an island between Java and Borneo; shaped like a huge tarantula, a small body, with four disproportionately long legs, which stretch into the sea in narrow and lengthened peninsulas. The locale is

Shark's Bay.

"My hawk-eyed Arab now points

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out to me a line of dark spots, moving rapidly in the water, rounding the arm of the sea, and entering the great bay. At first I thought they were canoes capsized, coming in keel uppermost; but the Arab declared they were sharks, and said, 'The bay is called Shark's Bay; and their coming in from the sea is an infallible sign of bad weather.' A small pocket-telescope convinced me they were large blue sharks. I counted eight; their fins and sharp backs were out of the water. After sailing majestically up the great bay till they came opposite the mouth of a smaller one, they turned towards it in a regular line; one the largest I had seen any where, taking the lead, like an admiral. He had attained the entrance, with the other seven following, when some monsters arose from the bottom, near the shore, where he had been lurking, opposed his further progress, and a conflict instantly ensued. The daring assailant I distinguished to be a sword-fish, or sea-unicorn, the knight-errant of the sea, attacking every thing in its domain; his head is as hard and as rough as a rock, out of the centre of which grows horizontally an ivory spear, longer and far tougher than any warrior's lance; with this weapon he fights. The shark, with a jaw larger and stronger than a crocodile's, with a mouth deeper and more capacious, strikes also with his tail, in tremendous force and rapidity, enabling him to repel any sudden attack by confusing or stunning his foe, till he can turn on his back, which he is obliged to do ere he can use his mouth. This wily and experienced shark, not daring to turn and expose his more vulnerable parts to the formidable sword of his enemy, lashed at him with his heavy tail, as a man uses a flail, working the water into a syllabub. Meanwhile, in honour, I suppose, or in the love of fair play, his seven compatriot sharks stood aloof, lying to with their fins, in no degree interfering in the fray. Frequently I could observe, by the water's eddying in concentric ripples, that the great shark had sunk to the bottom, to seek refuge there, or elude his enemy by beating up the sand; or, what is more probable, by this manœuvre to lure the sword-fish downwards, which, when enraged, will blindly plunge its armed head against a rock, in which case its horn is broken; or, if the bottom is soft, it becomes transfixed, and then would fall an easy prey. De Ruyter, while in a country vessel, had her struck by one of these fish, (perhaps mistaking her for a whale, which, though of the same species, it often attacks,) with such velocity and force, that its sword passed completely through the bow of the vessel: and, having been broken by the shock, it was with great difficulty extracted. It measured seven feet; about one foot of it, the part attached to the head, was hollow, and the size of my wrist; the remainder was solid, and very heavy, being indeed the exquisite ivory of which the eastern people manufacture their beautiful chess-men. But to return to our sea-combat, which continued a long time, the shark evidently getting worsted. Possibly the bottom, which was clear, was favourable for his enemy; whose blow, if he succeeds in striking while the shark is descending, is fatal. I think he had struck him, for the blue shark is seldom seen in shoal or discoloured water; yet now he floundered on towards the bottom of the bay, madly lashing the water into foam, and rolling and pitching like a vessel dismasted. For a few minutes his conqueror pursued him, then wheeled round and disappeared; while the shark grounded himself on the sand, where he lay writhing and lashing the shore feebly with his tail. His six companions, with seeming unconcern, wore round, and slowly moving down the bay, returned by the outlet at which they had entered. Hastening down to the scene of action, I saw no more of them. My boat's crew were assembled at the bottom of the bay, firing muskets at the huge monster as he lay aground; before I could join them, he was despatched, and his dead carcass laid on the beach like a stranded vessel. Leaving him and them, I ran along the beach for half a mile to regain Zela's tent."

Retrospective Gleanings.

WITCHES.

(From Howell's Letters, 1647.)

We need not cross the sea for examples of this kind, we have too many (God wot) at home: King James a great while was loth to believe there were witches; but that which happened to my Lord Francis of Rutland's children, convinced him, who were bewitched by an old woman that was servant at Belvoir Castle, but being displeased, she contracted with the devil, who conversed with her in form of a cat, whom she called Rutterkin, to make away those children, out of mere malignity, and thirst of revenge.

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A RICH MAN.

"Among the many and various hospitals," says Sir William Temple, "that are every man's curiosity and talk, that travels their country, I was affected with none more than that of the aged seamen at Enchuysen, which is contrived, finished, and ordered, as if it were done with a kind of intention of some well-natured man, that those who had been their whole lives in the hardships and incommodities of the sea, should find a retreat with all the *eases* and conveniences that old age is capable of feeling and enjoying. And here I met with the *only* rich man that I ever saw in my life—for one of these old seamen entertaining me a good while with the plain stories of his fifty years voyages and adventures, while I was viewing the hospital and the church adjoining; I gave him, at parting, a piece of their coin, about the value of a crown; he took it and smiled, and offered it me again; but when I refused it, he asked me 'What he should do with money?' I left him to overcome his modesty as he could; but a servant coming after me, saw him give it to a little girl that opened the church door, as she passed by him; which made me reflect upon the fantastic calculation of riches and poverty that is current in the world, by which a man that wants a million, is a prince; he that wants but a groat is a beggar; and this was a poor man that wanted nothing at all."

The Gatherer.

Nicknames.—John Magee, formerly the printer of the *Dublin Evening Post*, was full of shrewdness and eccentricity. Several prosecutions were instituted against him by the government, and many "keen encounters of the tongue" took place on these occasions between him and John Scott, Lord Clonmel, who was at the period Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In addressing the court in his own defence, Magee had occasion to allude to some public character, who was better known by a familiar designation. The official gravity of Clonmel was disturbed; and he, with bilious asperity reproved the printer, by saying, "Mr. Magee, we allow no nicknames in this court." "Very well, *John Scott*," was the reply.

H. S. S.

A Village Hampden.—In the churchyard of one of the parishes of Walsall, Staffordshire, is the following epitaph on a person named Samuel Wilks, who appears, like other persons of his name, to have been a great stickler for the rights of the people:—"Reader, if thou art an inhabitant of the Foreign of Walsall, know that the dust beneath thy feet was imprisoned in thy cause, because he refused to incorporate the poor-rates of the Foreign of Walsall and those of the Borough of Walsall. His resistance was successful. Reader, the benefit is thine."

Difference between a Town and a Village.—The other night it was warmly contested in the Reform debate in the House of Commons, whether Bilston and Sedgeley, in Staffordshire, were towns or villages. Mr. Croker spoke of the "village of Bilston," and the "rural district of Sedgeley," but Sir John Wrottesley maintained that the right hon. gentleman would find nothing in Bilston that would give him any idea of sweet Auburn. "He would find a large market-town in the parish of Wolverhampton, filled not with trees and waving foliage, but with long chimneys and smoking steam-engines. The time was also beyond his memory when Sedgeley was a rural district. The right hon. gentleman would find there no mossy fountains, no bubbling brooks; the only thing at all like them which he could find there would be the torrents of boiling water which the steam-engines perpetually discharged."

Dutch Disgust.—You might seek through all London to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared, with great indignation, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach.

Awkward Honour.—A medical gentleman has written a letter to Sir Henry Halford on Cholera, in which he takes to himself the credit of being "the first to discover the disease, and *communicate it to the public.*" The public is much obliged to him.—*Globe.*

Newspapers.—We wish Lieutenant Drummond would calculate the miles of newspaper columns which every club-haunter daily swallows, and the price he pays for the same to the proprietaries and the revenue.—*Examiner.*

Scandal.—The tell-tale trumpery and eaves-dropping with which the "Tour of a German Prince" is trickseyed out, reminds us of an observation by Lady Morgan: "Admit these fellows into your house, and the only return they will make you is to put you in their book."

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Yorkshire Fun.—The assizes and the theatre always open together at York, and it is common to hear the Tykes say, "Eh, lad, ther'l be fun next week; t'pla'ctors is cuming, and t'men's to be hung all at t'syame time."—*Atlas.*

Ancient Drunkenness in London.—Andrews in his *History of Great Britain*, says, "In the 16th century drinking had its votaries in abundance. Much time was spent by the citizens of London at their numerous taverns." In the country, if a bitter writer of the time, (Stub's *Anatomie of Abuse,*) may find credit, every public-house was crowded from morn till night with determined drunkards. Camden, who also allows the increase of drunkenness among the English, imputes it to their familiarity with the Flemings in the Low Country wars.

The taverns of London were many and much frequented. An old bard has favoured us with a list of them in *Newes from Bartholomew Fayre*, a black letter poem, the title page of which is torn off, viz.

"There hath been great sale and utterance of wine,
Besides beere, and ale, and ipocras fine,
In every country, region, and nation,
But chiefly in Billingsgate, at the Salutation;
And the Bore's Head, near London Stone,
The Swan at Dowgate, a taverne well known;
The Mitre in Cheape; and then the Bull Head,
And many like places that make noses red;
Th' Bore's Head in Old Fish Street, Three Crowns in the Vintry,
And now, of late, St. Martin's in the Sentree;
The Windmill in Lothbury; the Ship at th' Exchange,
King's Head in New Fish Street, where roysters do range;
The Mermaid in Cornhill, Red Lion in the Strand,
Three Tuns, Newgate Market; Old Fish Street, at the Swan."

The first drinking song that appeared in the English tongue is connected with *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and was published in 1551. P. T. W.

Governesses.—A lady wrote to her son, requesting him to look out for a lady, such as she described, and such as is ordinarily expected in a governess, that is to say, all accomplished, with the disposition of an angel. The gentleman wrote back that he had long been looking out for such a person, and that when he found her, he should not recommend her for a governess, but take her for a wife.—*New Monthly Mag.*

Counterfeit Kings.—In the infancy of the Roman Empire, we find a counterfeit Agrippa, after him a counterfeit Nero; and before them two counterfeit Alexanders, in Syria. But never was a nation so troubled with these mock kings as England; a counterfeit Richard II. being made in the time of Henry IV.; a counterfeit Mortimer in the time of Henry VI.; a counterfeit Duke of York; a counterfeit Earl of Warwick under Henry VII.; and a counterfeit Edward VI. under the reign of Queen Mary; and a counterfeit Protector, in Oliver Cromwell. G. K.

Reading at Meals, &c. — Lectores, among the Romans, were servants in great men's houses, who were employed in reading while their masters were at supper. They were called by the Greeks, Anagnostæ. Acroama, was a name given by the Romans to amusing tales, which they recited at their repasts. The Emperor Severus read himself at table. Atticus never supped without reading. Charlemagne had the histories and acts of ancient kings read to him at table. This was a relic of the ancient Greeks, who had the praises of great men and heroes sung to them while at table. Celsus tells us, reading is bad, especially after supper, for those whose heads are weak; but he recommends reading with an audible voice, for such as have weak stomachs. P. T. W.

Epigrams from the French.

"On peut, en vous voyant, devenir infidèle
Mais c'est pour la dernière fois."
Chaulieu.

"At sight of thee—each lover false might prove,
But having seen—no other e'er could love."

"Ce monde est plein de fous—et qui n'en veut pas voir
Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir."

"With fools the world abounds—who would their presence shun
Must break his mirror—or he'll there see one." T. R. P.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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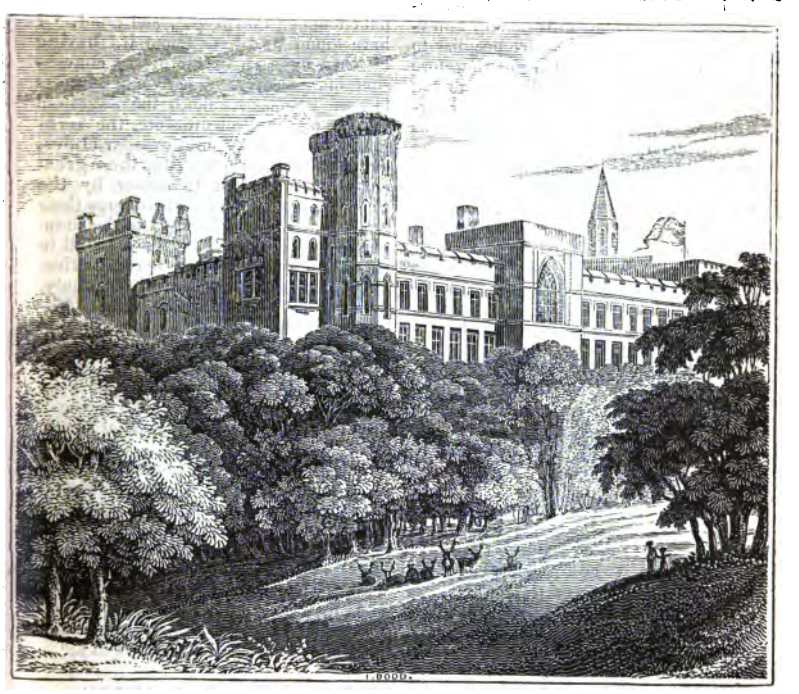

WINDSOR CASTLE, (N.E.)

Our sketchy tour of Windsor Castle has hitherto been told in visits far between, perhaps, if not few, for the interesting character of the whole fabric.*

The present Cut includes the North-east view, a picturesque if not important point. The reader will remember, if he has not enjoyed, the splendid terrace on the north; this is now continued on the eastern side. The fine tower at the eastern end of the north terrace, (at the angle,) is *Brunswick Tower*, with a projecting bastion in its front containing the apparatus for heating the orangery, with rooms for the attendants; it is octagon shaped, and has a most commanding appearance, the height being 120 feet above the level of the terrace. A staircase turret communicates with the apartments, the principal one being appropriated as a private dining-room by the late King, while the larger apartments on the east front were reserved for splendid entertainments. In a central position between the state dining-room and St. George's Hall is a music saloon, in which is placed a fine-toned organ. A communication has been effected between Brunswick Tower and the state apartments by a corridor terminating at the King's Guard Chamber, where a new tower, named after George the Third, has been erected: the principal window is extremely large, and divided by Gothic tracery into several compartments, producing a noble and cathedral-like appearance.

Beneath the Castle, in the Engraving, are seen the wooded slopes of the Little Park, the "green retreats" of Pope, where

—— Waving groves a checker'd scene display
And part admit, and part exclude the day.

* For Views of Windsor Castle, with the late renovations, see the following Numbers of the *Mirror*:

No. 292, George the Fourth's Gateway, South and East Sides.

——— Long Gallery.

No. 437, Bedchamber in which George IV. died.

No. 444, Private Dining Room.

No. 486, George IV. Gateway, from the interior of the Quadrangle.

No. 488, St. George's Chapel.

** The friendly suggestion of our Correspondent, *G C.* (Windsor Castle,) shall be considered.

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THE MARCH OF MIND.

(To the Editor.)

It is generally supposed that the extensive search after, and diffusion of, knowledge, is in a great measure peculiar to these present times. It seems therefore to me a very curious thing to find a learned man and an accomplished courtier protesting against book-learning as an evil, so far back as the year 1646, and a curious thing he himself appears to have thought it, introducing his opinion as a "paradox" until he explains. In this explanation we find the same opinion that is now strenuously insisted on by Mr. Cobbett, namely, that a man who properly understands his own business or employment, though he have nothing of literature, is by no means to be accounted ignorant.

The letters of James Howell, Esq. are well known as fluent examples of the best style of writing of his day, and as repositories of many curious facts and intelligent remarks. The following letter appears to be addressed to Lord Dorchester—

"My Lord,—The subject of this letter may, peradventure, seem a paradox to some, but not, I know, to your Lordship, when you are pleased to weigh well the reasons. Learning is a thing that hath been much cried up, and coveted in all ages, especially in this last century of years, by people of all sorts, though never so mean and mechanical; every man strains his fortune to keep his children at school; the cobbler will clout it till midnight, the porter will carry burdens till his bones crack again, the ploughman will pinch both back and belly to give his son *learning*, and I find that this ambition reigns no where so much as in this island. But, under favour, this word, *learning*, is taken in a narrower sense among us than among other nations: we seem to restrain it only to the *book*, whereas, indeed, any artisan whatsoever (if he knew the secret and mystery of his trade) may be called a learned man: a good mason; a good shoemaker, that can manage St. Crispin's lance handsomely; a skilful yeoman; a good shipwright, &c. may be all called learned men, and indeed the usefullest sort of learned men.

"The extravagant humour of our country is not to be altogether commended—that all men should aspire to book-learning; there is not a simpler animal, and a more superfluous member of a state than a mere scholar, a self-pleasing student. Archimedes, though an excellent engineer, when Syracuse was lost, was found in his study, intoxicated with speculations; and another great, learned philosopher, like a fool or frantic, when being in a bath, he leaped out naked among the people, and cried, 'I have found it, I have found it,' having hit then upon an extraordinary conclusion in geometry. There is a famous tale of Thomas Aquinas, the angelical doctor, and of Bonadventure, the seraphical doctor, of whom Alexander Hales, our countryman, reports, that these great clerks were invited to dinner by the French King, on purpose to observe their humours, and being brought to the room where the table was laid, the first fell to eating of bread as hard as he could drive, at last, breaking out of a brown study, he cried out '*Conclusum est contra Manichæos;*' the other fell a gazing upon the Queen, and the King asking him how he liked her, he answered, 'Oh, sir, if an earthly Queen be so beautiful, what shall we think of the Queen of Heaven?' The latter was the better courtier of the two.

"My Lord, I know none in this age more capable to sit in the chair, and censure what is true learning, and what *not*, than yourself; therefore, in speaking of this subject to your Lordship, I fear to have committed the same error as Phormio did, in discoursing of war before Hannibal.

"My Lord, your most humble, &c.
"James Howell."

ILLUMINATED PSALTER.

(For the Mirror.)

There is an illuminated Psalter preserved amongst the MSS. in the British Museum, 2. A. 16., written by John Mallard, Chaplain to Henry VIII., wherein are several notes in that king's hand writing, some in pencil prefixed to Psalm liii. ("*Dixit incipiens.*") According to a very ancient custom are the figures of King David and a fool, in this instance evidently the portraits of Henry and his jester, Will Somers.

S. K.

ANCIENT VALENTINES.

(For the Mirror.)

The earliest poetical Valentines remaining, are those preserved in the works of Charles Duke of Orleans, father to Louis XII. of France. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and remained in England twenty-five years, and called his mistress his *Valentine*. In the royal library of MSS. now in the British Mu-

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seum, there is a magnificent volume containing his writings whilst in England; it belonged to Henry VIII. for whom it was copied from older MSS. It is illuminated: one painting represents the duke in the White Tower, at a writing table. This MSS. also contain some of the compositions of Eloisa. S. K.

The Cosmopolite.

SUPERSTITIONS, FABLES, &c. RELATIVE TO ANIMALS.

(*Continued from page* 171.)

THE fore-foot of a *Hare* worn constantly in the pocket, is esteemed by certain worthy old dames as a sure preventive of rheumatic disorders.

The *Lynx* was believed by the ancients, from the acuteness of its sight, to have the power of seeing through stone walls; and amongst other absurdities then gravely maintained were these: that the *Elephant* had no joints, and being unable to lie down, was obliged to sleep leaning against a tree; that *Deer* lived several hundred years; that the *Badger* had the legs of one side shorter than those of the other; that the *Chameleon* lived entirely on air, and the *Salamander* in fire; whilst the sphynx, satyr, unicorn, centaur, hypogriff, hydra, dragon, griffin, cockatrice, &c. &c. &c. were either the creations of fancy, or fabled accounts of creatures of whose real form, origin, nature, and qualities, but the most imperfect knowledge was afloat.

The flesh of the *Rhinoceros*, and almost every part of its body, is reckoned by the ignorant natives of countries where it is found, an antidote against poison.

That the *Jackal* is the "Lion's Provider," entirely, is an erroneous idea; but it is true that the terrific cry of this animal when in chase, rouses the lion, whose ear is dull, and enables him to join in the pursuit of prey. Many stories are told respecting the generosity of the *Lion*, and it was once confidently believed that no stress of hunger would induce him to devour a virgin, though his imperial appetite might satiate itself on men and matrons. The title of King of the Beasts, given at a period when strength and ferocity were deemed the prime qualities of man—is now more justly considered to belong to the mild, majestic, and almost rational elephant. The *White Elephant* is a sacred animal with the Siamese, and the cow with the Bramins and Hindoos.

The *Bear* was believed never to devour a man whom it found dead; and it was imagined to lick its cubs into proper shape: hence the expression "unlicked cub," applied to a raw, awkward, unpolished youth. The saliva of the *Lama*, which when angry it ejects, has been erroneously supposed to possess a corrosive quality.

The hoof of the *Moose-deer* was formerly in great repute for curing epilepsies, but has now justly fallen into neglect. The Laplander, commencing his journey, whispers into the ear of his *Rein-deer*, believing these animals understand and will obey his oral directions. The *Elk* is accounted by the Indians an animal of good omen, and often to dream of him indicates a long life. They imagine also the existence of a gigantic elk, which walks without difficulty in eight feet of snow, has an arm growing from its shoulder which it uses as we do, is invulnerable to all weapons, is king of the elks and attended by a numerous herd of courtiers. The fur of the *Glutton* is so valued by the Kamschatdales that they say celestial beings are clad in no other.

It was long a popular error that the *Porcupine*, when irritated, discharged its quills at its adversary; that these quills were poisonous, and rendered wounds inflicted by them difficult to cure: a better acquaintance with the natural history of this harmless animal has now exploded these fables. Our British porcupine, the innocuous *Hedgehog*, has long been the object of unceasing persecution, from the popular belief that it bites and sucks the udders of cows, an absurdity sufficiently contradicted by the smallness of its mouth. In like manner, the *Goat-sucker* is a persecuted bird, since, as its name implies, it has been thought to suck the teats of goats and other animals; whereas the form of its bill entirely precludes such an act, and it is an inoffensive bird, living upon insects. The superstition has probably originated from its being often found in warm climates under cattle, capturing the insects that torment them. It is supposed, in some places, that the *Shrew-mouse* is of so baneful and deleterious a nature that whenever it creeps over a beast, cow, sheep, or horse (in particular), the animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with a loss of the use of its limb. A shrew-ash was the remedy for this misfortune, viz. an ash whose twigs or branches gently applied to the affected members relieved the pain: our provident forefathers, anticipating such an accident to their cattle, always kept a

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shrew-ash at hand, which, once medicated, retained its virtue for ever: it was thus prepared: into the body of an ash a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor devoted shrew-mouse being thrust into it, the orifice was plugged up, probably with quaint incantations now forgotten.

The *Toad*, owing to its hideous, disgusting appearance, has been the subject of many superstitions: it is commonly thought to spit venom, whilst, as yet, the question is unsettled, whether or not it be poisonous in any respect; some affirm that a viscous humour of poisonous quality exudes from the skin, like perspiration; whilst others pretend that cancers may be cured by the application of living toads to them; and a man has been known to swallow one of these abominations for a wager, taking care, however, to follow this horrid meal by an immediate and copious draught of oil. But the very glance of the toad has been supposed fatal; of its entrails fancied poisonous potions have been concocted; and for magical purposes it was believed extremely efficacious; a precious stone was asserted to be found in its head, invaluable in medicine and magic. In Carthagena and Portobello (America) these creatures swarm to such a degree in wet weather that many of the inhabitants believe every drop of rain to be converted into a toad. It is said of the Pipa, or Surinam toad, a hideous, but probably harmless, animal, that very malignant effects are experienced from it when calcined.

The *Crocodile* is feigned to weep and groan like a human being in pain and distress, in order to excite the sympathy of man, and thus allure him into his tremendous jaws.

The *Lizard*, though now declared by naturalists to be perfectly harmless, was long considered poisonous by the ignorant; and in Sweden and Kamschatka, the green lizard is the subject of strange superstitions, and regarded with horror. Newts, efts, swifts, snakes, and blindworms are, in popular credence, all venomous; and that the *Ear-wig* most justly derives its name from entering people's ears, and either causing deafness, or, by penetrating to the brain, death itself, is with many considered an indisputable fact. The Irish have a large beetle of which strange tales are believed; they term it the *Coffin-cutter*, and it has some connexion with the grave and purgatory, not now, unfortunately, to be recalled to our memory.

It is, in Germany, a popular belief, that the *Stag-beetle* (perhaps the same insect) carries burning coals into houses by means of its jaws, and that it has thus occasioned many dreadful fires. (How convenient would *Swing* find such a superstition in England!) The *Death-watch* superstition is too well known to need particular notice in this paper. It is singular that the *House-cricket* should by some persons be considered an unlucky, by others a lucky, inmate of the mansion: those who hold the latter opinion consider its destruction the means of bringing misfortune on their habitations. "In Dumfries-shire," says Sir William Jardine, "it is a common superstition that if crickets forsake a house which they have long inhabited, some evil will befal the family; generally the death of some member is portended. In like manner the presence or return of this cheerful little insect is lucky, and portends some good to the family."

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Reader.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN AMERICA.

Servants.

THE following sketch of what the Americans feel on this point, from Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, is clever and amusing:—

"The greatest difficulty in organizing a family establishment in Ohio is getting servants, or, as it is there called, 'getting help,' for it is more than petty treason to the republic to call a free citizen a *servant*. The whole class of young women, whose bread depends upon their labour, are taught to believe that the most abject poverty is preferable to domestic service. Hundreds of half-naked girls work in the paper-mills, or in any other manufactory, for less than half the wages they would receive in service: but they think their equality is compromised by the latter, and nothing but the wish to obtain some particular article of finery will ever induce them to submit to it. A kind friend, however, exerted herself so effectually for me, that a tall stately lass soon presented herself, saying, 'I be come to help you.' The intelligence was very agreeable, and I welcomed her in the most gracious manner possible, and asked what I should give her by the year. 'Oh Gimini!' exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, 'you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already; besides, mayhap I

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may want to go to school. You must just give me a dollar and a half a week; and mother's slave, Phillis, must come over once a week, I expect, from t'other side the water, to help me clean.' I agreed to the bargain, of course, with all dutiful submission; and seeing she was preparing to set to work in a yellow dress parsemé with red roses, I gently hinted, that I thought it was a pity to spoil so fine a gown, and that she had better change it. ' 'Tis just my best and worst,' she answered, ' for I've got no other.' And in truth I found that this young lady had left the paternal mansion with no more clothes of any kind than what she had on. I immediately gave her money to purchase what was necessary for cleanliness and decency, and set to work with my daughters to make her a gown. She grinned applause when our labour was completed, but never uttered the slightest expression of gratitude for that or for anything else we could do for her. She was constantly asking us to lend her different articles of dress, and when we declined it, she said, ' Well, I never seed such grumpy folks as you be; there is several young ladies of my acquaintance what goes to live out now and then with the old women about the town, and they and their gurls always lends them what they asks for; I guess, you Inglish thinks we should poison your things, just as bad as if we was negurs.' And here I beg to assure the reader, that whenever I give conversations, they were not made *à loisir*, but were written down immediately after they occurred, with all the verbal fidelity my memory permitted.

" This young lady left me at the end of two months, because I refused to lend her money enough to buy a silk dress to go to a ball, saying, ' Then it is not worth my while to stay any longer.' I cannot imagine it possible that such a state of things can be desirable or beneficial to any of the parties concerned. I might occupy a hundred pages on the subject, and yet fail to give an adequate idea of the sore, angry, ever-wakeful pride that seemed to torment these poor wretches. In many of them it was so excessive, that all feeling of displeasure, or even of ridicule, was lost in pity. One of these was a pretty girl, whose natural disposition must have been gentle and kind; but her good feelings were soured, and her gentleness turned into morbid sensitiveness, by having heard a thousand and a thousand times that she was as good as any other lady, that all men were equal, and women too, and that it was a sin and a shame for a free-born American to be treated like a servant. When she found she was to dine in the kitchen, she turned up her pretty lip, and said, ' I guess that's 'cause you don't think I'm good enough to eat with you. You'll find that won't do here.' I found afterwards that she rarely ate any dinner at all, and generally passed the time in tears. I did everything in my power to conciliate and make her happy, but I am sure she hated me. I gave her very high wages, and she stayed till she had obtained several expensive articles of dress, and then, *un beau matin*, she came to me full dressed, and said, ' I must go.' ' When shall you return, Charlotte?' ' I expect you will see no more of me.' And so we parted. Her sister was also living with me, but her wardrobe was not yet completed, and she remained some weeks longer till it was."

" Such being the difficulties respecting domestic arrangements," adds our author, " it is obvious, that the ladies who are brought up amongst them cannot have leisure for any developement of the mind: it is, in fact, out of the question; and, remembering this, it is more surprising that some among them should be very pleasing, than that none should be highly instructed. But, whatever may be the talents of the persons who meet together in society, the very shape, form, and arrangement of the meeting is sufficient to paralyze conversation. The women invariably herd together at one part of the room, and the men at the other; but, in justice to Cincinnati, I must acknowledge that this arrangement is by no means peculiar to that city, or to the western side of the Alleghanies. Sometimes a small attempt at music produces a partial reunion; a few of the most daring youths animated by the consciousness of curled hair and smart waistcoats, approach the piano-forte, and begin to mutter a little to the half-grown pretty things, who are comparing with one another ' how many quarters' music they have had.' Where the mansion is of sufficient dignity to have two drawing-rooms, the piano, the little ladies, and the slender gentlemen are left to themselves; and on such occasions the sound of laughter is often heard to issue from among them. But the fate of the more dignified personages, who are left in the other room, is extremely dismal. The gentlemen spit, talk of elections and the price of produce, and spit again. The ladies look at each other's dresses till they know every pin by heart; talk of Par-

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son Somebody's last sermon on the day of judgment, or Dr. T'otherbody's new pills for dyspepsia, till the 'tea' is announced, when they all console themselves together for whatever they may have suffered in keeping awake, by taking more tea, coffee, hot cake and custard, hoe cake, johny cake, waffle cake, and dodger cake, pickled peaches, and preserved cucumbers, ham, turkey, hung beef, apple sauce, and pickled oysters, than ever were prepared in any other country of the known world. After this massive meal is over, they return to the drawing-room, and it always appeared to me that they remained together as long as they could bear it, and then they rise *en masse*— cloak, bonnet, shawl, and exit."

Conversation of an American.

"'Well now, so you be from the old country? Ay—you'll see sights here I guess.' 'I hope I shall see many.' 'That's a fact.——Why they do say, that if a poor body contrives to be smart enough to scrape together a few dollars, that your King George always comes down upon 'em, and takes it all away. Don't he?' 'I do not remember hearing of such a transaction.' 'I guess they be pretty close about it.' Your papers ben't like ourn, I reckon? Now we says and prints just what we likes.' 'You spend a good deal of time in reading the newspapers.' 'And I'd like you to tell me how we can spend it better. How should freemen spend their time, but looking after their government, and watching that them fellers as we gives offices to, does their duty, and gives themselves no airs?' 'But I sometimes think, sir, that your fences might be in more thorough repair, and your roads in better order, if less time was spent in politics.' 'The Lord! to see how little you knows of a free country? Why, what's the smoothness of a road put against the freedom of a free-born American? And what does a broken zig-zag signify, comparable to knowing that the men what we have been pleased to send up to Congress, speaks handsome and straight, as we chooses they should?' 'It is from a sense of duty, then, that you all go to the liquor store to read the papers?' 'To be sure it is, and he'd be no true-born American as didn't. I don't say that the father of a family should always be after liquor, but I do say that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week, than not to look after the affairs of his country.'"

Hogs.

"Immense droves of hogs were continually arriving from the country by the road that led to most of our favourite walks; they were often fed and lodged in the prettiest valleys, and worse still, were slaughtered beside the prettiest streams. Another evil threatened us from the same quarter, that was yet heavier. Our cottage had an ample piazza, (a luxury almost universal in the country houses of America,) which, shaded by a group of acacias, made a delightful sitting-room; from this favourite spot we one day perceived symptoms of building in a field close to it; with much anxiety we hastened to the spot, and asked what building was to be erected there. 'Tis to be a slaughter-house for hogs,' was the dreadful reply. As there were several gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, I asked if such an erection might not be indicted as a nuisance. 'A what?' 'A nuisance,' I repeated, and explained what I meant. 'No, no,' was the reply, 'that may do very well for your tyrannical country, where a rich man's nose is more thought of than a poor man's mouth; but hogs be profitable produce here, and we be too free for such a law as that, I guess.'"

THE BELL ROCK LIGHT HOUSE.

On the 9th ult., about 10 P.M., a large herring-gull struck one of the south-eastern mullions of the Bell Rock Light House with such force, that two of the polished plates of glass, measuring about two feet square, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, were shivered to pieces and scattered over the floor in a thousand atoms, to the great alarm of the keeper on watch, and the other two inmates of the house, who rushed instantly to the light room. It fortunately happened, that although one of the red-shaded sides of the reflector-frame was passing in its revolution at the moment, the pieces of broken glass were so minute, that no injury was done to the red glass. The gull was found to measure five feet between the tips of the wings. In his gullet was found a large herring, and in its throat a piece of plate-glass, of about one inch in length.—(From No. I. of the *Nautical Magazine*, a work of clever execution, great promise, and extraordinary cheapness.)

NO CHALK.

It appears that the bill for the abolition of imprisonment for debt in America

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"works well," as applied to New York; and the system is consequently to be put in general force all over the Union—a fact, which, as a poet like Mr. Watts would say, adds another leaf to America's laurel. But the paper which announced this gratifying intelligence, relates in a paragraph nearly subjoined to it, a circumstance in natural history that seems to have some connexion with the affairs between debtor and creditor in the United States. It informs us, that up to the present period of scientific investigation, "*no chalk* has been discovered in North America." Now this is really a valuable bit of discovery; and we heartily wish that the Geological Society, instead of wasting their resources on anniversary-dinners, as they have lately been doing, would at once set about establishing the proof of a similar absence of that article in this country. Surely, our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, will not fail to take the hint which nature herself has so beneficently thrown out to them; and instead of abolishing the power of getting into prison, put an end at once to the power of getting into debt. The scarcity of chalk ought certainly to be numbered among the natural blessings of America. Had the soil on that side of the ocean been as chalky as this, America might have been visited by a comet, like Pitt, with a golden train of eight hundred millions.—*Monthly Magazine.*

The Naturalist.

ANGLING.

(From the Angler's Museum, quoted in the Magazine of Natural History.)

Every one who is acquainted with the habits of fish is sensible of the extreme acuteness of their vision, and well knows how easily they are scared by shadows in motion, or even at rest, projected from the bank; and often has the angler to regret the suspension of a successful fly-fishing by the accidental passage of a person along the opposite bank of the stream: yet, by noting the apparently trivial habits of one of nature's anglers, not only is our difficulty obviated, but our success insured. The heron, guided by a wonderful instinct, preys chiefly in the absence of the sun; fishing in the dusk of the morning and evening, on cloudy days and moonlight nights. But should the river become flooded to discoloration, then does the "long-necked felon" fish indiscriminately in sun and shade; and in a recorded instance of his fishing on a bright day, it is related of him, that, like a skilful angler, he occupied the shore opposite the sun.

SKILFUL ANATOMISTS.

(For the Mirror.)

It may not be generally known that the tadpole acts the same part with fish that ants do with birds; and that through the agency of this little reptile, perfect skeletons, even of the smallest fishes may be obtained. To produce this, it is but necessary to suspend the fish by threads attached to the head and tail in an horizontal position, in a jar of water, such as is found in a pond, and change it often, till the tadpoles have finished their work. Two or three tadpoles will perfectly dissect a fish in twenty-four hours. H. S. S.

THREE ENTHUSIASTIC NATURALISTS.

The first is a learned entomologist, who, hearing one evening at the Linnean Society that a yellow *Scarabæus*, otherwise beetle, of a very rare kind was to be captured on the sands at Swansea, immediately took his seat in the mail for that place, and brought back in triumph the object of his desire. The second is Mr. David Douglas, who spent two years among the wild Indians of the Rocky Mountains, was reduced to such extremities as occasionally to sup upon the flaps of his saddle; and once, not having this resource, was obliged to eat up all the seeds he had collected the previous forty days in order to appease the cravings of nature. Not appalled by these sufferings, he has returned again to endure similar hardships, and all for a few simples. The third example is Mr. Drummond, the assistant botanist to Franklin in his last hyperborean journey. In the midst of snow, with the thermometer 15° below zero, without a tent, sheltered from the inclemency of the weather only by a hut built of the branches of trees, and depending for subsistence from day to day on a solitary Indian hunter, "I obtained," says this amiable and enthusiastic botanist, "a few mosses; and, on Christmas day,"—mark, gentle reader, the day, of all others, as if it were a reward for his devotion,—"I had the pleasure of finding a very minute Gymnóstomum, hitherto undescribed. I remained alone for the rest of the winter, except when my man occasionally visited me with meat; and I found the time hang very heavy, as I had no books, and nothing could be done in the way of collecting specimens of natural history."

Magazine of Natural History.

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BURIAL PLACE IN TONGATABU.

This is another of Mr. Bennett's sketches made during his recent visit to several of the Polynesian Islands. It represents the burial-place of the Chiefs of Tongatabu: over this "earthly prison of their bones," we may say with Titus Andronicus:

In peace and honour rest you here my sons:
(The) readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges: here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Mr. Bennett thus describes the spot, with some interesting circumstances:

"July 29th. I visited this morning a beautiful spot named Maofanga, at a short distance from our anchorage; here was the burial-place of the chiefs. The tranquillity of this secluded spot, and the drooping trees of the casuarina equisetifolia, added to the mournful solemnity of the place. Off this place, the Astrolabe French discovery ship lay when, some time before, she fired on the natives. The circumstances respecting this affair, as communicated to me, if correct, do not reflect much credit on the commander of the vessel. They are as follow: During a gale the Astrolabe drove on the reef, but was afterwards got off by the exertion of the natives; some of the men deserting from the ship, the chiefs were accused of enticing them away, and on the men not being given up the ship fired on the village; the natives barricaded themselves on the beach by throwing up sand heaps, and afterwards retired into the woods. The natives pointed out the effects of the shot; on the trees, a large branch of a casuarina tree in the sacred enclosure was shot off, several coco-nut trees were cut in two, and the marks of several spent shots still remain on the trees: three natives were killed in this attack. A great number of the flying-fox, or vampire bat, hung from the casuarina trees in this enclosure, but the natives interposed to prevent our firing at them, the place being tabued. Mr. Turner had been witness to the interment here, not long previously, of the wife of a chief, and allied to the royal family. The body, enveloped in mats, was placed in a vault, in which some of her relations had been before interred, and being covered up, several natives advanced with baskets of sand, &c. and strewed it over the vault; others then approached and cut themselves on the head with hatchets, wailing and showing other demonstrations of grief. Small houses are erected over the vaults. All the burial-places are either fenced round or surrounded by a low wall of coral stones, and have a very clean, neat, and regular appearance.

"I observed that nearly the whole of the natives whom I had seen, were deficient in the joints of the little finger of the left hand, and some of both; some of the first joint only, others two, and many the whole of both fingers. On inquiry, I found that a joint is chopped off on any occasion of the illness or death of a relation or chief, as a propitiatory offering to the Spirit. There is a curious analogy between this custom and one related by Mr. Burchell as existing among the Bushmen tribe in Southern Africa, and performed for similar superstitious reasons to express grief for the loss of relations.

"Near this place was the Hufanga, or place of refuge, in which a person in danger of being put to death is in safety as long as he remains there; on looking in the enclosure, it was only a place gravelled over, in which was a small house and some trees planted."*

* United Service Journal, Jan. 1832.

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The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

FRANCIS THE FIRST.

An Historical Drama. By Frances Ann Kemble.

THIS extraordinary production has awakened an interest in the dramatic and literary world, scarcely equalled in our times. We know of its fortune upon the stage by report only; but, from our acquaintance with the requisites of the acting drama, we should conceive its permanence will be more problematical in the theatre than in the closet; and considering the conditions upon which dramatic fame is now attainable, we think the clever authoress will not have reason to regret these inequalities of success. That Miss Kemble's tragedy possesses points to be made, and passages that will *tell* on the stage, cannot be denied; but its interest for representation requires to be concentrated; it "wants a hero, an uncommon thing." It is well observed in the *Quarterly Review*, (by the way, the only notice yet taken of the tragedy, that merits attention,) that "the piece is crowded with characters of the greatest variety, all of considerable importance in the piece, engaged in the most striking situations, and contributing essentially to the main design. Instead of that simple unity of interest, from which modern tragic writers have rarely ventured to depart, it takes the wider range of that historic unity, which is the characteristic of our elder drama; moulds together, and connects by some common agent employed in both, incidents which have no necessary connexion; and—what in the present tragedy strikes us as on many accounts especially noticeable—unites by a fine though less perceptible moral link, remote but highly tragic events with the immediate, if we may so speak, the domestic interests of the play." This language is finely characteristic of the drama. Again, the interest has "so much Shakspearianism in the conception as to afford a remarkable indication of the noble school in which the young authoress has studied, and the high models which, with courage, in the present day, fairly to be called originality, she has dared to set before her. In fact, Francis the First is cast entirely in the mould of one of Shakspeare's historical tragedies." The drama too was written without any view to its representation, as the *Quarterly* reviewer has been "informed by persons who long ago perused the manuscript, several years before Miss Kemble appeared upon the stage, and at a time when she little anticipated the probability that she herself might be called upon to impersonate the conceptions of her own imagination. We believe that we are quite safe when we state that the drama, in its present form, was written when the authoress was not more than seventeen." Yet it should be added that the above statement is not made by way of extenuation; for, to say the truth, it needs no such adventitious aid.

A mere outline of the story will convince the reader that, as the Reviewer states, "the tragedy is alive from the beginning to the end;" and our extracts will we trust show the language to be bold and vigorous; the imagery sweetly poetical; and the workings of the passions which actuate the personages to be evidently of high promise if not of masterly spirit.

The tragedy opens with the recall of the Constable De Bourbon from Italy, through the supposed political intrigue, but really, the secret love, of the mother of Francis, Louisa of Savoy, Duchess of Angouleme, whom Miss Kemble calls the Queen Mother. In the second scene the Queen Mother communicates to Gonzales, a monk in disguise. but in reality an emissary of the Court of Spain, her secret passion for De Bourbon, and her design in his recall.

Francis is introduced at a tourney, where he not only triumphs in the jousts, but over the heart of the beautiful Françoise de Foix.

Bourbon returns, and the second act opens with his interview with Renée, (or Margaret,) the daughter of the Queen Mother, and sister of Francis I., for whom he really entertains an affection. In the second scene the Queen Mother declares her passion to Bourbon, who, at first supposes he is to be tempted by Margaret's hand, but finding the Queen herself to be the lure, he indignantly rejects her. The character of Bourbon in this scene is admirably brought out. The artifice of the Queen —the scorn of Bourbon — and the Queen's meditated vengeance are powerfully wrought:

BOURBON.

I would have you know,
De Bourbon storms, and does not steal his honours
And though your highness thinks I am ambitious,
(And rightly thinks) I am not *so* ambitious
Ever to beg rewards that I can win,—
No man shall call me debtor to his tongue.

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QUEEN (*rising*)

'Tis proudly spoken; nobly too—but what—
What if a woman's hand were to bestow
Upon the Duke de Bourbon such high honours,
To raise him to such state, that grasping man,
E'en in his wildest thoughts of mad ambition,
Ne'er dreamt of a more glorious pinnacle?

BOURBON.

I'd kiss the lady's hand, an she were fair.
But if this world fill'd up the universe,—
If it could gather all the light that lives
In ev'ry other star or sun, or world;
If kings could be my subjects, and that I
Could call such pow'r and such a world my own,
I would not take it from a woman's hand.
Fame is my mistress, madam, and my sword
The only friend I ever wooed her with.
I hate all honours smelling of the distaff,
And, by this light, would as lief wear a spindle
Hung round my neck, as thank a lady's hand
For any favour greater than a kiss.—

QUEEN.

And how, if such a woman loved you,—how
If, while she crown'd your proud ambition, she
Could crown her own ungovernable passion,
And felt that all this earth possess'd, and she
Could give, were all too little for your love?
Oh good, my lord! there may be such a woman.

BOURBON (*aside*)

Amazement! can it be, sweet Margaret—
That she has read our love?—impossible!—and yet—
That lip ne'er wore so sweet a smile!—it is.
That look *is* pardon and acceptance! '*alond*)—speak. (*He falls at the* Queen's *feet.*)
Madam, in pity speak but one word more,—
Who is that woman?

QUEEN (*throwing off her veil.*)

I am that woman!

BOURBON (*starting up.*)

You, by the holy mass! I scorn your proffers;
Is there no crimson blush to tell of fame
And shrinking womanhood! Oh shame! shame! shame!
(*The* Queen *remains clasping her hands to her temples, while* De Bourbon *walks hastily up and down; after a long pause the* Queen *speaks.*)
(*The* Queen *summons her Confessor.*)

Enter GONZALES.

Sir, we have business with this holy father;
You may retire.

BOURBON.

Confusion!

QUEEN.

Are we obeyed?

BOURBON (*aside.*)

Oh Margaret!—for thee! for thy dear sake!
[*Rushes out. The* Queen *sinks into a chair.*]

QUEEN.

Refus'd and scorn'd! Infamy!—the word chokes me!
How now! why stand'st thou gazing at me thus?

GONZALES.

I wait your highness' pleasure—(*Aside*) So all is well—
A crown hath fail'd to tempt him—as I see
In yonder lady's eyes.

QUEEN.

Oh sweet revenge!
Thou art my only hope, my only dower,
And I will make thee worthy of a Queen.
Proud noble, I will weave thee such a web,—
I will so spoil and trample on thy pride,
That thou shalt wish the woman's distaff were
Ten thousand lances rather than itself.
Ha! waiting still, sir Priest! Well as thou seest
Our venture hath been somewhat baulk'd,—'tis not
Each arrow reaches swift and true the aim,—
Love having failed, we'll try the best expedient,
That offers next,—what sayst thou to revenge?
'Tis not so soft, but then 'tis very sure;
Say, shall we wring this haughty soul a little?
Tame this proud spirit, curb this untrain'd charger?
We will not weigh too heavily, nor grind
Too hard, but, having bow'd him to the earth,
Leave the pursuit to others—carrion birds,
Who stoop, but not until the falcon's gorg'd
Upon the prey he leaves to their base talons.

GONZALES.

It rests but with your grace to point the means.

QUEEN.

Where be the plans of those possessions
Of Bourbon's house?—see that thou find them straight:
His mother was my kinswoman, and I
Could aptly once trace characters like those
She used to write—enough—Guienne—Auvergne
And all Provence that lies beneath his claim,—
That claim disprov'd, of right belong to me.—
The path is clear, do thou fetch me those parchments. [*Exit* Gonzales.
Not dearer to my heart will be the day
When first the crown of France deck'd my son's forehead,
Than that when I can compass thy perdition,—
When I can strip the halo of thy fame
From off thy brow, seize on the wide domains,
That make thy hatred house akin to empire,
And give thy name to deathless infamy. [*Exit.*

The King holds a Council to appoint a successor to the Constable in Italy. This scene is of stirring interest. The Queen goads the high-minded Bourbon nigh unto madness, and at length breaks out into open insult. Lautrec the brother of Françoise, and despised by Bourbon, is named the governor. In the ceremony Francis addresses Lautrec:—

FRANCIS.

With our own royal hand we'll buckle on
The sword, that in thy grasp must be the bulwark
And lode-star of our host. Approach.

QUEEN.

Not so.
Your pardon, sir; but it hath ever been
The pride and privilege of woman's hand
To arm the valour that she loves so well:
We would not, for your crown's best jewel, bate
One jot of our accustom'd state to-day:
Count Lautrec, we will arm thee, at our feet:
Take thou the brand which wins thy country's wars,—
Thy monarch's trust, and thy fair lady's favour.
Why, how now!—how is this!—my lord of Bourbon!
If we mistake not, 'tis the sword of office
Which graces still your baldrick;—with your leave,
We'll borrow it of you.

BOURBON (*starting up.*)

Ay, madam, 'tis the sword
You buckled on with your own hand, the day
You sent me forth to conquer in your cause;
And there it is;—(*breaks the sword*)—take it—and with it all
Th' allegiance that I owe to France; ay, take it;
And with it, take the hope I breathe o'er it:
That so, before Colonna's host, your arms
Lie crush'd and sullied with dishonour's stain;
So, reft in sunder by contending factions,
Be your Italian provinces: so torn
By discord and dissension this vast empire;
So broken and disjoin'd your subjects' loves;
So fallen your son's ambition, and your pride.

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QUEEN (*rising.*)

What ho — a guard within there — Charles of Bourbon,
I do arrest thee, traitor to the crown.

Enter Guard.

Away with yonder wide-mouth'd thunderer:
We'll try if gyves and straight confinement cannot
Check this high eloquence, and cool the brain
Which harbours such unmanner'd hopes.
[*Bourbon is forced out.*
Dream ye, my lords, that thus with open ears,
And gaping mouths and eyes, ye sit and drink
This curbless torrent of rebellious madness.
And you, sir, are you slumbering on your throne;
Or has all majesty fled from the earth,
That women must start up, and in your council
Speak, think, and act for ye; and, lest your vassals,
The very dirt beneath your feet, rise up
And cast ye off, must women, too, defend ye?
For shame, my lords, all, all of ye, for shame,—
Off, off with sword and sceptre, for there is
No loyalty in subjects; and in kings,
No king-like terror to enforce their rights.

Meanwhile Lautrec proposes to his sister Françoise, the hand of his friend, the gallant Laval; whilst the fair maiden is importuned by Francis, who endeavours to make the poet Clement Marot the bearer of his intrigue. In a scene between Francis and the poet, the licentious impatience of the King, and the unsullied honour of Clement are finely contrasted.

FRANCIS.

would I'd borne the scroll myself, thy words
mage her forth so fair.

CLEMENT.

)o they, indeed?
'hen sorrow seize my tongue, for, look you, sir,
will not speak of your own fame or honour,
Vor of your word to me: king's words, I find,
ire drafts on our credulity, not pledges
)f their own truth. You have been often pleas'd
'o shower your royal favours on my head;
nd fruitful honours from your kindly will
lave rais'd me far beyond my fondest hopes;
ut had I known such service was to be
'he nearest way my gratitude might take
'o solve the debt, I'd e'en have given back
ll that I hold of you: and, now, not e'en
'our crown and kingdom could requite to me
he cutting sense of shame that I endur'd
Vhen on me fell the sad reproachful glance
Vhich told me how I stood in the esteem
f yonder lady. Let me tell you, sir,
ou've borrow'd for a moment what whole years
annot bestow—an honourable name.
'ow fare you well; I've sorrow at my heart,
o think your majesty hath reckon'd thus
pon my nature. I was poor before,
herefore I can be poor again without
egret, so I lose not mine own esteem.
* * * * *

FRANCIS.

xcellent.
h, ye are precious wooers, all of ye.
marvel how ye ever ope your lips
nto, or look upon that fearful thing,
lovely woman.

CLEMENT.

nd I marvel, sir,
t those who do not feel the majesty,—
y heaven, I'd almost said the holiness,—
iat circles round a fair and virtuous woman:
iere is a gentle purity that breathes
such a one, mingled with chaste respect,
id modest pride of her own excellence,—
shrinking nature, that is so adverse
To aught unseemly, that I could as soon
Forget the sacred love I owe to heav'n,
As dare, with impure thoughts, to taint the air
Inhal'd by such a being: than whom, my liege,
Heaven cannot look on anything more holy,
Or earth be proud of anything more fair. [*Exit.*

Gonzales, the monk, is despatched by the Queen to Bourbon in prison. At the door he meets Margaret, who had bribed her way to her lover, and was returning after ineffectual attempts to soothe him into submission, shame-struck at the exposure of her mother's guilt. The Queen intrusts Gonzales with a signet ring as the means of liberating him and conducting him to the royal chamber. Bourbon is immovable; and in revenge upon the Court, he falls in with a private scheme of Gonzales, which is to accept of his liberty, and set off to the Court of Spain. The undisguising of the treacherous monk is in these powerful lines:

GONZALES.

Now,
That day is come, ay, and that very hour:
Now shout your war-cry; now unsheath your sword;
I'll join the din, and make these tottering walls
Tremble and nod to hear our fierce defiance.
Nay, never start, and look upon my cowl—
You love not priests, De Bourbon, more than I.
Off, vile denial of my manhood's pride;
Off, off to hell! where thou wast first invented,
Now once again I stand and breathe a knight.
Nay, stay not gazing thus: it is Garcia,
Whose name hath reach'd thee long ere now, trow;
Whom thou hast met in deadly fight full oft,
When France and Spain join'd in the battle field.
Beyond the Pyrenean boundary
That guards thy land, are forty thousand men:
Their unfurl'd pennons flout fair France's sun,
And wanton in the breezes of her sky:
Impatient halt they there; their foaming steeds,
Pawing the huge and rock-built barrier,
That bars their further course—they wait for thee;
For thee whom France hath injur'd and cast off;
For thee, whose blood it pays with shameful chains,
More shameful death; for thee, whom Charles of Spain
Summons to head his host, and lead them on
To conquest and to glory.

The interest now reverts to the fate of Françoise, and Bourbon is lost sight of; a transition which, both in acting and reading, endangers the drama.* News arrives of the flight of Lautrec from his government; of his arrest, his imprisonment, and capital condemnation.† He enjoins his sister to intercede in his behalf with Francis; she complies, but it is at the expense of her honour; broken-hearted, she sinks beneath her shame at the crime into which she has been betrayed, and returns home. Francis

* This disadvantage is greater on the stage, since the audience neither see nor hear more of Bourbon, and only four acts of the piece are performed. In the closet it will not be so obvious, as Bourbon returns in the fifth act.

† This is an entire variation from history.

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pursues her, and the Queen, now aware of his passion for her, dispatches the monk Gonzales on a secret mission to poison Françoise, who, she fears, may supplant her in her ascendancy over the King. A fine passage occurs in the scene wherein the Queen proposes her scheme to Gonzales.

QUEEN,
Didst ever look upon the dead?

GONZALES.
Ay, madam,
Full oft; and in each calm or frightful guise
Death comes in,—on the bloody battle-field;
When with each gush of black and curdling life
A curse was uttered,—when the pray'rs I've pour'd,
Have been all drown'd with din of clashing arms—
And shrieks and shouts, and loud artillery,
That shook the slipp'ry earth, all drunk with gore—
I've seen it, swoll'n with subtle poison, black
And staring with concentrate agony—
When ev'ry vein hath started from its bed,
And wreath'd like knotted snakes, around the brows
That, frantic, dash'd themselves in tortures down
Upon the earth. I've seen life float away
On the faint sound of a far tolling bell—
Leaving its late warm tenement as fair,
As though 'twere th' incorruptible that lay
Before me—and all earthly taint had vanish'd
With the departed spirit.

Laval returns from Italy to claim his bride. In the earlier part of the play, a hint is given of Gonzales' rancorous hate of Laval, the under-current of which is now revealed. Gonzales, beneath the seal of confession, obtains the secret of the crime of Françoise. In her presence, as the betrothed Laval rushes to embrace his bride, he taunts him with her guilt. The wretched Françoise, in vain conjured to assert her innocence, stabs herself. The King had been followed thither by the Queen; both now appear. Gonzales riots revenge in one of the most vigorous portions of the drama:

GONZALES.
Look on thy bride! look on that faded thing,
That e'en the tears thy manhood showers so fast,
And bravely, cannot wake to life again!
I call all nature to bear witness here—
As fair a flower once grew within my home,
As young, as lovely, and as dearly lov'd—
I had a sister once, a gentle maid—
The only daughter of my father's house,
Round whom our ruder loves did all entwine,
As round the dearest treasure that we own'd.
She was the centre of our souls' affections—
She was the bud, that underneath our strong
And sheltering arms, spread over her, did blow.
So grew this fair, fair girl, till envious fate
Brought on the hour when she was withered.
Thy father, sir—now mark—for 'tis the point
And moral of my tale—thy father, then,
Was, by my sire, in war ta'en prisoner—
Wounded almost to death, he brought him home,
Shelter'd him,—cherish'd him,—and, with a care,
Most like a brother's, watch'd his bed of sickness,
Till ruddy health, once more through all his veins
Sent life's warm stream in strong returning tide.
How think ye he repaid my father's love?
From her dear home he lur'd my sister forth,
And, having robb'd her of her treasur'd honour,
Cast her away, defil'd,—despoil'd—forsaken—
The daughter of a high and ancient line—
The child of so much love—she died—she died—
Upon the threshold of that home, from which
My father spurn'd her—over whose pale corse
I swore to hunt, through life, her ravisher—
Nor ever from by bloodhound track desist,
Till due and deep atonement had been made—
Honour for honour given—blood for blood.

"The Queen orders Gonzales to death; but the monk accuses her of the intended murder of Françoise, and produces her written order to that effect. The King can no longer be blind to his mother's crimes; she is disgraced, degraded, and condemned to pass the rest of her days in a convent."

Here the fourth act, and the acting play closes. In the fifth De Bourbon reappears. Lautrec proposes to join him, and assassinate the King, in revenge for the ruin of Françoise. The memorable battle of Pavia ensues, and terminates with the death of the King and the triumph of Bourbon.

Triboulet, the jester of the Court of Francis, is introduced with some pleasantry, by way of relief to the darker deeds.

We cannot conclude this imperfect sketch better than by the following judicious observations from the *Quarterly Review*: "How high Miss Kemble's young aspirings have been—what conceptions she has formed to herself of the dignity of tragic poetry—may be discovered from this most remarkable work; at this height she must maintain herself, or soar a still bolder flight. The turmoil, the hurry, the business, the toil, even the celebrity of a theatric life must yield her up at times to that repose, that undistracted retirement within her own mind, which, however brief, is essential to the perfection of the noblest work of the imagination — genuine tragedy Amidst her highest successes on the stage, she must remember that the world regards her as one to whom a still higher part is fallen. She must not be content with the fame of the most extraordinary work which has ever been produced by a female at her age, (for as such we scruple not to describe her Francis the First,)—with having sprung at once to the foremost rank, not only of living actors but of modern dramatists; — she must consider that she has given us a pledge and earnest for a long and brightening course of distinction, in the devotion of all but unrivalled talents in two distinct, though congenial, capacities, to the revival of the waning glories of the English theatre."

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

OLD ENGLISH MUSIC.

It was in the course of the sixteenth century that the psalmody of England, and the other Protestant countries, was brought to the state in which it now remains, and in which it is desirable that it should continue to remain. For this psalmody we are indebted to the Reformers of Germany, especially Luther, who was himself an enthusiastic lover of music, and is believed to have composed some of the finest tunes, particularly the Hundredth Psalm, and the hymn on the Last Judgment, which Braham sings with such tremendous power at our great performances of sacred music. Our psalm-tunes, consisting of prolonged and simple sounds, are admirably adapted for being sung by great congregations; and as the effect of this kind of music is much increased by its venerable antiquity, it would be very unfortunate should it yield to the influence of innovation: for this reason, it is much to be desired that organists and directors of choirs should confine themselves to the established old tunes, instead of displacing them by modern compositions.

Towards the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth, century, shone that constellation of English musicians, whose inimitable madrigals are still, and long will be, the delight of every lover of vocal harmony. It is to Italy, however, that we are indebted for this species of composition. The madrigal is a piece of vocal music adapted to words of an amorous or cheerful cast, composed for four, five, or six voices, and intended for performance in convivial parties or private musical societies. It is full of ingenious and elaborate contrivances; but, in the happier specimens, contains likewise agreeable and expressive melody. At the period of which we now speak, vocal harmony was so generally cultivated, that, in social parties, the madrigal books were generally laid on the table, and every one was expected to take the part allotted to him. Any person who made the avowal of not being able to sing a part at sight was looked upon as unacquainted with the usages of good society—like a gentleman who now-a-days says he cannot play a game at whist, or a lady that she cannot join in a quadrille or a mazurka. The Italian madrigals of Luca Marenzio and others are still in request; and among the English madrigalists we may mention Wilbye, author of "Flora gave me fairest flowers;" Morley, whose "Now is the month of Maying" is so modern in its air, that it is introduced as the finale of one of our most popular operas, the Duenna; and Michael Este, the composer of the beautiful trio, "How merrily we live that Shepherds be." This music retains all its original freshness, and has been listened to, age after age, with unabated pleasure.

The glee, which is a simpler and less elaborate form of the madrigal,—and that amusing *jeu d'esprit* so well known by the name of Catch, made their appearance about the end of the sixteenth century. The first collection of catches that made its appearance in England is dated in 1609.—*Metropolitan.*

BENEDICTION ON CHILDREN.

IMPROMPTU.

By Thomas Campbell, Esq.

Imps, that hold your daily revels
Round the windows of my bower
Would that Hell's ten thousand devils
Had you in their clutch this hour!

Screaming, yelling, little nasties,
Would that Ogres down their maw
Had you cramm'd in Christmas pasties,
That would make ye hold your jaw.

Saucy imps, stew'd down to jelly,
Ye would make a sauce most rare;
Or with pudding in each belly,
Rival roasted pig or hare.

Sweeter than the fish of these is,
Would be yours, young human *bores;*
All with apples at your noses,
Would I saw you dish'd by scores!

Herod slaughter'd harmless sucklings,
Not with tongues like yours to vex;
Were he here, ye Devil's ducklings,
I would bid him wring your necks.

Metropolitan.

DRAMATIC CHARACTER OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

The religion of the south of Europe is still essentially dramatic; and it may be questioned how far this adaptation to the genius of the people has tended to perpetuate the influence, not only of the Roman Catholic, but also of the Greek church. Even in the pulpit, not merely does the earnest preacher, by vehement gesticulation, by the utmost variety of pause and intonation, *act*, as far as possible, the scenes which he describes; but the crucifix, if the expression may be permitted, plays the principal part; the Saviour is held forth to the multitude in the living and visible emblem of his sufferings. The ceremonies of the Holy Week in Rome are a most solemn, and to most minds, affecting religious drama. The oratorios, as with us, are in general on scriptural subjects; and

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operas on themes of equal sanctity are listened to without the least feeling of profanation. Nor are the more audacious exhibitions of the dark ages by any means exploded. Every traveller on the continent who has much curiosity, must have witnessed, whether with devout indignation or mere astonishment, the strange manner in which scriptural subjects are still represented by marionnettes, by tableax parlans, or even performed by regular actors. In the unphilosophized parts of modern Europe, these scenes are witnessed by the populace, not merely with respect, but with profound interest; and if they tend to perpetuate superstition, must be acknowledged likewise to keep alive religious sentiment. But if this be the case in the nineteenth century, how powerfully must such exhibitions have operated on the general mind in the dark ages! The alternative lay between total ignorance and this mode of communicating the truth. For the general mass of the clergy were then as ignorant as the laity; and as the wild work, which in these sacred dramas is sometimes made of the scripture history, may be supposed to have embodied the knowledge of a whole fraternity, we may not unfairly conjecture the kind of instruction to be obtained from each individual. The state of language in Europe must have greatly contributed to the adoption of public instruction, by means of dramatic representation. The services of the church were in Latin, now become a dead language. This *originated*, perhaps, rather in sincere reverence, and the dread of profaning the sacred mysteries by transferring them into the vulgar tongue, than in any systematic design of keeping the people in the dark; for, from the gradual extinction of the Latin, as the vernacular idiom, and the gradual growth of the modern languages, there was no marked period in which the change might appear to be called for, until the question became involved with weightier matters of controversy. The confusion of tongues, almost throughout Europe, before the great predominant languages were formed out of the conflicting dialects, must greatly have impeded the preaching the Gospel, for which, in other respects, only a very small part of the clergy were qualified. Though, in these times, most extraordinary effects are attributed to the eloquence of certain preachers, for instance, Fra. Giovanni di Vicenza, yet many of the itinerant friars, the first, we believe, who addressed the people with great activity in the vulgar tongue, must have been much circumscribed by the limits of their own patois.* But the spectacle of the dramatic exhibitions everywhere spoke a common language; and the dialogue, which, in parts of the Chester mysteries, is a kind of Anglicized French, and which, even if translated into the native tongue, was constantly interspersed with Latin, and therefore, but darkly and imperfectly understood, was greatly assisted by the perpetual interpretation which was presented before the eyes. The vulgar were thus imperceptibly wrought up to profound feelings of reverence for the purity of the Virgin; the unexampled sufferings of the Redeemer; the miraculous powers of the apostles, and the constancy of the martyrs; we must add, (for after all it was a strange Christianity, though in every respect the Christianity of the age,) with the most savage detestation at the cruelty of Herod or Pilate, and the treachery of Judas; and the most revolting horror, at the hideous appearance, and blasphemous language of the Prince of Darkness, who almost always played a principal part in these scriptural dramas.—*Quarterly Review.*

* It is related in the life of St. Bernard, that his pale and emaciated appearance, and the animation and the fire, which seemed to kindle his whole being as he spoke, made so deep an impression on those who could only see him and hear his voice, that Germans, who understand not a word of his language, were often moved to tears.—*Neander, Der Heilige Bernard*, p. 49.

Spirit of Discovery.

BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

THE line of the proposed plan for this useful and excellent undertaking has been forwarded to us. We know not whether the projectors are aware that a straight line is no longer necessary, but that the sharpest turns may now be made on rail-roads by an American invention, lately carried into effect in the United States with singular success.—The line of railway will be 112¼ miles. Birmingham being between 3 and 400 feet higher than London, and the intervening ground much broken, the railway could not be laid down without an inclination in its planes; the rise, however, will in no case exceed 1 in 330. The highest point of the line is on the summit of an inclined plane 15 miles long, rising 13¼ feet in each mile, and is 315 feet above the level at Maiden Lane, London; from which it is distant 31 miles. The termination at Birmingham is 256 feet higher than the commencement at London. It is intended that there should be 10 tunnels—one at Primrose Hill half a mile long, one near

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Watford a mile long, and one near Kilsby, 78 miles from London, a mile and a quarter long. The others are each less than a quarter of a mile in length, with the exception of one, which is a third of a mile long. They will all be 25 feet in height, well lighted, and ought rather to be called galleries than tunnels. The strata through which the railway is carried, appear generally to follow in this order from London:

	Miles.
London clay and plastic clay	15¼
Chalk and chalk flints	18½
Chalk, marl, weald clay, iron sand, and Oxford clay or clunch clay	20
Great and inferior oolite limestones, and sandy beds	18
Lias marls, lias limestone or water lime and shale beds	16
Red marl and new red sandstone	24¼
	112¼

The railway will be composed of two lines of rails with a space between them of six feet, but at particular points two additional lines will be required as turnsout to facilitate the passage of the locomotive engines and carriages. If we assume the average rate of travelling on the railway to be 20 miles an hour, (which is about the mark,) that 1,200 persons pass along it in a day, and 120 are conveyed in each train of carriages, then only ten trains of carriages would be required for all the passengers; each train would separately take a minute and a half, and the ten trains not more than fifteen minutes in passing over half a mile of ground. Allow twice this time for the passage of cattle and merchandise, and it is manifest that the traffic on railways can never be a source of annoyance to persons residing near them. All who have travelled in carriages drawn by locomotive steam-engines on the Liverpool and Manchester railway can vouch for the safety and comfort, as well as the expedition, of this mode of conveyance; but the strongest evidence of public opinion on this subject is the fact, that twice as many persons go by the railway, as were formerly carried in coaches running on the roads between the two places—and yet, although the expense of travelling is reduced one-half, and the works of the railway cost more than 800,000*l.*, the proprietors are in the receipt of a dividend of 9*l.* for a year on their 100*l.* shares! Enough has been ascertained of the traffic in the districts through which the London and Birmingham Railway will pass, to remove all doubt as to an ample return for the necessary outlay.—*Metropolitan.*

The Gatherer.

A Dancing Archbishop.—Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper sauce; but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the abovementioned pickle introduced dry for his use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him; "I here present you, my lords and gentlemen," said he, "with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, namely, that you saw an Archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher." T. H.

Singular Parish.—In the parish of East Twyford, near Harrow, in the county of Middlesex, there is only one house, and the farmer who occupies it is perpetual churchwarden of a church which has no incumbent, and in which no duty is performed. The parish has been in this state ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth. H. S. S.

Scandal.—It is as well not to trust to one's gratitude *after* dinner. I have heard many a host libelled by his guests, with his Burgundy yet reeking on their rascally lips.—*Lord Byron.*

A lady with a well plumed head dress, being in deep conversation with a naval officer, one of the company said, "it was strange to see so fine a woman *tar'd* and feathered."

A Scolding Wife.—Dr. Casin having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them, as to request a copy. "There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

Bouts Rimés are words or syllables which rhyme, arranged in a particular order, and are given to a poet with a subject, on which he must write verses ending in the same rhymes, disposed in the same order. Menage gives the following account of the origin of this ridiculous conceit. Dulot, (a poet of the 17th century,) was one day complaining in a large company, that 300 sonnets had been stolen from him. One of the company expressing his astonishment at the number, "Oh," said he, "they are blank sonnets, or rhymes (*bouts rimés*) of all the sonnets I may have occasion to write. This ludicrous story produced

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such an effect, that it became a fashionable amusement to compose blank sonnets, and in 1648, a quarto volume of *bouts rimés* was published.

Poisoned Arrows used in Guiana are not shot from a bow, but blown through a tube. They are made of the hard substance of the cokarito tree, and are about a foot long, and the size of a knitting-needle. One end is sharply pointed, and dipped in the poison of worraia, the other is adjusted to the cavity of the reed, from which it is to be blown by a roll of cotton. The reed is several feet in length. A single breath carries the arrow 30 or 40 yards.

Sterling Applause.—Lord Bolingbroke was so pleased with Barton Booth's performance of *Cato*, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1712, that he presented the actor with fifty guineas from the stage-box—an example which was immediately followed by Bolingbroke's political opponents.

Claret has been accused of producing the gout, but without reason. Persons who drench themselves with Madeira, Port, &c. and indulge in an occasional debauch of Claret, may indeed be visited in that way; because a transition from the strong brandied wines to the lighter, is always followed by a derangement of the digestive organs.

Quarantine in America.—Dr. Richard Bayley is the person to whom New York is chiefly indebted for its quarantine laws. His death was, however, by contagion. In August, 1801, Doctor Bayley, in the discharge of his duty as health physician, enjoined the passengers and crew of an Irish emigrant ship, afflicted with the ship fever, to go on shore to the rooms and tents appointed for them, leaving their luggage behind. The next morning, on going to the hospital, he found that both crew and passengers, well, sick, and dying, were huddled together in one apartment, where they had passed the night. He inconsiderately entered this room before it had been properly ventilated, but remained scarcely a moment, being obliged to retire by a deadly sickness at the stomach, and violent pain in the head, with which he was suddenly seized. He returned home, retired to bed, and in the afternoon of the seventh day following, he expired.

Shaving is said to have come into use during the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. of France, both of whom ascended the throne without a beard. Courtiers and citizens then began to shave, in order to look like the king, and, as France soon took the lead in all matters of fashion on the continent, shaving became general. It is at best a tedious operation. Seume, a German author, says, in his journal, "To-day I threw my powder apparatus out of the window, when will come the blessed day that I shall send the shaving apparatus after it."

Book Morality.—Dr. Beddoes wrote a history of Isaac Jenkins, which was intended to impress useful moral lessons on the labouring classes in an attractive manner. Above 40,000 copies of this work were sold in a short time.

The Bedford Missal throws even the costly scrap-books of these times into the shade. It was made for the celebrated John, Duke of Bedford, (one of the younger sons of Henry IV.) and contains 59 large, and more than 1,000 small miniature paintings.

The Bedford Level was drained at an expense of £400,000. by the noble family of Russell, Earls and Dukes of Bedford, and others; by which means 100,000 acres of good land have been brought into use.

Irish Roads.—An Englishman having asked a son of Erin, if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied, "Yes, they are so fine that I wonder you do not import some of them into England; let me see, there's the road to love, strewed with roses — to matrimony, through nettles—to honour, through the camp—to prison, through the law—and to the undertaker's, through physic." "Have you any road to preferment?" said the Englishman. "Yes, faith we have, but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

"Nice to a Shaving."—A grave gentleman reproved a fashionable relative of his who was in the habit of using rouge; "Nature has given you one face," said he, "and you make yourself another." "Very true," retorted the lady, "but then you should not upbraid me for doing that which you do yourself; Nature intended you should wear a beard, instead of which you use a razor."

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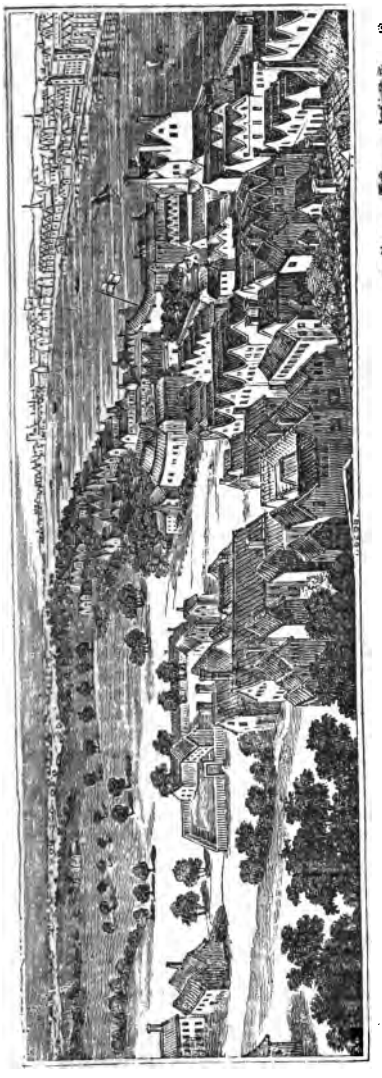
The Mirror

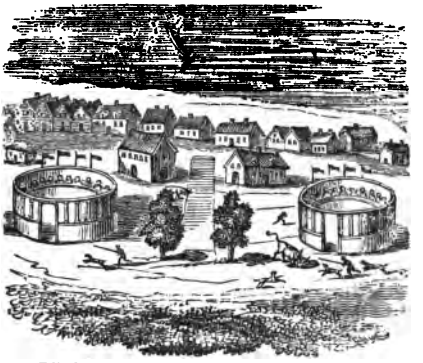
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 540.] SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1832. [Price 2*d*.

BANKSIDE.—OLD THEATRES.





BULL AND BEAR-BAITING THEATRES.

BEAR-BAITING—ROSE—GLOBE.

The ancient topography of the southern bank of the Thames (or *Bankside*) between London and Blackfriars bridges is peculiarly interesting to the lover of dramatic lore, as well as to the inquirer into the sports and pastimes of our ancestors. It appears to have been the *Arcadia* of the olden metropolis, if such a term be applicable to a place notorious for the indulgence of brutal sports.

The Cut in the adjoining column represents Bankside in 1648, from which it appears to have been then in part waste and unenclosed. "It was land belonging to the crown, and on various parts of it stood the Globe Theatre, the Bear Garden, and other places of pub-

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lic show; here were also the Pike Gardens, some time called the Queen's Pike Gardens, with ponds for the preservation of fresh-water fish, which were said to be kept for the supply of the royal table, under the inspection of an officer, called the king's purveyor of pike, who had here a house for his residence."* On the Bankside, prior to the above date, were also the ancient Bordello, or Stews, which, according to Pennant, were distinguished by their respective signs painted against the walls, one of which, in particular, was the Cardinal's Hat; and a small court, now or till lately called *Cardinal's Hat Court*, still exists on the Bankside, and probably shows the precise site of the mansion of depravity. In like manner we find on Bankside, *Pike Garden*, *Globe Alley*, and in the vicinity a public-house with the sign of the *Globe*. On Bankside also stood an ancient Hall and Palace of the Bishops of Winchester, stated to have been built by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, about the year 1107, on a piece of ground belonging to the Prior of Bermondsey, to whom was paid a yearly acknowledgment. The great court, at one time belonging to this palace, is still known by the name of *Winchester Square*, and in the adjacent street was, some time since, an abutment of one of the gates. Near this Palace, on the south, at one time stood the Episcopal Palace of the Bishops of Rochester; which is supposed to have bequeathed its name to *Rochester Street*. The whole of the *Bank* shown in the Cut is now densely populated, and scarcely a pole of green sward is left to denote its ancient state. On the opposite or Middlesex bank may be distinguished the celebrated Castle Baynard.

The second Cut represents the BULL and BEAR-BAITING THEATRES, as they appeared in their first state, A. D. 1560. This spot was called Paris Garden, and the two theatres are said to have been the first that were formed near London. In these, according to Stow, were scaffolds for the spectators to stand upon, an indulgence for which they paid in the following manner: "Those who go to Paris Garden, the Bell Savage, or Theatre, to behold bear-baiting, enterludes, or fence-play, must not account of any pleasant spectacle unless they first pay one penny at the gate, another at the entrie of the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing." One Sunday afternoon, in the year 1582, the scaffold, being overcharged with spectators, fell down during the performance, and a great number of persons were killed or maimed by the accident, which the puritans of the time failed not to attribute to a Divine judgment. These theatres were patronized by royalty: for we read that Queen Elizabeth, on the 26th of May, 1599, went by water with the French ambassadors to Paris Garden, where they saw a baiting of bulls and bears. Indeed, Southwark seems to have long been of sporting notoriety, for, in the Humorous Lovers, printed in 1617, one of the characters says, "I'll set up my bills, that the gamesters of London, Horsly-down, *Southwark*, and Newmarket, may come in and bait him (the bear,) here before the ladies, &c."†

The third Cut includes the GLOBE, ROSE, and BEAR-BAITING THEATRES, as they appeared about the year 1612. Of the Globe we have been furnished with the following account by a zealous correspondent, *G. W.*:

The Globe Theatre stood on a plot of ground, now occupied by four houses, contiguous to the present Globe Alley, Maiden Lane, Southwark. This theatre was of considerable size. It is not certain when it was built. Hentzner, the German traveller, who gives an amusing description of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth, alludes to it as existing in 1598, but it was probably not built long before 1596. It was an hexagonal, wooden building, partly open to the weather, and partly thatched with reeds, on which, as well as other theatres, a pole was erected, to which a flag was affixed. These flags were probably displayed only during the hours of performance; and it should seem from one of the old comedies that they were taken down in Lent, in which time, during the early part of King James's reign, plays were not allowed to be represented, though at a subsequent period this prohibition was dispensed with by paying a fee to the Master of the Revels.

It was called the Globe from its sign, which was a figure of Hercules, or Atlas, supporting a globe, under which was written, *Totus mundus agit histrionem*, (All the world acts a play):—and not as many have conjectured, that the Globe though hexagonal at the outside, was a rotunda within, and that it might have derived its name from its circular form.

This theatre was burnt down June

* Hist. and Antiq. St. Saviour, Southwark, 1796.

† The first we read of Bear-baiting in England, was in the reign of King John, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where "thyas straynge passtyme was introduced by some Italyans for his highness' amusement, wherewith he and his court were highly delighted."

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29, 1613, but it was rebuilt with greater splendour in the following year. The Cut represents the original theatre. The account of this accident is given by Sir Henry Wotton, in a letter dated July 2, 1613.* "Now to let matters of state sleepe, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Banks side. The King's players had a new play called All is True, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth within awhile to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry making a Masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but idle smoak, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabrick, wherein yet nothing did perish but *wood* and *straw*, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with a bottle of ale."

From a letter of Mr. John Chamberlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated July 8, 1613, in which this accident is likewise mentioned, we learn that the theatre had only two doors.† "The burning of the Globe or playhouse on the Bankside on St. Peter's day cannot escape you; which fell out by a peal of chambers, (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play,) the tampin or stopple of one of them lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burn'd it down to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoyning; and it was a great marvaile and a fair grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but *two narrow doors* to get out."

In 1613, was entered in the Stationers' books, "A doleful ballad of the General Conflagration of the famous Theatre called the Globe."

Taylor, the water poet, commemorates the event in the following lines:

"As gold is better that is fir'e tried,
So is the Bankside Globe, that late was burn'd;
For where before it had a thatched hide,
Now to a stately theatre 'tis turn'd;
Which is an emblem that great things are won:
By those that dare through greatest dangers run."

It is also alluded to in some verses by Ben Jonson, entitled, "An Execration upon Vulcan," from which it appears that Ben Jonson was in the theatre when it was burnt.

This theatre was open in summer and the performances took place by daylight; the King's company usually began to play in the month of May. The exhibitions appear to have been calculated for the lower class of people, and to have been more frequent than those at the Blackfriars, till 1604 or 5, when it became less fashionable and frequented. Being contiguous to the Bear Garden, it is probable that those who resorted there went to the theatre, when the bear-baiting sports were over, and such persons were not likely to form a very refined audience.

We have no description of the interior of the Globe, but that it was somewhat similar to our modern theatres, with an open space in the roof; or perhaps it more resembled an inn-yard, where, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of our ancient dramatic pieces were performed. The galleries in both were arranged on three sides of the building; the small rooms under the lowest, answered to our present boxes and were called rooms; the yard bears a sufficient resemblance to the pit, as at present in use, and where the common people stood to see the exhibition; from which circumstance they are called by Shakspeare "the *groundlings*," and by Ben Jonson, "the *understanding* gentlemen of the *ground*." The stage was erected in the area, with its back to the gateway where the admission money was taken. The price of admission into the best *rooms*, or boxes, was in Shakspeare's time, a shilling, though afterwards it appears to have risen to two shillings and half-a-crown. The galleries, or scaffolds, as they were sometimes called, and that part of the house which in private theatres was named the pit, seem to have been the same price, which was sixpence, while in some meaner playhouses it was only a penny, and in others twopence.

We learn from Sir Henry Hebert, that 20*l.* was the greatest receipt for one day's performance; by that we may calculate upon the house having con-

* Reliq. Wotton, p. 425. Edit. 1685.
† Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 469.

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tained about 700 persons, at the prices before stated; that is to say, 100 for the boxes, and the rest in the other parts of the house.

Part of the site of this theatre is now occupied by the brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins; and in the *History* of *St. Saviour's*, already quoted, we read that "the passage which led to the Globe Tavern, of which the play-house formed a part, was, till within these few years, known by the name of Globe Alley, and upon its site now stands a large store-house for porter."

The *Rose* or smaller theatre, was erected in the year 1592, and is stated to have cost £103. 2*s*. 7*d*.—a sum which would scarcely pay half the expenses of a modern patent theatre for a single night!

These theatres appear to have been cited as nuisances by the parish officers of St. Saviour's, in which they stood; for in July, 1597-8, a resolution was agreed to by a vestry of the parish, "that a petition shall be made to the bodye of the Councell, (Privy Council,) concerning the play-houses in this parish; wherein all the enormities shall be showed that come thereby to the parish, and that in respect thereof they may be dismissed, and put down from playing: and that four, or two of the Churchwardens, &c. shall present the cause with a collector of the Boroughside, and another of the Bankside." The presentation of this petition did not produce the desired effect; for some time afterwards the play-houses not having been put down, the Churchwardens of St. Saviour's, as appears from an entry in their Parish Register, endeavoured to obtain tithes and poor-rates from the owners and managers of the theatres on the Bankside.* This corresponds with the state of the English theatre, at this period, at the height of its glory and reputation. Dramatic authors of the first excellence, and eminent actors equally abounded; every year produced a number of new plays; nay, so great was the passion for show or representation, that it was the fashion for the nobility to celebrate their weddings, birthdays, and other occasions of rejoicing, with masques and interludes; the king, queen, and court frequently performing in those represented in the royal palaces, and all the nobility being actors in their old private houses. Alas!

> What's gone and what's past help
> Should be past grief.

* Annals of the Stage. By J. P. Collyer, Esq. F. S. A. Vol. I.

Dryden sung

> Support the stage,
> Which so declines that shortly we may see
> Players and plays reduced to second infancy!

—What would he sing in these times!

Among the numerous memoranda of the topography of this interesting district, we find that the well-known iron foundry of Messrs. Bradley, now occupies the site of a Bear-garden. The Falcon public-house adjoining the foundry of that name, was once the most considerable inn in the county of Surrey, the adjoining foundry being anciently a part of it: and it is said that very near the Falcon was once a mill for the grinding of corn, for the Priory of St. Mary Overy.

To conclude. The accompanying Cuts are copied from one of a series of prints illustrative of the antiquities of the metropolis, published by Messrs. Boydell, in the year 1818.

LACONICS.

(For the Mirror.)

Amongst men of the world comfort merely signifies a great consideration for themselves, and a perfect indifference about others.

Every one who gives way to thought, must, of necessity, become wiser every day; for either the ideas that present themselves to his mind will confirm his yet rickety theories, or observation will teach him that his previous views of things were ill-founded.

Party spirit is like gambling—a vast number of persons trouble themselves about what in the end can be beneficial only to a few.

It is as difficult to win over an enthusiast by force of reasoning, as to persuade a lover of his mistress's faults; or to convince a man who is at law of the badness of his cause.

Knowledge of the world is regarded as an useful, if not an elegant, accomplishment, but this advantage, like every other good, is mixed with some alloy: the acute observer of men and manners cannot but be disgusted with the scenes that take place around him, and his knowledge may at last have the effect of souring his own disposition.

Talents, without the accompaniment of religion, are but fatal presents: they not only add strength to the vices of the individual, but what is worse they render them more conspicuous to the world.

It is strange that the eye of man should have that magic power we have all felt

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that it possesses. We can contemplate other bright and beautiful objects without withdrawing our gaze; and what is there in the formation of an eye that should create in us any uneasiness? It is the consciousness that the eye is the index of the mind—that when a man fixes his eye on us we are the subject of his thoughts, and that a being gifted with a soul like ourselves is employing its energies and setting its machinery at work about ourselves. It is this conviction that makes us modestly, and almost involuntarily, shrink from such an inspection.

To put ourselves in a passion, in consequence of the misconduct of others, is unquestionably very weak behaviour, but it has also something generous about it; for we are clearly annoying and punishing ourselves, when the offenders only ought to have been the sufferers.

Meanness and conceit are frequently combined in the same character: for he who to obtain transient applause can be indifferent to truth and his own dignity, will be as little scrupulous about them if, by subserviency, he can improve his condition in the world.

The most trivial circumstances are able to put an end to our gratifications; they are like beds of roses, where it is very unlikely all the leaves should be smooth, and even one that is doubled suffices to make us uncomfortable.

Garrulous men are commonly conceited, and they will be found (with very few exceptions) to be superficial as well. They who are in a hurry to tell what they do know, will be equally inclined, from the impulse of prevailing habit, to tell what they do not know. F.

LEGAL RHYMES.

(For the Mirror.)

ACCORDING to Goguet, "the first laws of any people were composed in verses, which they sang;" and why should it not be so when Apollo was one of the first of legislators? and under his auspices they were published to the sound of the harp. Pittacus, one of the seven sages of Greece, formed a code of laws in verse, that they might be the easier remembered. The ancient laws of Spain also were chanted in verse, and the custom was preserved a long time among many nations. Mio. Psellus, who lived in the reign of Constantine Ducas, published a synopsis of the law, in verse, and in 1701, Gumaro, a civilian of Naples, taught the dry and intricate system of civil law, in a *novel*. Coke's Reports have been "done into verse" by an anonymous author; and Cowper, the poet, tells us, that a relation of his who had studied the law, "a gentleman of sprightly parts," began to versify Coke's Institutes; he gives the following specimen of the performance:

"Tenant in fee
Simple is he,
And need neither quake nor quiver,
Who hath his lands,
Free from demands,
To him and his heirs for ever."

Records, charters, and wills, and many other legal documents, have been written in verse. The following grant was made by Edward the Confessor to Randolf Peperking:

"Iche Edward konyng (*king*)
Have given of my forest the keping,
Of the Hundred of Cholmer and Dancing,
To Randolph Peperking and to his kindling, (*heirs*)
With heart and hynd, doe and bock, (*buck*)
Hare and fox, cat and brock, (*badger*)
Wild fowell and his flock,
Partridge, fesant hen, and fesaut cock,
With green and wyld stob and stock,
To kepen and to yemen (hold) by all his might,
Both by day and eke by night:
And hounds for to holde,
Gode and swift and bolde,
Four greyhounds and six beaches, (*hound bitches*)
For hare and fox, and wild-cats,
And thereof Iche made him my booke,
Witness the Bishop Wolston,
And book ycleped many on,
And Sweyne of Essex, our brother,
And token him many other,
And our steward Hamelyn,
That bysought me for him."

The Dunmow matrimonial flitch of bacon is a well known custom; the oath is in verse, and as follows:

"You shall swear by the custom of your confession,
That you never made any nuptial transgression,
Since you were married to your wife,
By household brawls, or contentious strife,
Or otherwise, in bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or in word—
Or since the parish clerk said Amen,
Wish'd yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought, any way,
But continued true, and in desire,
As when you join'd hands in holy quire.
If to these conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear,
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And beare it hence with love and good leave,
For this is our custom at Dunmow well known,
Though the sport be ours, the bacon's your own."

For the custom of riding the black ram, and the penal rhyme thereto attached, we refer the reader to the *Spectator*, No. 614.

The following rhyming wills have been proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury:

"The fifth of May,
Being airy and gay

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And to his not inclined,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave,
To some one or other,
And I think to my brother;
Because I foresaw
That my brethren in law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for their share,
Which I nowise intended,
'Till their manners are mended,
And of that God knows there's no sign.
I do therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
Of which witness my hand,
That naught I have got
Be brought into hotchpot:
But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
And to have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As th' affectionate pledges
Of his brother, JOHN HINDES."

In the next, the items are more curious and particular:

"What I am going to bequeath
When this frail part submits to death—
But still I hope the spark divine,
With its congenial stars shall shine,
My good executors fulfil,
And pay ye fairly my last will,
With first and second codicil.
And first I give to dear Lord Hinton,
At Twyford school now, not at Winton,
One hundred guineas and a ring,
Or some such memorandum thing,
And truly much I should have blunder'd,
Had I not given another hundred
To dear Earl Paulett's second son,
Who dearly loves a little fun.
Unto my nephew, Stephen Langdon,
Of whom none says he e'er has wrong done,
The civil laws he loves to bash,
I give two hundred pounds in cash.
One hundred pounds to my niece, Tudor,
(With luring eyes one Clark did view her,)
And to her children just among 'em,
A hundred more—and not to wrong 'em,
In equal shares I freely give it,
Not doubting but they will receive it.
To Betsy Mudford and Mary Lee,
If they with Mrs. Mudford be,
Because they round the year did dwell
In Davies-street, and serv'd full well.
The first ten pounds, the other twenty,
And girls, I hope that will content ye.
In seventeen hundred and sixty-nine,
This with my hand I write and sign,
The sixteenth day of fair October,
In merry mood, but sound and sober.
Past my threescore and fifteenth year,
With spirits gay and conscience clear—
Joyous and frolicksome, though old,
And like this day, serene, but cold:
To foes well wishing, and to friends most kind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.
For what remains I must desire,
To use the words of Matthew Prior.
Let this my will be well obey'd,
And farewell all, I'm not afraid,
For what avails a struggling sigh,
When soon, or later, all must die?
M. DARLEY."

Joshua West, who was known in his sphere "as the poet of the Six Clerks' Office," made his will in rhyme; it is dated 13th December, 1804:

"Perhaps I die not worth a groat,
But should I die worth somewhat more,
Then I give that, and my best coat,
And all my manuscripts in store,
To those who will the goodness have
To cause my poor remains to rest,
Within a decent shell and grave,
This is the will of JOSHUA WEST."

In 1654, Henry Phillips published the "Purchasers' Pattern," in which he gives advice to purchasers of estates of inheritance, in verse.

There is also a long article in verse, "On the Distribution of Intestates' Effects: it begins—

"By the laws of the land,
It is settled and planned,
That intestates' effects shall be spread,
At the end of the year,
When the debts are all clear,
'Mong the kindred as here may be read."

Before the conclusion, the author says,

"To the rest that succeed,
We need not proceed,
Enough has already been penn'd,
And now it's high time,
For our doggrel rhyme
To come, lest it err, to an end."

This hint I shall apply to myself, lest my article become as dry and uninteresting as my subject, and conclude with a declaration in which I heartily concur:

"Fee simple, and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female."

W. A. R.

Fine Arts.

THE NINTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE are happy to learn that the "British Artists" continue to flourish. Their association, we believe, originated in the inefficiency of similar Institutions. They started in a spirit of generous rivalry, and, above all things, with the view to aid aspiring merit. It could, however, scarcely be called rivalry to any other Institution, and to this line of conduct we attribute much of the success of the Society of British Artists. As the Secretary states in an Address to the Public, prefixed to this year's Catalogue, "they have never opposed, either directly or indirectly, any existing Institution for the promotion of the Fine Arts, but have uniformly sought to go hand in hand with whatever tended to their general advancement." It appears likewise, that works in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, to the amount of £18,000, and upwards, have been sold from the walls of the Exhibition, since the formation of the Society, and na-

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merous commissions given in consequence of the talent thus displayed; and that all future donations will be devoted towards completing the purchase of the galleries occupied by the Society, in Suffolk-street.

The full attendance at the private view on Friday, accorded with these gratifying statements. Suffolk-street and Pall Mall East were crowded with the carriages of visiters, and in the rooms was an abundant sprinkling of nobility, patrons of art, men of letters, and some note of purchases at the keeper's table. There are upwards of 800 Pictures, and about 100 specimens of Sculpture and Engraving. The crowded state of the rooms during the hour that we were there, allowed us only to note a few works.

1. *Cardinal Weld;* a well painted portrait, by James Ramsey, of the benevolent owner of Lulworth Castle. The features are dignified and finely intellectual. We could, too, associate their expression with the philanthropic act of the Cardinal's affording an asylum to fallen royalty.

13. *Ruins.* D. Roberts. A delightful composition, from these exquisite lines by Mrs. Hemans:

"There have been bright and glorious pageants here,
Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie—
There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,
Breath'd from the cavern's misty chambers nigh:
There have been voices through the sunny sky,
And the pine woods, their choral hymn-notes sending,
And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody,
With incense clouds around the temple blending,
And throngs, with laurel boughs, before the altar bending."

27. *A Philosopher.* H. Wyatt. Admirably coloured: the flesh tints and deep expression of the features will not escape notice.

52. *The Town of Menagio, on the Lake of Como.* T. C. Hofland. A scene of beautiful repose in the artist's best style.

57. *Portrait of Mrs. Davenport* in the character of the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." James Holmes. Almost speakingly characteristic. You may imagine the actress drawling out, "awear—y," and her attitude admirably accords with "Fie, how my bones ache."

114. *The Baptism.* G. Harvey, S.A. Foremost among the attractions of the Exhibition, though of a serious turn. The quotation will best describe the subject:

"Here, upon a semicircular ledge of rocks, over a narrow chasm, down which the tiny stream played in a murmuring waterfall, and divided into two equal parts, sat the congregation, devoutly listening to their minister, who stood before them on what might well be called a small natural pulpit of living stone. . . . . Divine service was closed, and a row of maidens, all clothed in purest white, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit, with the infants about to be baptized.

"The fathers of the infants, just as if they had been in their own Kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the minister. . . . . Some of the younger ones in that semicircle kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected; and now and then, in spite of the grave looks or admonishing whispers of their elders, letting a pebble fall into the water, that they might judge of its depth from the length of time that elapsed before the clear air-bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface."—Vide "*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*"

155. *His Most Gracious Majesty William the Fourth.* H. E. Dawe. The King in his state robes: the likeness is excellent.

156. *The Grecian Choirs at the Temple of Apollo* A sweet composition by W. Linton, from Petrarch; representing the passage of the Choirs across the narrow strait between Delos and Rhenia, by a bridge magnificently decorated with gold and garlands, rich stuffs and tapestry," the splendour of which is enhanced by the brightness of a summer's morning.

162. "*In peace love tunes the Shepherd's reed,*" a pretty composition from this line by Scott, painted by Mrs. John Hakewill. A rustic boy and girl are seated beneath a woody bank: the intent expression of the boy playing the pipe, and of the listening girl are really delightful.

195. *Edinburgh Castle from the Grass Market.* D. Roberts. A fine picture of the associated sublimities of nature and art.

208. *The Ettrick Shepherd in his Forest Plaid.* J. W Gordon. Correct in likeness, but strangely shadowed.

224. *Coronation of William IV.* The first picture of a series to represent the procession to the Abbey on the day of the Coronation of his present Majesty, containing the portraits of distinguished personages who attended on that occasion.—Painted for his Majesty, by R. B. Davis. This picture occupies comparatively as much length on the walls as its description would in our columns: it is some yards long, and perhaps four feet in height. It is but hastily painted. The framework is excellent, and well appointed for St. James's, Windsor, or Buckingham Palace. We hope the *picture* will be liked there as well as the frame.

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244. *Elizabeth relieving the Exile*, by Miss A. Beaumont, is an interesting picture, from the well-remembered incident in the *Exiles of Siberia*.

296. *Interior of a Gaming-house*. H. Pidding. We take this to represent one of the *salons* of Frescati's, or other Parisian gaming-house, where females are admitted to participate in the game, and witness the madness and folly of the stronger sex. The party are chiefly about a *rouge et noir* table, and are in the highest stage of recklessness. One of them, a female, has flung herself from the lure across a chair, apparently in the last stage of wretchedness and despair. The excitement of the players is powerfully wrought up and contrasted with the *sang froid* of the *croupier*, who seems to treat all the world as a ball. Other persons are seeking fresh excitement at the hands of a liveried waiter. But we must leave the rest, which it would take a column or two to describe, especially as to our mind, a gaming-house furnishes an epitome of all the bad passions that rankle in the human breast.

301. *The Reform Question*. Thomas Clater. A pleasanter scene than the preceding picture. A village blacksmith is reading the newspaper, by a candle held by a boy, to a listening neighbour. The puzzling of the reader, the vacant stare of the candle-holder, and the intent expression of the absorbed listener, are excellent. Perhaps the light of the candle is objectionable.

311. *Love in the Dairy*. H. H. Hobday. A ticklish village amour: a young fellow importuning a buxom dairy-maid, and apparently on the verge of conquest; in the distant door-way stands a marloving, wrinkled old woman, whose crabbed face ought not to be trusted in a dairy.

466. *The Lord Chancellor*, seated in a chair, in his official robes, by J. Lonsdale. The likeness is excellent, as are the robes, wig, ruffles, &c. but the great seal and mace are even dingier than the originals. We could have spared the books thrown on the floor, though the paper register in one of them almost *comes out*.

We reserve a few pictures for another visit. The Portraits, as might be expected, are numerous. The King's supporters are two ex-sheriffs: by the way, how many good turns does *office* yield to art; there is nothing like a portrait to perpetuate your brief authority. Works of imagination are scarce, especially as empainting the ideas of poets and passion-writers has become fashionable.

Notes of a Reader.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

We pencil a few passages, at random, from Part 14 of *Knowledge for the People*—(Botany, concluded.)

Why does snow, when in contact with leaves and stems, melt more speedily than when lodged upon dead substances?

Because of the internal heat of the plants, heat being a production of the vegetable as well as animal body, though in a much lower degree in the former than the latter. Mr. Hunter appears to have detected this heat by a thermometer applied in frosty weather to the internal parts of vegetables newly opened. It is evident that a certain appropriate portion of heat is a necessary stimulus to the constitution of every plant, without which its living principle is destroyed.—*Smith*.

Why is fructification so important to plants?

Because it continues them by seeds, and, according to Sir James Smith, "all other modes of propagation are but the extension of an individual, and, sooner or later, terminate in its total extinction." Dr. Drummond is of a contrary opinion, and quotes the following fact:—"In South America there is a species of bamboo which forms forests in the marhes of many leagues in extent, and yet Mutis, who botanized for nearly twenty years in the parts where it grows, was never able to detect the fructifications."—*Humboldt*.

The produce of vegetable seeds in a hundred-fold degree is common, and many trees and shrubs bring forth their fruit by thousands. A single plant of the poppy will produce above 30,000 seeds; and, of tobacco, above 40,000; and Buffon remarks, that from the seeds of a single elm-tree, one hundred thousand young elms may be raised from the product of one year. Some ferns, it is said, produce their seeds by millions.

Why should seeds be uniformly kept dry before sown?

Because the least damp will cause an attempt at vegetation, when the seeds necessarily die, as the process cannot, as they are situated, go on.

Why, in summer, is continued watering required to newly sown seeds?

Because, if the soil is only moistened at the time of sowing, it induces the projection of the radicle, or first root, which, in very parching weather, and in clayey cutting soil, withers away, and the crop is consequently lost, for want of a continued supply of moisture.

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Why is selection important for procuring abundance of genuine seeds?

Because we may then choose the most vigorous plants, which naturally prove of greater fecundity. Thus, in 1823, Mr. Shirreff marked one vigorous wheat plant, near the centre of a field, which produced him 2,473 grains. These were dibbled in the autumn of the same year, the produce sown broadcast the second and third years, and the fourth harvest produced forty quarters of sound grain. A fine purple-topped Swedish turnip produced 100,296 grains, which was seed enough for five imperial acres, and thus, in three years, one turnip would produce seed enough for Great Britain for a year. — *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

Why are winds the great agents by which seeds are diffused?

Because seeds are, as it were, provided with various wings for seizing on the breeze. The thistle and dandelion are familiar examples of this mode of dissemination. "How little," Sir J. E. Smith observes, "are children aware, as they blow away the seeds of dandelion, or stick burs in sport upon each other's clothes, that they are fulfilling one of the great ends of nature." Dr. Woodward calculates, that one seed of the common spear thistle will produce "at the first crop, twenty-four thousand, and consequently five hundred and twenty-six millions of seeds, at the second."

Some plants discharge their seeds. Thus, a certain fungus has the property of ejecting its seeds with great force and rapidity, and with a loud cracking noise, and yet it is no bigger than a pin's head!

Why is a milky fluid found in the cocoa-nut?

Because in this case, as well as in a few others, all the fluids destined to nourish the embryo of the fruit does not harden, whence a greater or less quantity of this kind of mild emulsion is contained within the kernel.

Why are certain eatable roots unfit for the table when the plants have flowered?

Because the mucus or proper juice in the tubular cells being appropriated for perfecting the flower stem, the flower, and the fruit, is absorbed as the fructification of the stem advances; and, as these are perfected, the cells are emptied, and their sides become ligneous.

Why is the Jerusalem Artichoke so called?

Because of its corruption from its Italian name, *Girasole Articiooco*, sunflower artichoke, as the plant was first brought from Peru to Italy, and thence propagated throughout Europe.—*Smith.*

AMERICAN MANNERS.

We suspect certain pages of Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* to be highly coloured, but they are cleverly written, and will be read with considerable interest.

A Backwoodsman.

"We visited one farm, which interested us particularly from its wild and lonely situation, and from the entire dependence of the inhabitants upon their own resources. It was a partial clearing in the very heart of the forest. The house was built on the side of a hill, so steep that a high ladder was necessary to enter the front door, while the back one opened against the hill-side; at the foot of this sudden eminence ran a clear stream, whose bed had been deepened into a little reservoir, just opposite the house. A noble field of Indian corn stretched away into the forest on one side, and a few half-cleared acres, with a shed or two upon them, occupied the other, giving accommodation to cows, horses, pigs, and chickens innumerable. Immediately before the house was a small potato garden, with a few peach and apple trees. The house was built of logs, and consisted of two rooms, besides a little shanty or lean-to, that was used as a kitchen. Both rooms were comfortably furnished with good beds, drawers, &c. The farmer's wife, and a young woman who looked like her sister, were spinning, and three little children were playing about. The woman told me that they spun and wove all the cotton and woollen garments of the family, and knit all the stockings; her husband, though not a shoe-maker by trade, made all the shoes. She manufactured all the soap and candles they used, and prepared her sugar from the sugar-trees on their farm. All she wanted with money, she said, was to buy coffee, tea, and whiskey, and she cold 'get enough any day by sending a batch of butter and chicken to market.' They used no wheat, nor sold any of their corn, which, though it appeared a very large quantity, was not more than they required to make their bread and cakes of various kinds, and to feed all their live stock during the winter. She did not look in health, and said they had all had ague in 'the fall;' but she seemed contented, and proud of her independence; though it was in somewhat a mournful accent that she said, ''Tis strange to us to see company: I expect the sun may rise and set a hundred times before I shall see another *human* that does not belong to the family.'

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"These people were indeed, independent—Robinson Crusoe was hardly more so, and they eat and drink abundantly; but yet it seemed to me that there was something awful and almost unnatural in their loneliness. No village bell ever summoned them to prayer, where they might meet the friendly greeting of their fellow-men. When they die, no spot sacred by ancient reverence will receive their bones—Religion will not breathe her sweet and solemn farewell upon their grave; the husband or the father will dig the pit that is to hold them, beneath the nearest tree; he will himself deposit them within it, and the wind that whispers through the boughs will be their only requiem. But then they pay neither taxes nor tithes, are never expected to pull off a hat or to make a curtsey, and will live and die without hearing or uttering the dreadful words, 'God save the king.'"

A Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati.

"It was in the middle of summer, but the service we were recommended to attend did not begin till it was dark. The church was well lighted, and crowded almost to suffocation. On entering, we found three priests standing side by side, in a sort of tribune, placed where the altar usually is, handsomely fitted up with crimson curtains, and elevated about as high as our pulpits. We took our places in a pew close to the rail which surrounded it.

"The priest who stood in the middle was praying; the prayer was extravagantly vehement, and offensively familiar in expression; when this ended a hymn was sung, and then another priest took the centre place and preached. The sermon had considerable eloquence, but of a frightful kind. The preacher described, with ghastly minuteness, the last feeble fainting moments of human life, and then the gradual progress of decay after death, which he followed through every process up to the loathsome stage of decomposition. Suddenly changing his tone, which had been that of sober, accurate description, into the shrill voice of horror, he bent forward his head, as if to gaze on some object beneath the pulpit, and made known to us what he saw in the pit that seemed to open before him. The device was certainly a happy one for giving effect to his description of hell. No image that fire, flame, brimstone, molten lead, or red-hot pincers could supply, with flesh, nerves, and sinews quivering under them, was omitted. The perspiration ran in streams from the face of the preacher; his eyes rolled, his lips were covered with foam, and every feature had the deep expression of horror it would have borne, had he, in truth, been gazing at the scene he described. The acting was excellent. At length he gave a languishing look to his supporters on each side, as if to express his feeble state, and then sat down, and wiped the drops of agony from his brow.

"The other two priests arose, and began to sing a hymn. It was some seconds before the congregation could join as usual; every upturned face looked pale and horror-struck. When the singing ended, another took the centre place, and began in a sort of coaxing, affectionate tone, to ask the congregation if what their dear brother had spoken had reached their hearts? Whether they would avoid the hell he had made them see? 'Come, then!' he continued, stretching out his arms towards them, 'come to us, and tell us so, and we will make you see Jesus, the dear gentle Jesus, who shall save you from it. But you must come to him! You must not be ashamed to come to him! This night you shall tell him that you are not ashamed of him; we will make way for you; we will clear the bench for anxious sinners to sit upon. Come, then! come to the anxious bench, and we will show you Jesus! Come! Come! Come!'

"Again a hymn was sung, and while it continued, one of the three was employed in clearing one or two long benches that went across the rail, sending the people back to the lower part of the church. The singing ceased, and again the people were invited, and exhorted not to be ashamed of Jesus, but to put themselves upon 'the anxious benches,' and lay their heads on his bosom. 'Once more we will sing,' he concluded, 'that we may give you time.' And again they sung a hymn.

"And now in every part of the church a movement was perceptible, slight at first, but by degrees becoming more decided. Young girls arose, and sat down, and rose again; and then the pews opened, and several came tottering out, their hands clasped, their heads hanging on their bosoms, and every limb trembling, and still the hymn went on; but as the poor creatures approached the rail their sobs and groans became audible. They seated themselves on the 'anxious benches;' the hymn ceased, and two of the three priests walked down from the tribune, and going, one to the right, and the other to the left, began whispering to the poor tremblers

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seated there. These whispers were inaudible to us, but the sobs and groans increased to a frightful excess. Young creatures, with features pale and distorted, fell on their knees on the pavement, and soon sunk forward on their faces; the most violent cries and shrieks followed, while from time to time a voice was heard in convulsive accents, exclaiming, 'Oh Lord!' 'Oh Lord Jesus!' 'Help me, Jesus!' and the like. Meanwhile the two priests continued to walk among them; they repeatedly mounted on the benches, and trumpet-mouthed proclaimed to the whole congregation 'the tidings of salvation;' and then from every corner of the building arose in reply, short sharp cries of 'Amen!' 'Glory!' 'Amen!' while the prostrate penitents continued to receive whispered comfortings, and from time to time a mystic caress. More than once I saw a young neck encircled by a reverend arm. Violent hysterics and convulsions seized many of them, and when the tumult was at the highest, the priest who remained above, again gave out a hymn as if to drown it. It was a frightful sight to behold innocent young creatures, in the gay morning of existence, thus seized upon, horror-struck, and rendered feeble and enervated for ever. One young girl, apparently not more than fourteen, was supported in the arms of another, some years older; her face was pale as death; her eyes wide open, and perfectly devoid of meaning; her chin and bosom wet with slaver; she had every appearance of idiotism. I saw a priest approach her, he took her delicate hand, 'Jesus is with her! Bless the Lord!' he said, and passed on. Did the men of America value their women as men ought to value their wives and daughters, would such scenes be permitted among them?

"It is hardly necessary to say that all who obeyed the call to place themselves on the 'anxious benches' were women, and by far the greater number very young women. The congregration was in general, extremely well dressed, and the smartest and most fashionable ladies of the town were there; during the whole revival the churches and meeting-houses were every day crowded with well-dressed people.

"It is thus the ladies of Cincinnati amuse themselves; to attend the theatre is forbidden; to play cards is unlawful; but they work hard in their families and must have some relaxation. For myself, I confess that I think the coarsest comedy ever written would be a less detestable exhibition for the eyes of youth and innocence than such a scene."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE COFFIN-MAKER.

THE paper in the *New Monthly Magazine*, under this title, occupies a sheet or sixteen pages, and is stated to be from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. It is written in an almost breathless, and purposely hurried, style, and the narrative of feelings and incidents flows with such rapidity, that the reader is carried onward, *nolens volens*, *vi et verbis* through the adventures. The writer is the son of a carpenter: his father dies; unable to obtain any other employment, he obtains that of a coffin-maker. His aversion to the trade, and the state of his feelings is thus naturally described:

"The first few weeks of my employment passed pleasantly enough; my master was satisfied with me, and on Sunday evenings I was able occasionally to enjoy a walk. But my spirits soon became less buoyant, and even my health began to suffer; I entirely lost the florid look which was my poor mother's admiration; my very step grew slower, and there were Sundays when I declined the evening walk, which had been my only recreation, merely because the happy laugh and continued jests of (my friend) Henry Richards annoyed and distressed me while contrasted with my own heaviness of heart. Evening after evening, sometimes through a whole dismal night, I worked at my melancholy employment; and as my master was poor, and employed no other journeyman, I worked most commonly alone. Frequently as the heavy hammer descended, breaking at regular intervals the peaceful silence of night, I recalled some scene of sorrow and agony that I had witnessed in the day; and as the echo of some shriek or stifled moan struck in fancy on my ear, I would pause to wipe the dew from my brow and curse the trade of a coffin-maker. Every day some fresh cause appeared to arise for loathing my occupation; whilst all were alike strangers to me in the town where my master lived, I worked cheerfully and wrote merrily home; but now that I began to know every one, to be acquainted with the number of members which composed different families, to hear of their sicknesses and misfortunes; now that link after link bound me as it

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were by a spell, to feel for those round me, and to belong to them, my cheerfulness was over. The mother turned her eyes from me with a shuddering sigh, and gazed on the dear circle of little ones as if she sought to penetrate futurity and guess which of the young things, now rosy in health, was to follow her long lost and still lamented one. The doting father pressed the arm of his pale consumptive girl nearer to his heart, as he passed me: friends who were yet sorrowing for their bereavement, gave up the attempt at cheerfulness, and relapsed into melancholy silence at my approach. If I attempted (as I often did at first) to converse gaily with such of the townspeople as were of my master's rank in life, I was checked by a bitter smile, or a sudden sigh, which told me that while *I* was giving way to levity, the thoughts of my hearers had wandered back to the heavy hours when their houses were last darkened by the shadow of death. I carried about with me an unceasing curse; an imaginary barrier separated me from my fellow men. I felt like an executioner, from whose bloody touch men shrink, not so much from loathing of the *man*, who is but the instrument of death, as from horror at the image of that death itself —death, sudden, appalling, and inevitable. Like him, I brought the presence of death too vividly before them; like him, I was connected with the infliction of a doom I had no power to avert. Men withheld from me their affection, refused me their sympathy, as if I were not like themselves. My very mortality seemed less obvious to their imaginations when contrasted with the hundreds for whom my hand prepared the last narrow dwelling-house, which was to shroud for ever their altered faces from sorrowful eyes. Where *I* came, *there* came heaviness of heart, mournfulness, and weeping. Laughter was hushed at my approach; conversation ceased; darkness and silence fell around my steps—the darkness and the silence of *death*. Gradually I became awake to my situation. I no longer attempted to hold free converse with my fellow men. I suffered the gloom of their hearts to overshadow mine. My step crept slowly and stealthily into their dwellings; my voice lowered itself to sadness and monotony; I pressed no hand in token of companionship; no hand pressed mine, except when wrung with agony, some wretch, whose burden was more than he could bear restrained me for a few moments of maddened and convulsive grief, from putting the last finishing stroke to my work, and held me back to gaze yet again on features which I was about to cover from his sight. It is well that God, in his unsearchable wisdom, hath made death loathsome to us. It is well that an undefined and instinctive shrinking within us, makes what we have loved for long years, in a few hours

"That lifeless thing, the living fear."

It is well that the soul hath scarcely quitted the body ere the work of corruption is begun. For if, even thus, mortality clings to the remnants of mortality, with 'love stronger than death;' if, as I have seen it, warm and living lips are pressed to features where the gradually sinking eye and hollow cheek speak horribly of departed life; what would it be if the winged soul left its tenement of clay, to be resolved only into a marble death; to remain cold, beautiful, and imperishable; every day to greet our eyes; every night to be watered with our tears? The bonds which hold men together would be broken; the future would lose its interest in our minds; we should remain sinfully mourning the idols of departed love, whose presence forbade oblivion of their loveliness; and a thin and scattered population would wander through the world as through the valley of the shadow of death! How often have I been interrupted when about to nail down a coffin, by the agonized entreaties of some wretch to whom the discoloured clay bore yet the trace of beauty, and the darkened lid seemed only closed in slumber! How often have I said, 'Surely *that* heart will break with its woe!' and yet, in a little while, the bowed spirit rose again, the eye sparkled, and the lip smiled, *because the dead were covered from their sight;* and that which is present to man's senses is destined to affect him far more powerfully than the dreams of his imagination or memory. How often, too, have I seen the reverse of the picture I have just drawn; when the pale unconscious corse has lain abandoned in its loveliness, and grudging hands have scantily dealt out a portion of their superfluity, to obtain the last rites for one who so lately moved, spoke, smiled, and walked amongst them! And I have felt, even then, that there were those to whom that neglected being had been far more precious than heaps of gold, and I have mourned for them who perished among strangers. One horrible scene has chased another from my mind through a succession of years; and some of those

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which, perhaps, deeply affected me at the time, are, by the mercy of Heaven, forgotten. But enough remains to enable me to give a faint outline of the causes which have changed me from what I was, to the gloomy joyless being I am at length become. There is one scene indelibly impressed upon my memory."

A scene of domestic tragedy follows, which is wrought up with great effect:

"I was summoned late at night to the house of a respectable merchant, who had been reduced, in a great measure, by the wilful extravagance of his only son, from comparative wealth to ruin and distress. I was met by the widow, on whose worn and weary face the calm of despair had settled. She spoke to me for a few moments, and begged me to use dispatch and caution in the exercise of my calling:—'for indeed,' said she, 'I have watched my living son with a sorrow that has almost made me forget grief for the departed. For five days and five nights I have watched, and his bloodshot eye has not closed, no, not for a moment, from its horrible task of gazing on the dead face of the father that cursed him. He sleeps now, if sleep it can be called, that is rather the torpor of exhaustion; but his rest is taken on that father's death-bed. Oh! young man, feel for me! Do your task in such a manner, that my wretched boy may not awake till it is over, and the blessing of the widow be on you for ever!' To this strange prayer I could only offer a solemn assurance that I would do my utmost to obey her; and with slow creeping steps we ascended the narrow stairs which led to the chamber of death. It was a dark, wretched-looking, ill-furnished room, and a drizzling November rain pattered unceasingly at the latticed window, which was shaken from time to time by the fitful gusts of a moaning wind. A damp chillness pervaded the atmosphere, and rotted the falling paper from the walls; and, as I looked towards the hearth, (for there was no grate,) I felt painfully convinced that the old man had died without the common comforts his situation imperiously demanded. The white-washed sides of the narrow fire-place were encrusted with a green damp, and the chimney-vent was stuffed with straw and fragments of old carpet, to prevent the cold wind from whistling through the aperture. The common expression, 'He has seen better days,' never so forcibly occurred to me as at that moment. He *had* seen better days: he had toiled cheerfully through the day, and sat down to a comfortable evening meal. The wine-cup had gone round; and the voice of laughter had been heard at his table for many a year, and yet here he had crept to die like a beggar! I looked at the flock bed, and felt my heart grow sick within me. The corpse of a man, apparently about sixty, lay stretched upon it, and on his hollow and emaciated features the hand of death had printed the ravages of many days. The veins had ceased to give even the appearance of life to the discoloured skin; the eyelids were deep sunken, and the whole countenance was (and none but those accustomed to gaze on the face of the dead can understand me) utterly expressionless. But if a sight like this was sickening and horrible, what shall I say of the miserable being to whom a temporary oblivion was giving strength for renewed agony? He had apparently been sitting at the foot of the corpse, and, as the torpor of heavy slumber stole over him, had sunk forward, his hand still retaining the hand of the dead man. His face was hid; but his figure, and the thick curls of dark hair, bespoke early youth. I judged him at most, to be two-and-twenty. I began my task of measuring the body, and few can tell the shudder which thrilled my frame as the carpenter's rule passed those locked hands—the vain effort of the living still to claim kindred with the dead! It was over, and I stole from the room, cautiously and silently as I entered. Once, and only once, I turned to gaze at the melancholy group. There lay the corpse, stiff and unconscious; there sat the son, in an unconsciousness yet more terrible, since it could not last. There, pale and tearless, stood the wife of him, who, in his dying hour, cursed her child and his. How little she dreamed of such a scene when her meek lips first replied to his vows of affection! How little she dreamed of such a scene when she first led that father to the cradle of his sleeping boy! when they bent together with smiles of affection, to watch his quiet slumber, and catch the gentle breathing of his parted lips! I had scarcely reached the landing-place before the wretched woman's hand was laid lightly on my arm to arrest my progress. Her noiseless step had followed me without my being aware of it. 'How soon will your work be done?' said she, in a suffocated voice. 'To-morrow I could be here again,' answered I. 'To-morrow! and what am I to do, if my boy wakes before that time?' and her voice became

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louder and hoarse with fear. 'He will go mad, I am sure he will; his brain will not hold against these horrors. Oh! that God would hear me!—that God would hear me! and let that slumber sit on his senses till the sight of the father that cursed him is no longer present to us! Heaven be merciful to me!' and with the last words she clasped her hands convulsively, and gazed upwards. I had known opiates administered to sufferers whose grief for their bereavement almost amounted to madness. I mentioned this hesitatingly to the widow, and she eagerly caught at it. 'Yes! that would do,' exclaimed she; 'that would do, if I could but get him past that horrible moment! But stay; I dare not leave him alone as he is, even for a little while:—what will become of me!' I offered to procure the medicine for her, and soon returned with it. I gave it into her hands, and her vehement expressions of thankfulness wrung my heart. I had attempted to move the pity of the apothecary at whose shop I obtained the drug, by an account of the scene I had witnessed, in order to induce him to pay a visit to the house of mourning; but in vain. To him, who had *not* witnessed it, it was nothing but a tale of every-day distress. All that long night I worked at the merchant's coffin, and the dim grey light of the wintry morning found me still toiling on. Often, during the hours passed thus heavily, that picture of wretchedness rose before me. Again I saw the leaning and exhausted form of the young man, buried in slumber, on his father's death-bed: again my carpenter's rule almost touched the clasped hands of the dead and the living, and a cold shudder mingled with the chill of the dawning day, and froze my blood.

"As I passed up one of the streets which led to the merchant's lodgings, my head bending under the weight of the coffin I was carrying, at every step I took, the air seemed to grow more thick around me, and at length, overcome by weariness, both of body and mind, I stopped, loosed the straps which steadied my melancholy burden, and placing it in an upright position against the wall, wiped the dew from my forehead, and (shall I confess it?) the tears from my eyes. I was endeavouring to combat the depression of my feelings by the reflection that I was the support and comfort of my poor old mother's life, when my attention was roused by the evident compassion of a young lady, who, after passing me with a hesitating step, withdrew her arm from that of her more elderly companion, and pausing for an instant, put a shilling into my hand, saying, 'You look very weary, my poor man; pray get something to drink with that.' A more lovely countenance (if by lovely be meant that which engages love) was never moulded by nature; the sweetness and compassion of her pale face and soft innocent eyes; the kindness of her gentle voice, made an impression on my memory too strong to be effaced. *I saw her once again!* I reached the merchant's lodgings and my knock was answered as on the former occasion, by the widow herself. She sighed heavily as she saw me, and after one or two attempts to speak, informed me that her son was awake, but that it was impossible for her to administer the opiate, as he refused to let the smallest nourishment pass his lips; but that he was quite quiet, indeed had never spoken since he woke, except to ask her how she felt; and she thought I might proceed without fear of his interruption. I entered accordingly, followed by a lad, son to the landlady who kept the lodgings, and with his assistance I proceeded to lift the corpse, and lay it in the coffin. The widow's son remained motionless, and, as it were, stupified during this operation: but the moment he saw me prepare the lid of the coffin so as to be screwed down, he started up with the energy and gestures of a madman. His glazed eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and his upper lip, leaving his teeth bare, gave his mouth the appearance of a horrible and convulsive smile. He seized my arm with his whole strength; and, as I felt his grasp, and saw him struggling for words, I expected to hear curses and execrations, or the wild howl of an infuriated madman. I was mistaken. The wail of a sickly child, who dreads its mother's departure, was the only sound to which I could compare that wretched man's voice. He held me with a force almost supernatural; but his tongue uttered supplications in a feeble monotonous tone, and with the most humble and beseeching manner. 'Leave him,' exclaimed he, 'leave him a little while longer. He will forgive me; I know he will. He spoke that horrible word to rouse my conscience. But I heard him and came back to him. I would have toiled and bled for him; he knows that well. Hush! hush! I cannot hear his voice for my mother's sobs; but I know he will forgive me. Oh! father, do not refuse! I am humble—I am penitent. Father, I have sinned against Heaven

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and before thee—father, I have sinned! Oh! mother, he is cursing me again. He is lifting his hand to curse me—his right hand. Look, mother, look! Save me, O God! my father curses me on his dying bed! Save me, oh!——" The unfinished word resolved itself into a low hollow groan, and he fell back insensible. I would have assisted him, but his mother waved me back. 'Better so, better so,' she repeated hurriedly; 'it is the mercy of God which has caused this—do you do your duty, and I will do mine,' and she continued to kneel and support the head of her son, while we fastened and secured down the coffin. At length all was finished, and then and not till then we carried the wretched youth from the chamber of death, to one as dark, as gloomy, and as scantily furnished, but having a wood fire burning in the grate, and a bed with ragged curtains at one end of it. And here, in comparative comfort, the landlady allowed him to be placed, even though she saw little chance of her lodgers being able to pay for the change. Into the glass of water held to his parched lips, as he recovered his senses, I poured a sufficient quantity of the opiate to produce slumber, and had the satisfaction of hearing his mother fervently thank God, as still half unconscious, he swallowed the draught. I thought he would not have survived the shock he had received; but I was mistaken. The merchant was buried and forgotten; the son lived, and we met again in a far, far different scene."

The Gatherer.

NOBLES OF JOHANNA.

We had long been aware that the potentates of the *Guinea coast* not only assume English titles, but wear under, or in place of, diadems, the cast-off wigs of our Lord Chancellors—but we were not prepared for what follows in the latitude of the Mozambique Channel, as related by Captain Basil Hall.

"We proceeded to our guide's house, where he introduced us, not indeed to his wives, for all these ladies were stowed away behind a screen of mats, but to some of the males of his family, and, amongst others, to a queer copper-coloured gentleman, who styled himself, in his communications with us, 'the Duke of Devonshire,' and begged very hard to be allowed the honour of having our linen to wash. His Grace was a little dumpy fellow, who stooped considerably, wore neither shoes nor stockings, and exhibited so little of a nose, that when you caught his countenance in profile, the facial line, as the physiognomists call it, suffered no interruption when drawn from the brow to the lips. The poor Duke little knew the cause of the laughter which his occupation, title, and the contrast of looks, excited in those of our party who had seen his grace's noble namesake in the opposite hemisphere.

"Most of the natives of Johanna, even the negro slaves, talk a little English; but the best examples of such acquirements were found, where they ought to be, amongst the grandees of the island. The following is a fair specimen of the conversation of the dukes and earls at the capital of the Comoros.—'How do you do, sir? Very glad see you. D—n your eyes! Johanna man like English very much. God d—n! That very good? Eh? Devilish hot, sir! What news? Hope your ship stay too long while, very. D—n my eye! Very fine day.' After which, in a sort of whisper, accompanied by a most insinuating smile, his lordship, or his grace, as the rank of the party might be, would add:—'You want orange? You want goat? Cheap! I got good, very. You send me you clothes; I wash with my own hand—clean! fine! very! I got every thing, plenty, great, much! God d—n!' And then, as if to clench the favourable opinion which these eloquent appeals had made, the speaker was sure to produce a handful of certificates from mates of Indiamen, masters of Yankee brigs, and middies of men-of-war; some written in solemn earnest, some quizzically, but all declaring his lordship, the bearer, to be a pretty good washerman, but the sort of person not to be trusted far out of sight, as he would certainly walk off with your clothes-bag if he could safely do so."—*Autobiography, Second Series.*

Bed of Leaves.—In some countries the leaves of the beech tree are collected in autumn, before they have been injured by the frost, and are used instead of feathers for beds; and mattresses formed of them are said to be preferable to those either of straw or chaff.

Pure Style.—Cardinal Bembo was so rigorous with regard to purity of style, that he is said to have had forty different partitions, through which his writings, as he polished them by degrees, successively passed; nor did he publish them till they had sustained these forty examinations. How would the cardinal have

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acted with the editorship of a daily newspaper.

To lie at the Pool of Bethesda is used proverbially in Germany, in speaking of the theological candidates who are waiting for a benefice.

Court Pun.—The witty Marquess de Bièvre was asked by Louis XV. for a pun. "Give me a subject, sire," said B. "Make it on myself," said Louis. "Sire, the king is not a subject," was the pleasant reply.

History.—The first page of Thucydides is, in my opinion, the commencement of real history. All preceding narrations are so intermixed with fable, that philosophers ought to abandon them in a great measure, to the embellishment of the poet and orator.—*Hume.*

Old Squibs.—Richard Bentley and Charles Boyle (Earl of Orrery,) had a warm dispute relative to the genuineness of the Greek Epistles of Phalaris, an edition of which was published by the latter. Bentley was victorious, though he was kept in hot water with the critics and wits of the age. Dr. Garth assailed him thus:

So diamonds owe a lustre to their foil,
And to a *Bentley* 'tis we owe a *Boyle*.

Conyers Middleton was a sad thorn in Bentley's side, from the latter having called the former, when a young student in the university, *fiddling* Conyers, because he played on the violin. A punning caricature represented B. about to be thrust into the *brazen bull* of Phalaris, and exclaiming, "I had rather be *roasted* than *Boyled*."

Hip, Hip, Hurra!—During the stirring times of the Crusades, the chivalry of Europe was excited to arms by the inflammatory appeals of the well-known Peter the Hermit. While preaching the Crusade, this furious zealot was accustomed to exhibit a banner emblazoned with the following letters, H. E. P., the initials of the Latin words, "*Hierosolyma Est Perdita*," Jerusalem is destroyed. The people in some of the countries which he visited, not being acquainted with the Latin, read and pronounced the inscription as if one word—Hep. The followers of the Hermit were accustomed, whenever an unfortunate Jew appeared in the streets, to raise the cry, "Hep, hep, hurra," to hunt him down, and flash upon the defenceless Israelite their maiden swords, before they essayed their temper with the scimeter of the Saracen.—*Tatler.*

Wool-gathering.—A very patriotic landlord, Squire Henry, of Straffan, county of Kildare, had hit on an expedient to benefit the wool-growers in general, and his numerous tenantry in particular. Knowing that market value is in the direct ratio of demand and scarcity, he annually buried the wool shorn from *his own* sheep, lest it might interfere with the profitable sale of his tenants' fleeces. But, alas! this generous system of self-sacrifice did not "work well." The result was—though Squire Henry never suspected the existence of such turpitude in the human heart—the ungrateful tenantry dug up by night what he buried by day: wool never rose in price, and they never were able to pay up their arrears of rent.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

One day, a physician alighted from his carriage, and entering the shop of a medical bookseller, inquired of its sleek-faced master, "whether he had a copy of Heberden's *Commentaries?*" "No, sir," replied the man of letters, "but we have Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and they are by far the best."—*Metropolitan.*

Mortality in the reign of William IV.—Since the accession of King William not less, we are told, than *twenty-four* generals and *twenty-six* admirals, have found their way into Westminster Abbey, or elsewhere. Considering that his majesty continues to receive the most friendly assurances from all foreign powers, this attack upon the army and navy list is rather prodigious. Napoleon himself could scarcely have made greater gaps in the United Service Club in the time. To be sure they were not all Nelsons and Marlboroughs, or we should have marked them as they dropped off; whereas one can hardly name five of the fifty great warriors.—*Ibid.*

Origin of Black Monday.—Black Monday—Easter Monday, in the year 1359, when hail stones killed both men and horses in the army of our King Edward the Third, in France. He was on his march, within two leagues of Chartres, when there happened a storm of piercing wind, that swelled to a tempest of rain, lightning, and hail stones, so prodigious, as instantly to kill 6,000 of his horses, and 1,000 of his best troops. P. T. W.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1832. [PRICE 2*d*.

THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

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THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

In No. 514 of *The Mirror* we explained the situation of the Lowther Arcade. We may here observe that this covered way or arcade intersects the insulated triangle of buildings lately completed in the Strand, the principal façade of which is designated *West Strand*.

The Engraving represents the interior of the Arcade, similar in its use to the Burlington Arcade, and, although wider and more lofty, including three stories in height, it is not so long. The passage forms an acute angle with the Strand, running to the back of St. Martin's Church, and is divided by large pilasters into a succession of compartments; the pilasters are joined by an arch; and the compartments are domed over, and lighted in the centre by large domical lights, which illuminate the whole passage in a perfect manner. "All the shop-fronts are decorated in a similar manner, and the whole has been designed and executed with great care by the builder, Mr. Herbert. The shops on the exterior are designed to have the appearance of one great whole. The style of architecture is Grecian, and the order employed Corinthian: the angles are finished in a novel manner, with double circular buildings, having the roof domed in brick, with an ornament as a finish to the top of the dome. The effect of the whole would be agreeable if it had the appearance of a solid basement to stand upon; but as tradesmen find it necessary to have as much open space as possible to exhibit their goods, the mass of architecture above must appear to be supported by the window-frames of the shops, although in reality they are based upon small iron columns of four and six inches diameter, which are scarcely seen, and which offer the slightest possible impediment to the exhibition of goods."

We may add that the Arcade at night is lit with gas within elegant vase-shaped shades of ground glass, branching from each side. The ornaments of the domes, especially that of the Caduceus, are introduced with good effect.

We take the introduction of this and similar passages in the British metropolis to have been originally from the French capital. Thus, in Paris are the *Passage des Panoramas*; the *Passage Delorme*; the *Passage d'Artois*; the *Passage Feydeau*; the *Passage de Caire*; and the *Passage Montesquieu*. A more grandiloquent name applied by the French to some of their passages is *galerie*: we remember the *Galerie Vivienne* as one of the most splendid specimens, with its *marchands* of artificial luxuries. The *Galerie Vero Dodat*, (we think shorter than the Lowther Arcade,) is in the extreme of shop-front magnificence: the floor is of alternate squares of black and white marble, and the fronts are of plate-glass with highly-polished brass frames, and we doubt whether that common material, wood, is to be seen in the doors. This *Galerie* is named after its proprietor, M. Vero Dodat, an opulent *charcutier*, (a pork-butcher) in the neighbouring street; but we are unable to inform the reader by how many horse power his sausage-chopping machine is worked.

VIRGINIA WATER.

(To the Editor.)

In No. 533 of *The Mirror* is a Cut of the *Cascade* at Virginia Water (which by the way is a very correct one, with the keeper's lodge in the distance) which you state was the late King's own planing; but such was not the case, as it was built in the reign of George the Third; the late king merely added improvements about it, one of which was the building of a rude bridge a little below the cascade, of stones similar to the fall: this bridge connects a favourite drive down to the nursery.

Brighton. E. E.

FISHING IN CANADA.

(To the Editor.)

It may be entertaining to many of your readers now that emigration occupies the thoughts of so many, to sketch a short account of the method chiefly employed in Canada, in capturing fish, which to very many settlers is an important adjunct to their domestic economy. Those living on the borders of the numerous lakes and rivers of Canada, which are invariably stored with fine fish, are provided with either a light boat, log, or what is by far the best, a bark canoe; a barbed fishing spear, with light tapering shaft, about twelve or sixteen feet long; and an iron basket for holding pine knots, and capable of being suspended at the head of the boat when fired. In the calm evenings after dusk, many of these lights are seen stealing out from the woody bays in the lakes, towards the best fishing grounds, and two or three canoes together, with the reflection of the red light from the clear green water on the bronzed faces of either the native Indian, or the almost as wild Backwoodsman, compose an extraordinary scene: the silence of the night is undisturbed, save by the

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ise of the paddles, as guided
it of the spear, the canoe
s axis with an almost dizzing
r the sudden dash of the
wed by the struggles of the
sh, or perhaps the character-
from the Indian steersman.
ner, sometimes fifty or sixty
e or four pounds are speared
se of a night, consisting of
white fish, and sometimes a
imongi. A little practice
s the young settler to take an
in this pursuit. The light
ttract the fish, as round it
congregate. But few fish
in this country by the fly:
easons, however, the black
e to it. A CANADIAN.

ALEST, OR CROSS-BOW.

(To the Editor.)

The Mirror, contains a very
memoir on the subject of the
but I do not find that the
nding the steel bow has been
which from its great strength
could not be accomplished
assistance of some mechani-
This in the more modern
tained by the application of
steel, which lies along the
stem, and is moved forward
until the string is caught by a
a lever is thus obtained, by
which the bow is drawn to its
ent. It seems to me that this
ription of bow of which your
ent has furnished a drawing.
ode, and which appears to
applied to the ancient bows,
sort of two-handed windlass,
and pulleys, called a "*mou-*
ich was temporarily attached
tt-end of the Cross-bow;
lrawing is given in the illus-
Froissart's *Chronicles*, parti-
that one descriptive of the
tubenton; in which two bow-
lown, one in the act of wind-
bow, and the other taking
e *moulinet*, &c. lying at his
this latter description, there
specimens preserved in the
London, both of about the
our Henry the Sixth.

C. P. C.

LINES TO A LARK.

(For the Mirror.)

ppy flight to heaven, again, sweet
hou art;
beam is on thy wings, its influence
heart;

Like matin hymns that spirits sing in yonder
happy sky,
Break on the ear, the smell, sweet notes of thy
wild melody.

Cold winter winds are far away, the cruel snows
have past;
And spring's sweet skies, and blushing flowers
shin]o'er the world at last;
Where the young corn springs fresh, and green,
sweet flowerets gather'd be,
And form around thy lowly nest a shelter sweet
for thee.

Is it not this which wakes thy song, with thoughts
of summer hours,
When warmer hues shall clothe the skies, and
darker shades the bowers;
Has nature to thy throbbing heart such glowing
feelings given,
That thou canst feel the beautiful, of this bright
earth and heaven.

If so, how blest must be thy lot, from azure
skies to gaze,
When the fresh morn is in the heavens, or mid-
day splendours blaze;
Or when the sunset's canopy of golden light is
spread,
And thou unseen, enshrin'd in light, art singing
overhead.

Oh then thy happy song comes down upon the
glowing breast,
Soft as rich sunlight, on the flowers, comes from
the golden west:
And fain the heart would soar with thee, en-
shrin'd in thought as sweet,
As the rich tones, which from thy heart, thou
dost in song repeat.

Oh there is not on earth a breast, but turns
with joy to thee,
From the cold wither'd years of age, to smiling
infancy.
Thou claimest smiles from ev'ry lip, and praise
from ev'ry tongue;
Such sympathy each happy heart finds in thy
joyous song.

Dorking. SYLVA.

The Cosmopolite.

SUPERSTITIONS, FABLES, &c. RELATIVE TO ANIMALS.

(Continued from page 180.)

THE following curious notice of the *Acherontia Atropos*, or Death's-head Moth, we extract from "The Journal of a Naturalist:"—"The yellow and brown-tailed moths," he observes, "the death-watch, our snails, and many other insects, have all been the subjects of man's fears, but the dread excited in England by the appearance, noises, or increase of insects, are petty apprehensions compared with the horror that the presence of this Acherontia occasions to some of the more fanciful and superstitious natives of northern Europe,

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maintainers of the wildest conceptions. A letter is now before me from a correspondent in German Poland, where this insect is a common creature, and so abounded in 1824 that my informant collected fifty of them in a potato field of his village, where they call them the 'death's-head phantom,' the 'wandering death-bird,' &c. The markings on the back represent to their fertile imaginations the head of a perfect skeleton, with the limb bones crossed beneath; its cry becomes the voice of anguish, the moaning of a child, the signal of grief; it is regarded, not as the creation of a benevolent being, but as the device of evil spirits—spirits, enemies to man, conceived and fabricated in the dark; and the very shining of its eyes is supposed to represent the fiery element whence it is thought to have proceeded. Flying into their apartments in an evening, it at times extinguishes the light, foretelling war, pestilence, famine, and death to man and beast. * * * * This insect has been thought to be peculiarly gifted in having a voice and squeaking like a mouse when handled or disturbed; but, in truth, no insect that we know of has the requisite organs to produce a genuine voice; they emit sounds by other means, probably all external."

The Icelanders believe *Seals* to be the offspring of Pharaoh and his host; who, they assert, were changed into these animals when overwhelmed in the Red Sea. The *Grampus*, *Porpoise*, and *Dolphin*, have each from the earliest ages been the subject of numerous superstitions and fables, particularly the latter, which was believed to have a great attachment to the human race, and to succour them in accidents by sea; it is a perfectly straight fish, yet even painters have promulgated a falsity respecting it, by representing it from the curved form in which it appears above water, bent like the letter S reversed. "The inhabitants of Pesquare," says Dr. Belon, "and of the borders of Lake Gourd are firmly persuaded that the *Carp* of those lakes are nourished with pure gold; and a great portion of the people in the Lyonnois are fully satisfied that the fish called *humble* and *ernblons* eat no other food than gold. There is not a peasant in the environs of the Lake of Bourgil who will not maintain that the *Laurets*, a fish sold daily in Lyons, feed on pure gold alone. The same is the belief of the people of the Lake Paladron in Savoy, and of those near Lodi. But," adds the Doctor, "having carefully examined the stomachs of these several fishes, I have found that they lived on other substances, and that from the anatomy of the stomach it is impossible that they should be able to digest gold." This fable, therefore, with that of the *Chameleon* living on air only, and some others which we shall have occasion to mention, may be regarded amongst those exploded by science.

The fable of the *Kraken* has been referred to imperfect and exaggerated accounts of monstrous *Polypi* infesting the northern seas; how far may not the *Cuttle-fish* have given rise to this fiction? In hot countries (our readers will remember that in a late paper, *Mirror*, vol. xvii. pp. 282-299, we directed their attention to the similarity of superstitions in every country of the world, hence infering a common, and most probably oriental origin for all)—in hot countries cuttle-fish are found of gigantic dimensions; the Indians affirm that some have been seen two fathoms broad over their centre; and each arm (for this kind is the eight-armed cuttle-fish) nine fathoms long!!! Lest these animals should fling their arms over the Indians' light canoes, and draw them and their owners into the sea, they fail not to be provided with an axe to chop them off.

The ancients believed that the oil of the *Grayling* obliterated freckles and small-pox marks. The adhesive qualities of the *Remora*, or *Sucking-fish*, and its habit of darting against and fixing itself to the side of a vessel, caused the ancients to believe that the possessors of it had the power of arresting the progress of a ship in full sail.

Some Catholics, in consequence of the *John Doree* having a dark spot, like a finger-mark, on each side of the head, believe this to have been the fish, and not the *Haddock*, from which the Apostle Peter took the tribute-money, by order of our Saviour. The modern Greeks denominate it "the fish of St. Christopher," from a legend which relates that it was trodden on by that saint, when he bore his divine burden across an arm of the sea. Some species of *Echini*, fossilized, and seen frequently in Norfolk, are termed by the ignorant peasantry, and considered, *Fairy Loaves*, to take which, when found, is highly unlucky.

The *Amphisbæna*, from its faculty of moving backwards or forwards at pleasure, has been thought to have a head at either extremity of its reptile body, but close inspection proves this opinion false. The fascinating power of the *Rattlesnake*, of which so many stories have in times past been related, and which was asserted to exist in its glittering

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eyes, has been of late years resolved into that extreme nervous terror of its victim (at sight of so certain a foe) which deprives it of the power of motion, and causes it to fall, an unresisting prey, into the reptile's jaws. We may here pause to observe, *en passant*, that the antipathy which people of all ages and nations have felt against every reptile of the serpent tribe, from the harmless worm to the hosts of deadly "dragons" which infest the torrid zone, and the popular opinion that all are venomous, often in spite of experience, seems to be not so much superstition, as a terror of the species, implanted, since the fall, in our bosoms, by the same Divine Being who at that period pronounced the serpent to be the most accursed beast of the field.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NOTHING if not political appears to be the order of the new magazine and other literary enterprises of the present day. Is this good policy in itself? it may be so from the vivifying aid it lends to the springs of imaginative writing. We have therefore no right to complain of the *leaven* of Mr. Tait's Magazine: it is anything but dull: *e. g.* the life and jauntiness of the following paper is very pleasant, shrewd, and clever:

The Martinet.

The "Martinet" is the name of a genus, not of a species; the title of a race variously feathered, but having specific qualities in common. There is your military martinet, your clerical martinet, your legal martinet, and the martinet of common life, ("*Gallicrista fastidiosa communis*," Linnæus would class him,) who is to the others what the house-sparrow is to the rest of his tribe. It is with him alone we have to do. The "martinet" is a person who is all his life violently busied in endeavouring to be a perfect gentleman, and who *almost* succeeds. He misses the point by overstepping it. He is like one of those greyhounds which outrun the hare fleetly enough, but cannot "*take*" her when they have done so. They have a little too much speed, and a little too little tact. The martinet is always bent upon thinking, saying, doing, and having, every thing after a nicer fashion than other people, until his nicety runs into downright mannerism; all his ideas become "clipped taffeta," and all his eggs are known to have "two yolks." He rarely comes of age or is thoroughly ripe till near forty, before which he may be a little of the precise fop, and after which he changes to the somewhat foppish precisian, which is the best definition of him. He would be an excellent member of society were he not a little too nice for its every-day work, which, to speak a truth in metaphor, will not always admit of white gloves. He is remarkably consistent in all his proceedings, however, and the outward man is a perfect and complete type of the inward, and *vice versa*. His soul is never out of pumps and silk stockings, and picks its way amidst the little mental puddles and cross-roads of this world with a chariness of step, which is at once edifying and amusing. Of inward show *he* is not less "elaborate" than of outward; and, though a descendant of Eve, takes equal care of the clothing of both mind and body.

Were his tailor to be abandoned enough to attempt to palm upon him a coat of the very best Yorkshire, instead of the very best Wiltshire broad-cloth, (an enormity of which—*horresco referens*—he was once very near being the victim,) the one would be sure to lose, if discovered, the best of his customers, and the other the best of a month's sleep. If he wears a wig, his expenditure with his *peruquier* is never less than five-and-twenty guineas a-year. His cigars, though he smokes little, cost him nearly as much. His hat is waterproof; his stop-watch and repeater are of a scapement that never varies more than six seconds in the twelve months from the time-piece at the Observatory at Greenwich, where he has a friend, who is so good as sometimes to compare notes with him. By the advice of his boot-maker—who, by the way, has some knowledge of the length of his foot—he never puts on a new pair until they are at least a year old; and he parted with his last footboy because he one day discovered a perceptible difference between the polish of the right and left foot. In winter, he wears and recommends cork soles. His toilet is no sinecure; and on the table are always to be found, besides his dressing-box, which contains an assortment of combs, scissors, tweezers, pomades, and essences, not easily equalled, a bottle of "Eau de Cologne, veritable," a Packwood and Criterion strop; a case of gold-mounted razors, (the best in England,) which he bought, nearly thirty years ago, of the successor of "Warren," in the Strand, and a silvered shaving-pot, upon a principle of his own, redolent of Rimmel's

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"patent violet-scented soap." His net-silk purse is ringed with gold at one end, and with silver at the other; and although not *much* of a snuff-taker, he always carries a box, on the lid of which smiles the portrait of the once celebrated and beautiful, though now somewhat forgotten, Duchess of D———, or the equally resplendent Lady Emily M———.

His table is of the same finish with his wardrobe. If he sat down to dinner, even when alone, in boots, that visitation which Quin ascribed to the prevalent neglect of "pudding on a Sunday"—an earthquake might be expected to follow. His spoons and silver forks are marked with his crest; and he omits no opportunity to inform his friends, that the right of the family to the arms was proved at Herald's College by his great uncle John. He has receipts for mulligatawny and oyster soups, not to be equalled; and another for currie-powder, which a friend of his obtained, as the greatest of favours, from Sir Stamford Raffles, and which, though bound in honour not to make known, he means to leave to his son by will, under certain injunctions. His cookery of a "French rabbit," provided the claret be first-rate, is superb; and on *very* particular occasions, he condescends to know how to concoct a bowl of punch, especially champagne punch, for the which he has a formula in rhyme, the poetry of which never, as is its happy case, losing sight of correctness and common-sense, comes, as well as its subject matter, home to "his business and his bosom." His "caviar" is, through the kindness of a commercial friend, imported from the hand of the very Russian *cuisinier*, who prepares it (unctuous relish!) for the table of the Emperor himself. His cheese is Stilton or Parmesan.

Like "Mrs. Diana Scapes," he is also "curious in his liquors," and, in despite of Beau Brummell, patronizes "malt," as far as to take one glass of excellent "college ale,"—which he gets through his friend Dr. Dusty of All Souls—between pastry and Parmesan. After cheese, he can relish one, and only one, glass of port—all the better if of the "Comet vintage," or of some vintage ten years anterior to that. His drink, however, is claret, old hock, Madeira, and latterly, since it has become a sort of fashion, old sherry. In these he is a connoisseur not to be sneezed at; and if asked his opinion, makes it a rule never to give it upon the first glass, invariably observing, that "if he would he couldn't, and if he could he *wouldn't!*" He produces anchovy toast as an indispensable in a long evening, after dinner, and to it he recommends a liqueur-glass of cherry-brandy, which he believes is of that incomparable recipe, of which the late King was so fond. If he be a bachelor, he has, in his dining-room, a cellaret, in which repose this, and other similar liquid rarities, and beneath his sideboard stands a machine, for which he paid twelve guineas, for producing *ice extempore*.

His literary tastes bear a certain resemblance to, and have a certain analogy with, his gustatory—proving the truth of that intimate connexion between the stomach and the head, upon which physiologists are so delighted to dwell. In poetry the heresies and escapades of Lord Byron are too much for him, although as a Peer and a gentleman he always speaks well and deferentially of him. Shelley he can make nothing of, and therefore says, which is the strict truth in one sense at least, that he has never read him. He praises Campbell, Crabbe, and Rogers, and shakes his head at Tom Moore; but Pope is his especial favourite; and if anything in verse has his heart, it is the "Rape of the Lock." Peter Pindar he partly dislikes, but Anstey, the "Bath Guide," is high in his estimation; and with him "Gray's Odes" stand far above those of Collins'. Of the "Elegy in a Country Church" he thinks, as he says, "like the rest of the world." "Shenstone's Pastorals" he has read. Burns he praises, but in his heart thinks him a "wonderful clown," and shrugs his shoulders at his extreme popularity. He says as little about Shakespeare as he can, and has by heart some half dozen lines of Milton, which is all he really knows of him. In the drama he inclines to the "unities;" and of the English Theatre "Sheridan's School for Scandal," and Otway's "Venice Preserved," or Rowe's "Fair Penitent," are what he best likes in his heart. John Kemble is his favourite actor—Kean he thinks somewhat vulgar. In prose he thinks Dr. Johnson the greatest man that ever existed, and next to him he places Addison and Burke. His historian is Hume; and for morals and metaphysics he goes to Paley and Dr. Reid, or Dugald Stewart, and is well content. For the satires of Swift he has no relish. They discompose his ideas; and he of all things detests to have his head set a spinning like a tetotum, either by a book or by anything else. Bishop Berkeley once did this

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gate of their countrymen, had sacrificed in clothes the earnings of a twelvemonth's labour. All the women had ornamented their necks with strings of beads, and their wrists with bracelets of various patterns, some made of glass beads, some of brass, others of copper; and some again of a mixture of both metals: their ancles also were adorned with different sorts of rings, of neat workmanship.

"The distant sound of drums gave notice of the king's approach, and every eye was immediately directed to the quarter from whence he was expected. The cavalcade shortly appeared, and four horsemen first drew up in front of the chief's house, which was near the centre of the course, and close to the spot where his wives and children and ourselves were sitting. Several men bearing on their heads an immense quantity of arrows in huge quivers of leopard's skin came next, followed by two persons who, by their extraordinary antics and gestures, we concluded to be buffoons. These two last were employed in throwing sticks into the air as they went on, and adroitly catching them in falling, besides performing many whimsical and ridiculous feats. Behind these, and immediately preceding the king, a group of little boys, nearly naked came dancing merrily along, flourishing cows' tails over their heads in all directions. The king rode onwards, followed by a number of fine-looking men, on handsome steeds; and the motley cavalcade all drew up in front of his house, where they awaited his further orders without dismounting. This we thought was the proper time to give the first salute, so we accordingly fired three rounds; and our example was immediately followed by two soldiers, with muskets which were made at least a century and a half ago.

"Preparations in the mean time had been going on for the race, and the horses with their riders made their appearance. The men were dressed in caps and loose tobes and trousers of every colour; boots of red morocco leather, and turbans of white and blue cotton. The horses were gaily caparisoned; strings of little brass bells covered their heads; their breasts were ornamented with bright red cloth and tassels of silk and cotton; a large quilted pad of neat embroidered patchwork was placed under the saddle of each; and little charms, enclosed in red and yellow cloth, were attached to the bridle with bits of tinsel. The Arab saddle and stirrup were in common use; and the whole group presented an imposing appearance.

"The signal for starting was made, and the impatient animals sprung forward and set off at a full gallop. The riders brandished their spears, the little boys flourished their cows' tails, the buffoons performed their antics, muskets were discharged, and the chief himself, mounted on the finest horse on the ground, watched the progress of the race, while tears of delight were starting from his eyes. The sun shone gloriously on the tobes of green, white, yellow, blue, and crimson, as they fluttered in the breeze; and with the fanciful caps, the glittering spears, the jingling of the horses' bells, the animated looks and warlike bearing of their riders, presented one of the most extraordinary and pleasing sights that we have ever witnessed. The race was well contested, and terminated only by the horses being fatigued and out of breath; but though every one was emulous to outstrip his companion, honour and fame were the only reward of the competitors.

"A few naked boys, on ponies without saddles, then rode over the course, after which the second and last heat commenced. This was not by any means so good as the first, owing to the greater anxiety which the horsemen evinced to display their skill in the use of the spear and the management of their animals. The king maintained his seat on horseback during these amusements, without even once dismounting to converse with his wives and children who were sitting on the ground on each side of him. His dress was showy rather than rich, consisting of a red cap, enveloped in the large folds of a white muslin turban; two under tobes of blue and scarlet cloth, and an outer one of white muslin; red trousers, and boots of scarlet and yellow leather. His horse seemed distressed by the weight of his rider, and the various ornaments and trappings with which his head, breast, and body, were bedecked. The chief's eldest and youngest sons were near his women and other children, mounted on two noble looking horses. The eldest of these youths was about eleven years of age. The youngest being not more than three, was held on the back of his animal by a male attendant, as he was unable to sit upright in the saddle without this assistance. The child's dress was ill suited to his age. He wore on his head a tight cap of Manchester cotton, but it overhung the upper part of his face, and together with its ends, which flapped over each cheek.

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hid nearly the whole of his countenance from view; his tobe and trousers were made exactly in the same fashion as those of a man, and two large belts of blue cotton, which crossed each other, confined the tobe to his body. The little legs of the child were swallowed up in clumsy yellow boots, big enough for his father; and though he was rather pretty, his whimsical dress gave him altogether so odd an appearance, that he might have been taken for any thing but what he really was. A few of the women on the ground by the side of the king wore large white dresses, which covered their persons like a winding-sheet. Young virgins, according to custom, appeared in a state of nudity; many of them had wild flowers stuck behind their ears, and strings of beads, &c., round their loins; but want of clothing did not seem to damp their pleasure in the entertainment, for they appeared to enter into it with as much zest as any of their companions. Of the different coloured tobes worn by the men, none looked so well as those of a deep crimson colour on some of the horsemen; but the clean white tobes of the Mohammedan priests, of whom not less than a hundred were present on the occasion, were extremely neat and becoming. The sport terminated without the slightest accident, and the king's dismounting was a signal for the people to disperse.

"We have here endeavoured, to the best of our ability, to describe an African horse-race, but it is impossible to convey a correct idea of the singular and fantastic appearance of the numerous groups of people that met our view on all sides, or to describe their animation and delight; the martial equipment of the soldiers and their noble steeds, and the wild, romantic, and overpowering interest of the whole mass. Singing and dancing have been kept up all night, and the revellers will not think of retiring to rest till morning."

Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S EXHIBITION.

MR. HAYDON has completed his *Xenophon* and *the* 10,000 *first seeing the Sea from Mount Thèches*—a brilliantly glowing page of Grecian heroism, and a splendid specimen of the highest order of historical painting. It represents the celebrated retreat of the 10,000 valorous Greeks, with Xenophon at their head, whose only hope of release from one of the most perilous situations — was to reach the sea. The action of the picture is thus described by the artist:

"This, of course, was accepted — they altered their course, and, while the army was in full march over Mount Thèches, the advanced guard, in coming to the top, came suddenly in view of a magnificent valley, with the SEA in the extreme distance, glittering along an extended coast, and mingling with the hazy horizon!

"The whole guard burst out into a furious shout of enthusiastic exultation the SEA! the SEA! was echoed along the whole army, below in the passes; Xenophon, from the uproar, thinking they were attacked, galloped forward with the cavalry;* but seeing the cause, joined in the shout! The feeling was too powerful to be resisted—men, women, and children, the veteran, the youth, the officer, the private, beasts of burden, cattle, and horses, broke up like a torrent that had burst a mountain rock, and rushed, headlong to the summit!

"As each, in succession, lifted his head up above the rocks, and really saw the SEA, nothing could exceed the affecting display of gratitude and enthusiastic rapture! — some embraced, some cried like children, some stamped like madmen, some fell on their knees and thanked the gods, others were mute with gratitude, and stared as if bewildered!

"Never was such a scene seen! as soon as the soldiers recovered something like reason, a trophy on a heap of stones and shields, was erected. The army descended the Colchian Mountains, and reached Trapezus, the modern Trebizon, after a march of 1,155 leagues, during two hundred and fifteen days, where they embarked for their native country.

"The moment I have taken is when Xenophon seeing the sea has rode forward to shout it to the army. He is waving his helmet with one hand, and pointing to the sea with the other, mounted on a skew-bald charger.

"Below the army are rushing up—in the centre is an officer, on a blood Arab, carrying his wife. A veteran soldier on his left is supporting an exhausted youth who has sunk on his shield, and pointing out the path to the army. On the right, is a young man carrying up on his back his aged father who has lost his helmet — the trumpeter lower down, is blowing a blast to collect the rear guard which are mounting behind him, while near the mare's head is the

* Recently formed.

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Greek band with trumpets and cymbals encouraging the men. The army is rushing up under an opening of the rock to the left, while the advanced guard of cavalry are trotting down the shelving top of a precipice, the horses excited and snuffing up the sea air with ecstasy."

It would, however, be difficult to convey, by description, the overpowering energy and mighty struggle of the scene before us, or the masterly skill with which the painter has brought within a few square feet of canvass, one of the most astounding events in the history of man. Its moral tendency should be a lasting lesson of the secret spring of honourable success in life—decision of character and well-directed energies to accomplish great ends—though applicable to every station of life, however humble.

Xenophon is a distant figure in this effective picture: his action, as well as that of the cavalry, about him is admirably expressed: he appears on the pinnacle of triumph; his charger snuffs the very gale of glory, and the uncurbed energy of exultation seems to animate those immediately around him. The eye descends to the checkered toil beneath: the brawny soldier bearing the delicate form of his lovely wife, which is well contrasted with the bold, muscular figure of the former: the exhausted youth, and the veteran directing the army, but especially the former, are finely drawn and painted: the bare head of the aged man, with his few last locks fluttering in the wind, contrasts with the burly-headed trumpeter, whose thick throat and outblown cheeks denote the energy which he is throwing into this last inspiring call to victory over difficulty. The head of the soldier's blood Arab is one of the finest studies of the group: you almost see the breath of his nostrils; the hinder parts and tail of the horse are not quite of equal merit. These are but a few of the points of excellence in the picture: its colouring is censurable for its roughness, especially by those who enjoy the smoothly-finished productions of certain British artists; but we may look to such in vain for the powerful drawing and forcible expression which characterize this, the finest of Mr. Haydon's pictures.

In the same room, *vis a vis* the *Xenophon*, is the *Mock Election* picture described at some length in No. 304, of *The Mirror*. About the walls are thirteen finished sketches and studies also by Mr. Haydon. We may notice them anon.

PAINTING ON GLASS.

An exhibition of paintings in enamel colours on glass has been opened at No. 357, Strand, which is likely to prove attractive to the patrons of art as well as to the sight-seeing public. It consists of faithful copies of Harlow's *Kemble Family*; Martin's *Belshazzar*, *Joshua*, and *Love among the Roses*; Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated group of *Charity*, and a tasteful composition of a *Vase of Flowers with fruit*, &c. The whole are ably executed, and calculated to advance the art of painting on glass to its olden eminence. The copies from Martin are of the size of his prints, and are perhaps the most successful: that of *Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still* is powerfully striking: the supernal light breaking from the dense panoply of clouds is admirably executed, and the minuteness of the architectural details and the fighting myriads is indescribable. In the Hall of *Belshazzar*, the perspective is ably preserved throughout, though the interest of the picture is not of that intense character that we recognise in *Joshua*. The painting of the Trial of Queen Katherine is of the size of Clint's masterly print: it required greater delicacy in copying than did either of its companion pictures, since it has few of the strong lights and vivid contrasts so requisite for complete success on glass. The costumes are well managed, as the red of Wolsey's robes, and the massy velvet dress of Katherine. Of this print, by the way, there are appended to the Catalogue a few particulars which may be new and pleasant to the reader. Thus:—

"The Picture is on mahogany panel, 1¼ inch in thickness, and in size, about 7 feet by 5 feet. It originated with Mr. T. Welsh, the meritorious professor of music, in whose possession the picture remains. This gentleman commissioned Harlow to paint for him a kit-cat size portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Queen Katherine in Shakspeare's Play of Henry VIII., introducing a few of the scenic accessories in the distance. For this portrait Harlow was to receive twenty-five guineas; but the idea of representing the whole scene occurred to the artist, who, with Mr. Welsh, prevailed upon most of the actors to sit for their portraits: in addition to these, are introduced portraits of the friends of both parties, including the artist himself. The sum ultimately paid by Mr. Welsh was one hundred guineas; and a like sum was paid by Mr. Cribb, for Harlow's permission to engrave the well-known print, to which we have already

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adverted. The panel upon which the picture is painted, is stated to have cost the artist 15*l.*

"Concerning this picture we find the following notice by Knowles, in his *Life of Fuseli*. 'In the performance of this work, he (Harlow) owed many obligations to Fuseli for his critical remarks; for, when he first saw the picture, chiefly in dead-colouring, he said, 'I do not disapprove of the general arrangement of your work, and I see you will give it a powerful effect of light and shadow; but you have here a composition of more than twenty figures, or, I should rather say, parts of figures, because you have not shown one leg or foot, which makes it very defective. Now, if you do not know how to draw legs and feet, I will show you,' and taking up a crayon, he drew two on the wainscot of the room. Harlow profited by these remarks; and the next time we saw the picture, the whole arrangement in the fore-ground was changed. Fuseli then said, 'so far you have done well: but now you have not introduced a back figure, to throw the eye of the spectator into the picture;' and then pointed out by what means he might improve it in this particular. Accordingly, Harlow introduced the two boys who are taking up the cushion."*

"It has been stated that the majority of the actors in the scene sat for their portraits in this picture. Mr. Kemble, however, refused, when asked to do so by Mr. Welsh, strengthening his refusal with emphasis profane. Harlow was not to be defeated, and he actually drew Mr. Kemble's portrait in one of the stage-boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, while the great actor was playing his part on the stage. The vexation of such a *ruse* to a man of Mr. Kemble's temperament, can better be imagined than described: how it succeeded, must be left to the judgment of the reader. Egerton, Pope, and Stephen Kemble, were successively painted for Henry VIII., the artist retaining the latter. The head of Mr. Charles Kemble was likewise twice painted: the first, which cost Mr. C. Kemble many sittings, was considered by himself and others, very successful. The artist thought otherwise; and, contrary to Mr. Kemble's wish and remonstrance, he one morning painted out the approved head: in a day or two, however, entirely from recollection, Harlow re-painted the portrait with increased fidelity. Mr. Cunningham, we may here notice, has erroneously stated, that Harlow required but one sitting of Mrs. Siddons. The fact is, the accomplished actress held her uplifted arm frequently till she could hold it raised no longer, and the majestic limb was finished from another original."

The lights of *Love among the Roses* are vivid and beautiful: the whole composition will be recollected as of a charming character.

By the way, persons unpractised in the art of painting on glass, or in transparent enamel, have but a slender idea of its difficulties. Crown-glass is preferred for its greater purity. The artist has not only to *paint* the picture, but to fire it in a kiln, with the most scrupulous attention to produce the requisite effects, and the uncertainty of this branch of the art is frequently a sad trial of patience. Hence, the firing or vitrification of the colours is of paramount importance, and the art thus becomes a two-fold trial of skill. Its cost is, however, only consistent with its brilliant effect.

* Quoted in Cunningham's Life of Harlow.

Notes of a Reader.

TEA.

WHAT can we do with this pamphlet?—*British Relations with the Chinese Empire—Comparative Statement of the English and American Trade with India and Canton.* What a book for a tea-drinking old lady, or Dr. Johnson, of tea-loving notoriety, with his thirteen cups to the dozen.

"The writer has passed the last eleven years of his life in visiting every quarter of the globe, and the colonial possessions of Great Britain, in order to acquire an intimate knowledge of her commercial affairs, for political purposes." The reader will, perhaps, say this pamphlet is purely political, and what have you to do with it? But it is not so: there are facts in these pages which interest every one and come home to every man's mouth: the political purpose is to us like chaff, and these facts like grains of wheat, so we will even pick a few. Meanwhile, the whole pamphlet must be important to all, as to ourselves parts are interesting: it represents the literature of the tea trade, and, best of all, the profitable literature of £. *s. d.* It is written in a patriotic spirit; witness this extract from the preface: "To a commercial union of wealth, and a co-operation of talent and patriotism, a small island in the Western Atlantic is indebted for the acquisition of one of the most splendid empires that ever was subjected to the dominion of man, and

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also for the rise and progress of an extraordinary commerce with a people inhabiting a distant hemisphere, and heretofore shut out from all intercourse with the majority of the human race;—a commerce equal in extent to 10,000,000*l.* annually, and involving property to the amount of ten times that sum."

Our *facts* must stand isolated, since to weave them into an argument would be altogether foreign to our purpose.

East India Company.—Although the East India Company can alone import tea, they cannot choose their own time of sale; they are compelled to put up the tea at an advance of *one penny* (*they do at one farthing*) per lb.; they are obliged to have twelve months' stock in hand; and while the tea in America has *increased in price* and diminished in consumption, the *very reverse* has taken place in England, as *official returns* prove!

China presents the very remarkable spectacle of *a civilization entirely political*, whose principal aim has constantly been to draw closer the bonds which unite the society it formed, and to merge, by its laws, the interest of the individual in that of the public; an empire possessing an active, skilful, and contented population of 155,000,000 souls, who are spread over 1,372,450 square miles of the fairest and, probably, earliest inhabited region of the globe—that maintains a *standing army* of 1,182,000 men, and levies a revenue of only 11,649,912*l.* sterling—an empire that has preserved the records of its dominion and the integrity of its name from a period of three thousand years antecedent to our era, while the most powerful monarchies of remote or modern ages have dwindled into nothingness, or been borne towards the ocean of eternity, by the swiftly destructive gulf of time,—an empire whose people have materially contributed to advance the civilization of Europe and America, by the discovery of the most useful arts and sciences, such as writing,* astronomy, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, sugar, silk, porcelain, the smelting and combination of metals,—and, in fine, enjoying within its own territories all the necessaries and conveniencies, and most of the luxuries of life; standing, as it proudly asserts, in no need of intercourse with other countries,† which it is its studied policy to prohibit,‡ openly and arrogantly proclaims its total independence of every nation in the world!

Origin of the Tea Trade of the East India Company.—In 1668, the East India Company ordered "*one hundred pounds weight of goode tey*" to be sent home on speculation. A taste for the Chinese herb was created and carefully fostered; the invoice was increased from year to year, until it now amounts to 30,000,000 pounds weight (notwithstanding the excessive duty of 100 per cent. and the onerous restrictions of the commutation act, since 1784), yielding an annual revenue to government, on a *luxury of life*, of about 3,300,000*l.* sterling, with scarcely any trouble or expense in the collecting;—employing 35,000 tons of the finest shipping,—requiring annually nearly 1,000,000*l.* sterling worth of cotton, woollen, and iron manufactures, and affording employment to a numerous class of society, for the wholesale and retail dealing in a leaf collected on the mountains of a distant continent!

To enable them the better to prosecute this valuable commerce, the East India Company sought and obtained permission to build a factory at Canton, where their agents were permitted to reside six months in the year—a favour specifically accorded as a matter of compassion to foreigners, who are carefully debarred all intercourse with the interior of the country; a dread being entertained that the introduction of Europeans to settle in China, would lead (according also to ancient prophecy) to the total subversion of the empire.

Other branches of trade were subsequently added to that of tea. In 1773, the East India Company made a small adventure of opium§ from Bengal to Canton; and the consumption of opium increased as rapidly among the Chinese as tea did among the English, until it now yields (although a contraband trade) 14,000,000 Spanish dollars annually,‖ and pays a revenue to the Indian Government of 1,800,000*l.* sterling. Raw cotton forms another extensive article of export to China; it is in general a less profitable remittance than bills of exchange, but the exportation is encou-

* A celebrated Hungarian, named Cosmös de Körös, has lately discovered in a Thibetian monastery, where he has been engaged translating an Encyclopædia, that *lithography* and *movable wooden types* were known to the Chinese many centuries ago!

† A Chinese who leaves his country is considered as a traitor, and is punished with death if he ever return to it.

‡ The grand maxim of Confucius is, "to despise foreign commodities."

§ The Chinese use this stimulant as we do wine and spirits, and with perhaps, less deleterious consequences to their health, and less evil results to their morals.

‖ About 7,000,000 of which, or bars or moulds of silver to that amount, are sent to India, the Chinese being unable to make sufficient return in merchandise. This remittance is of material assistance in helping to provide funds on the spot for the purchase of tea.

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raged for the benefit of the Indian territories.

Character of the Chinese.—The Chinese are a haughty and independent race of people, whose commercial policy it is to prohibit, as much as possible, every species of manufactures* and bullion; and encourage the importation of food, and raw produce; holding themselves aloof from Europeans, and particularly jealous of Great Britain, on account of the proximity of her Indian empire; exacting upwards of 1,000*l.* in fees and port dues† on each foreign vessel that enters Canton, the only harbour to which they are admitted,‡ imposing severe sea and inland customs and regulations regarding woollen and other manufactures, entirely interdicting some branches of trade, and permitting all by sufferance, or as a matter of favour rather than from necessity, or by right.

Tea in Ireland.—In Ireland, the consumption of tea in the year 1828, was 1,300,000lbs. *less* than in 1827; and although the population of Ireland has rapidly increased, indeed, nearly doubled itself, since the commencement of the present century, yet the quantity of tea imported into that country is 400,000lbs. *less* in 1828, than it was in 1800!

Tea in America and England.—

American consumption of tea.

1819 —	5,480,884 lbs.
1827 —	5,372,956
Decrease!	107,828 lbs.

British consumption of tea.

1819 —	24,093,619 lbs.
1827 —	27,841,284
Increase	3,747,665 lbs.

Consumption of Sugar.—

In France each individual, annually			5 lbs.
Hamburgh	do.	do.	10
Germany	do.	throughout	6
United States	do.	do.	8
Ireland	do.	do.	3
Great Britain	do.	do.	14

* A late No. of the *Canton Register*, mentions a fact, which is one instance out of many, of the desire to be independent of foreigners; it is as follows:—"Prussian blue, an article which was formerly brought in *considerable quantities from England*, is now *totally shut out* from the list of imports, in consequence of its mode of manufacture being *acquired by a Chinaman in London*; and from timely improvement it has been brought to that perfection which renders the *consumers independent of foreign supply!*"

† The port dues on a vessel of 1,000 or of 100 tons are *alike!*

‡ The Chinese will not admit a foreign nation to trade at two places; for instance, the Russians are excluded from Canton because they enjoy an overland trade at Kiachta, which is 4,311 miles from St. Petersburgh, and 1,014 miles distant from Pekin.

Fourteen pounds of sugar per annum, will afford but little more than *half an ounce* a day to each individual; a quantity, which it is well known the youngest child will consume, and yet a large portion of the sugar entered for home consumption, is used in breweries, and distilleries, so that it is even doubtful, whether the personal direct consumption of tea or sugar be the greatest; notwithstanding the latter may be had in such great abundance and in every country within the tropics.

Price of Tea in China.—Bohea, which cannot be purchased in China at less than *eight-pence half-penny*, may be obtained at Antwerp for 7½*d.*; in France for 6½*d.*; and at Hamburg for 5*d.*! Congou, of which the Canton price is from 11*d.* to 1*s.* per lb., may be bought in France at 10½*d.*, and at Hamburg from 8½*d.* to 10½*d.*! Canton price for Hyson, 1*s.* 9½*d.*; French price 1*s.* 8½*d.* Young Hyson costs in Canton about 1*s.* 8½*d.* per lb., and *only one half that sum at Hamburg!!* The Chinese cannot afford to sell Twankay at less than 11*d.* per lb.; but the American speculators enable the good people of Hamburg to drink it at *seven-pence farthing!* Souchong, a good quality tea, sells at Hamburg for *five-pence* per lb., which is the *same price* as the vilest Bohea costs in the Hamburg market, and is only *one-half the price of Bohea* in Canton.

Cost of a pound of Seven Shilling Tea.—Take a pound of Congou for instance, according to the evidence of Mr. Mills, a tea broker, before the House of Lords:

One pound of good Congou, *put up* at the East India Company's sales at	1	8
Buyers purposely and for their own advantage raise it	0	9
Purchasing price by the Brokers	2	5
Duty levied by the Crown	2	5
Retailer's profit, brokerage, &c.	2	2
Shop price	7	0

Thus it will be seen, the tea that the Company offers for sale to the consumer at 1*s.* 8*d.*, or at the utmost say 2*s.*, is enhanced to 7*s.* before it finds its way to the drinker's breakfast table.

Coffee-Shops.—There are 3,000 coffee shops in London, in which are daily consumed 2,000 lbs. of tea and 15,000 lbs. of coffee. The consumption of *coffee* in these establishments has increased as follows:—In 1829, 1,978,600 lbs. In 1830, 2,251,300 lbs. In 1831, 2,899,870. Of tea the increase has only been, during the same periods, 239,700 lbs.—249,400 lbs.—263,000 lbs.

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FOX-HUNTING.

THE following are the items of expenses, laid down by Colonel Cooke, in his "Observations on Fox-hunting," published a few years since. The calculation supposes a four-times-a-week country; but it is generally below the mark; we should say, at least one-half:—

Fourteen horses	£700
Hounds' food, for fifty couples	275
Firing	50
Taxes	120
Two whippers-in, and feeder	210
Earth stopping	80
Saddlery	100
Farriery, shoeing, and medicine	100
Young hounds purchased, and expenses at walks	100
Casualties	200
Huntsman's wages and his horses	300
	£2235

Of course, countries vary much in expense from local circumstance; such as the necessity for change of kennels, hounds sleeping out, &c. &c. In those which are called hollow countries, consequently abounding in earths, the expense of earth-stopping often amounts to 200*l.* per annum, and Northamptonshire is of this class. In others, a great part of the foxes are what is termed stubbred (bred above ground), which circumstance reduces the amount of this item.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Gatherer.

Curious Epitaph.—In Nichols's *History of Leicestershire*, is inserted the following epitaph, to the memory of Theophilus Cave, who was buried in the chancel of the church of Barrow on Soar:

"Here in this Grave there lies a Cave;
We call a Cave a Grave;
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave,
Then reader, judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave here lye in Grave,
Or Grave here lye in Cave:
If Grave in Cave here bury'd lye,
Then Grave, where is thy victory?
Goe, reader, and report here lyes a Cave
Who conquers death, and buryes his own Cave." P. T. W.

Equality.—All men would necessarily have been equal, had they been without wants; it is the misery attached to our species, which places one man in subjection to another; Inequality is not the real grievance, but dependence. It is of little consequence for one man to be called his highness, and another his holiness; but it is hard for one to be the servant of another.—*Voltaire.*

The famous Duke of Cumberland showed more cleverness as a boy, than he ever did as a general. Having displeased his mother one day, she sent him to his chamber, and when he appeared again, she asked him what he had been doing. "Reading," replied the boy.—"Reading what?"—"The Scriptures."—"What part of the Scriptures?"—"That part where it is written, 'Woman! what hast thou to do with me?'" After the loss of a battle, an English prisoner observing to a French officer, that they might have taken the duke himself prisoner; "Yes," replied the Frenchman, "but we took care not to do that—he is of far more use to us at the head of your army."—*Georgian Era.*

The letter Y.—Pythagoras used the Y as a symbol of human life. "Remember (says he) that the paths of virtue and of vice resemble the letter Y. The foot representing infancy, and the forked top the two paths of vice and virtue, one or the other of which people are to enter upon, after attaining to the age of discretion." P. T. W.

Royal Combat.—Near the city of Gloucester, on the Severn, the river dividing, forms a small island called *Alney*, which is famous for a royal combat fought on it, between Edmund Ironside and Canute the Dane, to decide the fate of the kingdom, in sight of both their armies. Canute was wounded, when he proposed an amicable division, and accordingly he obtained the northern part; the southern falling to Edmund. E. F.

Effect of Music.—A Scotch bag-piper traversing the mountains of Ulster, in Ireland, was one evening encountered by a starved *Irish* wolf. In his distress the poor man could think of nothing better than to open his wallet, and try the effects of his hospitality; he did so, and the savage swallowed all that was thrown to him, with so improving a voracity as if his appetite was but just returning to him. The whole stock of provision was, of course, soon spent, and now his only recourse was to the virtues of his bagpipe; which the monster no sooner heard, than he took to the mountains with the same precipitation he had left them. The poor piper could not so perfectly enjoy his deliverance, but that, with an angry look, at parting, he shook his head, saying, "Ay, are these your tricks? Had I

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known your humour, you should have had your music before supper."—*Bowyer's Anecdotes.*

Epitaph on Mr. Nightingale, Architect.

As the birds were the first of the architect kind,
And are still better builders than men,
What wonders may spring from a *Nightingale's* mind,
When St. Paul's was produced by a *Wren.*

Poets.

The effects of disappointed love } *Akenside.*
Part of a lady's dress.. *Spencer.*
What the ladies do, and a weight } *Chatterton.*
A manufactory, and a weight } *Milton.*
The prayers of a glutton.. *Moore.*
An indication of old age.. *Gray.*
What a mortgage will do.. *Cumberland.*
The contributions of a miser } *Little.*
A troublesome companion.. *Bunyan.*
The soldier's home, and an alarm } *Campbell.*

The Pyramids.—The Egyptians, according to Herodotus, hated the memory of the kings who built the pyramids. The great pyramid occupied a hundred thousand men for twenty years in its erection, without counting the workmen who were employed in hewing the stones and conveying them to the spot where the pyramid was built. Herodotus speaks of this work as a torment to the people, and doubtless, the labour engaged in raising huge masses of stone, that was extensive enough to employ a hundred thousand men for twenty years, equal to two millions of men for one year, must have been fearfully tormenting. It has been calculated that the steam engines of England worked by thirty-six thousand men, would raise the same quantity of stones from the quarry, and elevate them to the same height as the great pyramid, in the short space of eighteen hours. It was recorded on the pyramid, that the onions, radishes, and garlic, which the labourers consumed, cost sixteen hundred talents of silver, which is equivalent to several million pounds.

SWAINE.

The generality of mankind will not bear to be viewed too closely, or too often: they lose their value on a nearer approach; which made the honest countryman say to his friend, who was boasting of a legacy bestowed upon him by a person, into whose company he had accidentally fallen only once in his life, "Ah, Jonathan, if he had seen thee twice, he would not have left thee a farthing."

Friendship.—Friendship is of so delicate and so nice a texture, so defenceless against evil impressions, and so apt to wither at the least blast of jealousy, that we may say with Horace,

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.
Ode 13, *lib.* i.

"Happy, thrice happy they, whose friendships prove
One constant scene of unmolested love,
Whose hearts right temper'd feel no various turns,
No coolness chills them, and no madness burns.
But free from anger, doubts, and jealous fear,
Die as they liv'd, united and sincere."

The love between friends is certainly most harmonious when wound up to the highest pitch; but at that very time, is in greatest danger of breaking: and upon the whole, the strongest friendships may be compared to the strongest towns, which are too well fortified to be taken by open attacks; but are always liable to be undermined by treachery or surprise. A. J.

In the ancient German empire, such persons as endeavoured to sow sedition, and disturb the public tranquillity, were condemned to become objects of public notoriety and derision, by carrying a dog upon their shoulders, from one great town to another. The Emperors, Otho I. and Frederick Barbarossa, inflicted this punishment on noblemen of the highest rank.

Noble Crier.—Lord Barrymore having by a loud "O yes," pronounced most audibly in the High-street, Newmarket, collected a number of persons together, made the following general inquiry, "Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot sixteen, and gallop twenty." "I do," said a gentleman with great eagerness. "Do you so," said Barrymore, "then if I should see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 542.] SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1832. [Price 2d.

THE BEULAH SALINE SPA, NORWOOD.

ENTRANCE LODGE.

Our attention has been invited to the Beulah Spa by a *brochure* lately published, from the very competent pen of Dr. George Hume Weatherhead; the details of which will be read with interest by all who are in quest of "healing founts." "The Spa," observes Dr. Weatherhead, "has long been resorted to by the country people of the neighbourhood, who, from experiencing its beneficial effects in a variety of diseases, have sustained its sanative character, and kept it from sinking into total neglect." We trust, however, that its virtues may soon enjoy more extensive celebrity, especially as the attractions of the scenery amidst which the spring is situate are of no common-place character, and the distance from the metropolis both easy and inviting. The Spa has already acquired some popularity; for, we learned on our visit a few days since, that, although it was only opened to the public towards the close of the month of August, in the past year, it was visited during the autumn by several hundred persons weekly.

Dr. Weatherhead has described the local scenery with accuracy. Beulah, the estate upon which the spring is situate, is within the village of Norwood, seven miles south of London, upon one of those elevations known as the Norwood hills. "From trigonometrical observation," observes Dr. Weatherhead, "it has been computed that the height of these hills is about 390 feet above the level of the sea at low water."* Thus placed above the fogs of the plain, and removed from the smoky and contaminated atmosphere of the metropolis, the air has long been celebrated for its pure and invigorating qualities." Norwood was in the memory of several of the inhabitants still living, an entire forest of oaks, and the well-known resort of tribes of gipsies.† The country from Camberwell thence is, therefore, in

* By accurate observation the height of the fog, relatively with the higher edifices, whose elevation is known, it has been ascertained that the fogs of London never rise more than from two hundred to two hundred and forty feet above the same level.

† Who does not remember the traditionary notoriety of Margaret Finch?

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great part a newly-peopled district. Its outline is very uneven, perhaps more so than any other portion of the environs of the metropolis. The road runs over or through many little crests or hills, and sinks into sheltered valleys, where you see newly-built habitations nestling together, and almost reminding one of the aboriginal contrivances for warmth and comfort in less civilized countries. The road-side is set with "suburban villas" which would make the spleen of Cowper blaze into madness, though few of them exhibit any pretensions to elegance or snugness. Neither would two newly-built churches in the prospect allay the anti-urban poet; their starved proportions contrasting but coldly with the primitive simplicity of a village church. The *country* itself is nevertheless picturesque; the prospect is of enchanting beauty, and as you approach Beulah, you obtain occasional glimpses of the subjacent valley which you enjoy more at leisure and at a *coup d'œil* in the Spa grounds.

The Spring lies embowered in a wood of oaks, open to the south-west whose dense foliage shelters and protects it. It is now the sole vestige of the gipsy haunts, and comprises a space of more than twenty-five acres; the gentle inclination of the ground keeping the foot-paths always dry.

We entered the grounds at an elegant rustic lodge *(see the Cut,)* where commences a new carriage-road * to Croydon; which winds round the flank of the hill, and is protected by hanging woods. The lodge is in the best taste of ornate rusticity, with the characteristic varieties of gable, dripstone, portico, bay-window, and embellished chimney: of the latter there are some specimens in the best style of our olden architects. This building, as well as the other rural edifices in the grounds, and the whole disposal of the latter, have been planned by Mr. Decimus Burton, the originator of the architectural embellishments of the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park.

Passing the lodge, we descended by a winding path through the wood to a small lawn or glade, at the highest point of which is a circular rustic building, used as a confectionery and reading-room; near which is the Spa, within a thatched apartment. The spring rises about 14 feet, within a circular rock-work enclosure; the water is drawn by a contrivance, at once ingenious and novel; a glass urn-shaped pail, terminating with a lock of the same material, and having a stout rim and cross-handle of silver, is attached to a thick worsted rope, and let down into the spring by a pulley, when the vessel being taken up full, the water is drawn off by the cock. We quote Dr. Weatherhead's analytical description of the water:

"The water drawn fresh from the well is beautifully transparent and sparkling. Innumerable bubbles of fixed air are seen rising to the surface, when allowed to stand. Its taste is distinctly bitter, without being at all disagreeable, leaving on the palate the peculiar flavour of its predominant saline ingredient, the sulphate of magnesia. The temperature of the water, at the bottom of the well, is 52 deg. of Fahrenheit; its specific gravity 1011; and, by an analysis of its composition by those distinguished scientific chemists, Messrs. Faraday and Hume, the following are the solid contents of a quart of the water:—

BEULAH SALINE.

Sulphate of magnesia	133
Sulphate of soda and magnesia	33
Muriate of soda	19
Muriate of magnesia	7½
Carbonate of lime	15
Carbonate of soda	3
Grains	210½

CHELTENHAM PURE SALINE.

Sulphate of magnesia	22
Sulphate of soda	30
Muriate of soda	100
Sulphate of lime	9
Grains	161

"As a mean of comparison, the saline contents of a quart of the Cheltenham pure saline, as analyzed by Mr. Brande, the predecessor of Mr. Faraday in the professorship at the Royal Institution, is placed opposite to the Beulah Spring, to enable the reader to judge how much superior, as an aperient water, the latter is to that of Cheltenham. And, first, it may be observed, that the gross amount of the several salts, in the same quantity of the waters, is much greater in the Beulah than in the Cheltenham spring, the difference being forty-nine grains and a half of solid saline matter in a quart—that is, the impregnation is nearly one-third stronger; and, secondly, the nature of the saline ingredients also merits observation. One hundred grains out of one hundred and sixty-one, consist, as we see, in the Cheltenham, of muriate of soda, or common table-salt. Now, this substance, when perfectly freed from other salts adhering to it, possesses comparatively very feeble aperient properties; whereas the mass of the ingredients in the Beulah Spa is composed of two powerful saline substances, the sulphate of magnesia, and

* The private property of the estate, and attached to the Spa.

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that peculiar double salt, the sulphate of soda and magnesia, constituting three-fourths of the whole saline impregnation." *

The lawn is tastefully varied with parterres of plants; owing to the lateness of the season, we saw but few near flowering, save

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

A few yards from the lawn a rustic orchestra is in course of erection: whence "the dulcet and harmonious sounds" of music may attune with the joyful inspiration of the natural beauties of the scene. Our guide, (of a more intelligent and communicative character than guides usually are,) directed us by a descending path through the wood, across a rude bridge, past a maze, by a flight of roughly-formed steps, to a terrace, whence we enjoyed a picturesque prospect of great range and indescribable beauty. The woods were as yet leafless, but primroses enlivened the path-side: how touchingly is their solitude told by our poets. Shakspeare calls them

Pale primroses
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.

Milton describes them as dying forsaken:

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies;

and Mayne calls this flower

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of virtue in the shade.

Dr. Weatherhead describes the prospect from this terrace with more minuteness than the hazy state of the atmosphere enabled us to trace its several beauties. The ancient archiepiscopal town of Croydon lies at your feet; more remote, Banstead Downs spread a carpet of blooming verdure to the sight; in the extreme distance Windsor Castle rears its majestic towers above the mist; while elsewhere the utmost verge of the horizon is bounded by the bold range of the Surrey and Hampshire hills. Turning to the left you enjoy a view of Addiscombe Place, the seminary for cadets of the East India Company; of Shirley, the sporting seat of John Muberly, Esq. M. P.; of the Addington hills clothed with heaths; and of the park, the seat of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; when the prospect, deepening in extent, stretches as far as Knockholt Beeches, near Seven Oaks, and, winding round, comprehends the tall spire of Beckenham Church, piercing through the dense woods which surround it; Shooter's Hill, Blackheath, and the villages that intervene.

Immediately beneath you are the grounds of the Spa, every portion of which can be distinctly traced from this spot: the lodge, lawn, refreshment-room, spring, and orchestra, as we have described them, and the paths winding among the woods till they disappear as it were in trackless solitude.

Dr. Weatherhead's pamphlet treats copiously, but in a popular style, of the medicinal properties of the Spa. The terms for drinking the waters are furnished at the lodge, where the visiter may smile at the remedy being *set to music*, in the melodies of the Beulah Spring Quadrilles. It may prevent some disappointment by stating that the Grounds are not opened to the public on Sundays.

* We drank a half-pint tumbler of the water, which, as Dr. Weatherhead observes, is bitter without being disagreeable. Its flavour is that of Sulphate of Magnesia, or *Epsom Salts*; and we should say that our *modicum* might be imitated by dissolving a dram of the above ingredient in half-a-pint of pure water.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT LAWS.

The following quaint observations possess peculiar interest at the present moment:

"Among the ancient Druids," says Mr. Owen Feltham, "it was absolutely forbidden to register their laws in writing. And Cæsar, in his Gallique Wars, gives us two reasons for it. One, that their mysteries might not come to be profaned and encommoned by the vulgar: another, that not being written, they might be more careful ever to carry them in their thoughts and memory. Though doubtless it was as well to preserve their own authority, to keep the people to a recourse to them, and to a reverence and esteem of their judgments. Besides, it oft falls out that what is written, though it were a good law when made, yet by the emergency of affairs, and the condition of men and times, it happens to be bad and alterable. And we find it to be evidently true, that, as where there are many physicians, there are many diseases; so where there are many laws, there are likewise many enormities. That nation that swarms with law and lawyers, certainly abounds with vice and corruption. Where you find much fowl resort, you

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may be sure there is no want of either water, mud, or weeds.

"In the beginning of thriving states, when they are more industrious and innocent, they have then the fewest laws. Rome itself had at first but twelve tables. But after, how infinitely did their number of laws increase! Old states, like old bodies will be sure to contract diseases. And where the lawmakers are many, the laws will never be few. That nation is in best estate that hath the fewest laws, and those good. Variety does but multiply snares. If every bush be limed, there is no bird can escape with all his feathers free. And many times when the law did not intend it, men are made guilty by the pleader's oratory; either to express his eloquence, to advance his practice, or out of mastery to carry his cause: like a garment pounced with dust, the business is so smeared and tangled that without a Galileus his glass, you can never come to discern the spots of this changeable moon. Sometimes to gratify a powerful party, justice is made blind through corruption, as well as out of impartiality. That indeed, by reason of the non-integrity of men. To go to law, is, for two to contrive the kindling of a fire at their own cost, to warm others, and singe themselves to cinders. Because they cannot agree to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to plume themselves, that others may be stuck with their feathers."

W. G. C.

OLD WEATHER RHYMES.

RHYMES which refer to the weather were probably written by the monks.

If St. Paul be fine and clear,
We shall have a happy year.
If St. Paul be thick with rain,
Then dear will be the price of grain.

After St. Bartholomew
Come long evenings and cold dew.

February fill dyke,
Be it black or be it white,
But if it is white,
It is better to like.

March winds and April showers,
Bring forth May flowers.

He who views his wheat on a weeping May,
Will himself go weeping away:
But he who views it on a weeping June,
Will go away in another tune.

When the sand doth feed the clay,
England woe and well-a-day;
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then it is well with Angle Land.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay,
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon,
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

Under a broomstalk silver and gold,
Under a gorsestalk hunger and cold.
When hempe's spun,
England's done.

The latter referred to the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward IV., Mary and Philip, and Queen Elizabeth, but proved false prophecy. W.

CROWLAND ABBEY.

IN the days of Monks and Friars, the following lines in bad Latin, were composed on Crowland, Lincolnshire, or the adjoining Abbey:

In Hollandia stat Crowland;
Ibi vinum talequale,
Ibi fœnum gladiale
Ibi lecti lapidale,
Ibi viri boreali,
Ibi vale sine vale.

They are thus translated in the *Beauties of England and Wales* (1767):—

"In Holland stands Crowland
Built on dirty low land,
Where you'll find, if you go,
The wine's but so so;
The blades of the hay
Are like swords one may say,
The beds are like stones,
And break a man's bones;
The men rough and sturdy,
Compliments will afford me
But bid you good b'w'y,
When both hungry and dry."

W. H.

THE HOBBY HORSE.

BROMLEY PAGETS was remarkable for a very singular sport on New Year's Day and Twelfth Day, called the Hobby Horse Dance: a person rode upon the image of a horse, with a bow and arrow in his hands, with which he made a snapping noise, keeping time with the music, whilst six others danced the hay and other country dances, with as many rein-deer's heads on their shoulders. To this hobby-horse belonged a pot, which the Reeves of the town kept and filled with cakes and ale, towards which the spectators contributed a penny, and with the remainder maintained their poor and repaired the church.—W. H.

HOLY LAND.

RAMSEY ISLAND, near St. David's Head, is said to have been inhabited by so many saints, that no less than twenty thousand are stated in ancient histories to lie interred there. Near this place are the rocks styled the Bishop and his Clerks, which, says an ancient author "preache deadly doctrine to their winter audience, such poor sea-faring men as are forcyd thether by tempest, onelie in one thing they are to be commended,

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they keepe residence better than the rest of the canons of that see (St. David's) are wont to do."

W. H.

ANCIENT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

After the Britons retired into Wales, it was enacted that no man should guide a plough that could not make one; and that the driver should make the ropes of twisted willows, with which it was drawn. It was usual for six or eight persons to form themselves into a society for fitting out one of these ploughs, providing it with oxen, and every thing necessary for ploughing; and many curious laws were made for the regulation of such societies. If any person laid dung on the field with the consent of the proprietor, he was by law allowed the use of that land for one year. If the dung was carried out in a cart in great abundance, he was to have the use of the land for three years. Whoever cut down a wood, and converted the ground into arable, with the consent of the owner, was to have the use of it for five years. If any one folded his cattle for one year, upon a piece of ground belonging to another, with the owner's consent, he was allowed the use of the ground for four years. Thus, though the Britons had in a great measure lost the knowledge of agriculture, they appear to have been very assiduous in giving encouragement to such as would attempt the revival of it.

T. Gill.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LANDERS' DISCOVERY OF THE TERMINATION OF THE NIGER.

We continue our extracts from this very entertaining work, the following being from the second volume.

At Boossà, the travellers receive a visit from "the noted widow Zuma." She must be an Amazonian lady, for, having quarrelled with her prince, the ruler of Wowow, she was obliged to fly, and actually to climb over the city wall in the night, and travel on foot to Boossà. Female politicians in Africa are not so safe as in the *coteries* of civilized Europe: they have to fight their own battles, and we conclude, to raise their own supplies: "the widow complained sadly of poverty and the hardness of the times; she had fought with the Yarribeans against Alòrie; but instead of receiving a recompense for her bravery, she had lost half her slaves in an engagement, which so disgusted her with the military profession, that she immediately abandoned it and returned home. Yet, in spite of all her losses and misfortunes, she has gained so much in corpulency, that it was with the utmost difficulty, she could squeeze herself into the doorway of our hut, although it is by no means small. The widow Zuma is a very good-looking, elderly person of matronly appearance. Her skin is of a light copper colour." Should this meet the eye of any soldier of fortune, &c.

At Boossà, they hear some tidings of

Mungo Park.

"Our visiters remained with us a considerable time, and in the course of conversation, one of them observed that they had in their possession a tobe, which belonged to a white man who came from the north many years ago, and from whom it had been purchased by the king's father. We expressed great curiosity to see this tobe, and it was sent us as a present a short time after their departure. Contrary to our expectations, we found it to be made of rich crimson damask, and very heavy from the immense quantity of gold embroidery with which it was covered. As the time when the late king was said to have purchased this tobe corresponds very nearly to the supposed period of Mr. Park's death, and as we never heard of any other white man having come from the north so far south as Boossà, we are inclined to believe it to be part of the spoil obtained from the canoe of that ill-fated traveller. Whether Mr. Park wore the tobe himself, which is scarcely probable on account of its weight, or whether he intended it as a present to a native chief, we are at a loss to determine. At all events, the article is a curiosity in itself; and if we should live to return to England, we shall easily learn whether it was made there or not. The chief himself has never worn the tobe, nor did his predecessor, from a superstitious feeling; 'besides,' observed the king, 'it might excite the cupidity of the neighbouring powers.'

"*Sunday, June 20th.*—The king sent a messenger this morning, to inform us that he was a tailor, and that he would thank us for some thread and a few needles for his own private use. By this man he likewise sent a musket for

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us to repair; but as it is Sunday, we have declined doing it till to-morrow. Eager as we are to obtain even the slightest information relative to the unhappy fate of Mr. Park and his companions, as well as to ascertain if any of their books or papers are now in existence at this place, we had almost made up our minds to refrain from asking any questions on the subject, because we were apprehensive that it might be displeasing to the king, and involve us in many perplexities. Familiarity, however, having in some measure worn off this impression, and the king being an affable, obliging, and good-natured person, we were emboldened to send Paskoe to him this morning, with a message expressive of the interest we felt on the subject, in common with all our countrymen; and saying that, if any books or papers which belonged to Mr. Park were yet in his possession, he would do us a great service, by delivering them into our hands, or at least by granting us permission to see them. To this the king returned for answer, that when Mr. Park was lost in the Niger, he was a very little boy, and that he knew not what had become of his effects; that the deplorable event had occurred in the reign of the late king's predecessor, who died shortly after; and that all traces of the white man had been lost with him. This answer disappointed our hopes, for to us it appeared final and decisive. But in the evening they were again raised by a hint from our host, who is the king's drummer, and one of the principal men in the country: he assured us, that there was certainly one book at least saved from Mr. Park's canoe, which is now in the possession of a very poor man in the service of his master, to whom it had been entrusted by the late king during his last illness. He said moreover, that if but one application were made to the king, on any subject whatever, very little was thought of it; but if a second were made, the matter would be considered of sufficient importance to demand his whole attention,—such being the custom of the country. The drummer therefore recommended us to persevere in our inquiries, for he had no doubt that something to our satisfaction would be elicited. At his own request, we sent him to the king immediately, desiring him to repeat our former statement, and to assure the king, that should he be successful in recovering the book we wanted, our monarch would reward him handsomely. He desired the drummer to inform us, that he would use every exertion, and examine the man who was reported to have the white man's book in his possession, at an early hour to-morrow. Here the matter at present rests. * * * *

"In the afternoon, the king came to see us, followed by a man with a book under his arm, which was said to have been picked up in the Niger after the loss of our countryman. It was enveloped in a large cotton cloth, and our hearts beat high with expectation as the man was slowly unfolding it, for by its size we guessed it to be Mr. Park's journal; but our disappointment and chagrin were great, when, on opening the book, we discovered it to be an old nautical publication of the last century. The title-page was missing, but its contents were chiefly tables of logarithms. It was a thick royal quarto, which led us to conjecture that it was a journal; between the leaves we found a few loose papers of very little consequence indeed; one of them contained two or three observations on the height of the water in the Gambia; one was a tailor's bill on a Mr. Anderson; and another was addressed to Mr. Mungo Park, and contained an invitation to dinner,—the following is a copy of it:—

'Mr. and Mrs. Watson would be happy to have the pleasure of Mr. Park's company at dinner on Tuesday next, at half-past five o'clock.

'An answer is requested.

'*Strand, 9th Nov.* 1804.'

"The king, as well as the owner of the book, looked as greatly mortified as ourselves, when they were told that the one produced was not that of which we were in quest, because the reward promised would not of course be obtained. As soon as our curiosity had been fully satisfied, the papers were carefully collected and placed again between the leaves, and the book as carefully folded in its envelope as before, and taken away by its owner, who values it as much as a household god. Thus all our hopes of obtaining Mr. Park's journal or papers, in this city, are entirely defeated. The inquiry, on our part, has not been prosecuted without much trouble and anxiety, and some little personal sacrifices likewise, which, had they been ten times as great, we would gladly have made whilst a single hope remained of their being effectual."

After much ado at Boossa, owing to the canoe not being ready—the "King of the Canoe," a sort of Lord of the Admiralty, informing the travellers with the utmost unconcern that it was out of repair—they

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Embark on the Niger.

"About mid-day the workmen having finished our canoe, the luggage was presently put into it, and between twelve and one we embarked with our people, and were launched out into the river. The direction of this branch was nearly east and west; and we proceeded some distance down the stream for the purpose of getting into the main branch of the Niger, where there is deeper water. This object was soon attained, and we found it flowing from north to south, through a rich and charming country, which seemed to improve in appearance the further we advanced. We were propelled at a good rate up a channel, which, from half a mile in breadth, gradually widened to rather better than a mile. Beautiful, spreading, and spiry trees adorned the country on each side of the river, like a park; corn, nearly ripe, waved over the water's edge; large, open villages appeared every half-hour; and herds of spotted cattle were observed grazing and enjoying the cool of the shade. The appearance of the river, for several miles, was no less enchanting than its borders; it was as smooth as a lake; canoes laden with sheep and goats, were paddled by women down its almost imperceptible current; swallows, and a variety of aquatic birds, were sporting over its glassy surface, which was ornamented by a number of pretty little islands.

"*Friday, June 25th.*—The most remarkable object which we saw on rising this morning, was a rugged and romantic range of hills, appearing to the eastward of our encampment; it is called *Engarskie*, from a country of the same name in which the hills are situated, and which was formerly an independent kingdom, but is now become a province of Yàoorie. At a little before seven, A. M., our canoe was pushed off the sandy beach on which it had been secured last evening, and propelled down a very narrow channel, between a large sand-bank and the shore. This conducted us into the main branch of the Niger, and we again admired its delightful and magnificent appearance.

"We had proceeded only a few hundred yards when the river gradually widened to two miles, and continued so as far as the eye could reach. It looked very much like an artificial canal; the banks having the appearance of a dwarf wall, with vegetation beyond. In most places the water was extremely shallow, but in others it was deep enough to float a frigate. During the first two hours of the day, the scenery was as interesting and picturesque as can be imagined. The banks were literally covered with hamlets and villages; fine trees, bending under the weight of their dark and impenetrable foliage, everywhere relieved the eye from the glare of the sun's rays, and, contrasted with the lively verdure of the little hills and plains, produced the most pleasing effect. Afterwards, however, there was a decided change; the banks, which before consisted of dark earth, clay, or sand, were now composed of black rugged rocks; large sand-banks and islands were scattered in the river, which diverted it into a variety of little channels, and effectually destroyed its appearance.

"We had heard so unfavourable an account of the state of the river at one particular place which we should have to pass, that our people were compelled to disembark and walk along the banks a considerable way till we had passed it, when we took them in again. We found the description to be in no wise exaggerated; it presented a most forbidding appearance, and yields only to the state of the Niger near Boossà in difficulty and danger. On our arrival at this formidable place, we discovered a range of black rocks running directly across the stream, and the water, finding only one narrow passage, rushed through it with great impetuosity, over-turning and carrying away everything in its course. Our boatmen, with the assistance of a number of the natives, who planted themselves on the rocks on each side of the only channel, and in the stream at the stern of the canoe, lifted it by main force into smoother and safer water. The last difficulty with respect to rocks and sand-banks was now overcome, and in a very little time we came to the termination of all the islands, after which, it is said, there is not a single dangerous place up the Niger. The river here presented its noblest appearance; not a single rock nor sand-bank was anywhere perceptible; its borders resumed their beauty, and a strong, refreshing breeze, which had blown during the whole of the morning, now gave it the motion of a slightly-agitated sea. In the course of the morning we passed two lovely little islands, clothed in verdure, which at a short distance looked as charming as the fabled gardens of Hesperia; indeed no spot on earth can excel them in beauty of appearance. These islands are inhabited by a few individuals."

Upon leaving Yàoorie, a venerable Arab chief pretended great regard for the travellers, though he used them

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deceitfully; they had, however, "enjoyed an innocent kind of revenge, in administering to him a powerful dose of medicine, which though harmless in its effects, had yet been very troublesome to him. Indeed, it was not till we had 'jalaped' the sultan, his sister, and all the royal family, that we were permitted to take our farewell of Yàoorie."

The incident of physicking the royal family at Yàoorie by way of leave-taking, is only equalled by the following oddity:—"The captain of the palm oil brig, Elizabeth, now in the Calabar river, actually white-washed his crew from head to foot, while they were sick with fever and unable to protect themselves; his cook suffered so much in the operation, that the lime totally deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes, and rendered the other of little service to him."

The account of the Travellers' visit to Fernando Po, in the third volume, will be read with interest, as indeed will every page of the whole narrative; and to this commendation of the Messrs. Landers' Journal of their past adventures we cheerfully add our best wishes for the success of their future enterprize.

SONGS OF THE GIPSIES.

Among the musical novelties of the day, we notice with much pleasure, a pretty volume of Lyrics, written by Mr. Moncrieff, the music by Mr. S. Nelson. The poetry is throughout sparkling and characteristic, and "an Historical Introduction on the origin and customs of Gipsies," prefixed to the Songs, is so attractive as to be likely to share the popularity of the piano-forte accompaniments. It is written with considerable care and neatness, and the peculiar tact requisite to produce an interesting paper on a dry subject.

We are only enabled to quote from he lyrics, an opening carol, as

Liberty, liberty!
Search the world round,
'Tis with the Gipsy
Alone thou art found.
Then in the gay greenwood
We worship thee now,
The free, oh the free!
Still live under the bough.

Trarah! Trarah!
Hark, the deep dingles ring,
Free hearts, with the bird
And the deer are on wing;
Joy claims in the greenwood
The Gipsy's glad vow,
The blithe, oh the blithe!
Still live under the bough.

And the first song entire.

THE GIPSY QUEEN.

Oh! 'tis I am the Gipsy Queen!
And where is there queen like me,
That can revel upon the green,
In boundless liberty?
What though my cheek be brown,
And wild my raven hair,
A red cloth hood my crown,
And my sceptre the wand I bear!
Yet, 'tis I am the Gipsy Queen!

With my kingdom I'm well content,
Though my realm's but the hawthorn glade;
And my palace a tatter'd tent
Beneath the willow's shade:
Though my banquet I'm forc'd to make
On haws and berries store,
And the game that by chance we take
From some neighbouring hind's barn door!
Yet, 'tis I am the Gipsy Queen!

'Tis true I must ply my art,
And share in my subjects' toils;
But of all their gains I've part,
I've the choice of all their spoils;
And, by love and duty led,
Ere from my jet black eye
One sad tear should be shed,
A thousand hearts would die!
For, 'tis I am the Gipsy Queen!

A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Come, take our boy, and we will go
Before our cabin door;
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
The murmurs of the shore;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore:
I'll sing, in his delighted ear,
The island-lays thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shalt teach;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech;
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahité's beach,
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet;
Ah! well for me they won thy gaze—
But thine were fairer yet!
I'm glad to see my infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
And when my sight is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well:
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls—
We lose the pleasant hours;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls—
That seat among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who made for thee and me
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

From a volume of American Poetry, by William Cullen Bryant.

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TOMB OF THE POET, WALLER.

In the churchyard of Beaconsfield, Bucks, stands the above handsome tribute to the memory of the celebrated poet and politician, EDMUND WALLER. The monument is of marble, with a pyramid rising from the centre, and a votive urn at each corner. On the east side is a Latin inscription, stating that Waller was born March 30, 1605, at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire; his father being Robert Waller, Esq. (of Agmondelsham in Buckingham, whose family was originally a branch of the Kentish Wallers,*) and his mother of the Hampden family; that he was a student at Cambridge; "his first wife was Anne, only daughter and heiress to Edward Banks, twice made a father by his first wife, and thirteen times by his second, whom he survived eight years; he died October 21, 1687." The original inscription is by Rymer, and is to be seen in most editions of the poet's works. The monument was erected by the poet's son's executors, in 1700, and stands on the east side of the churchyard, near the family vault. The above engraving is from a sketch, obligingly furnished by our Correspondent, W. H. of Wycombe.

Waller was proprietor of the manor of Beaconsfield, and that of Hall Barn, in the vicinity, at which latter place he resided.

It is remarkable, that this great man, toward the decline of life bought a small house, with a little land, on his natal spot; observing, "that he should be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused." This, however, did not happen. "When he was at Beaconsfield," says Johnson, "he found his legs grow tumid: he went to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the king, and requested him, as both a friend and physician, to tell him what that swelling meant. 'Sir,' answered Scarborough, 'your blood will run no longer.' Waller repeated some lines of Virgil, and went home to die. As the disease increased upon him, he composed himself for his departure; and calling upon Dr. Birch to give him the holy sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with delight. He related, that being present when the Duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, 'My lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your Grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them, and so I hope your Grace will."

* Johnson's Life of Waller, wherein the poet is stated to have been born March 3.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TROUT TICKLING IN IRELAND.

WHAT will our *ticklish* correspondent, *W. H. H.* say to this?

"Kniveing trouts" (they call it tickling in England) is good sport. You go to a stony shallow at night, a companion bearing a torch; then stripping to the thighs and shoulders, wade in; grope with your hands under the stones, seds, and other harbourage, till you find your game, then grip him in your "knieve," and toss him ashore.

I remember, when a boy, carrying the splits for a servant of the family, called Sam Wham. Now Sam was an able young fellow, well-boned and willing; a hard headed cudgel player, and a marvellous tough wrestler, for he had a backbone like a sea-serpent; this gained him the name of the Twister and Twiner. He had got into the river, with his back to me, was stooping over a broad stone, when something bolted from under the bank on which I stood, right through his legs. Sam fell with a great splash upon his face, but in falling, jammed whatever it was against the stone. "Let go, Twister," shouted I, "'tis an otter, he will nip a finger off you."—"Whisht," sputtered he, as he slid his hand under the water; "May I never read a text again, if he isna a sawmont wi' a shouther like a hog!"—"Grip him by the gills, Twister," cried I.—"Saul will I!" cried the Twiner; but just then there was a heave, a roll, a splash, a slap like a pistol-shot; down went Sam, and up went the salmon, spun like a shilling at pitch and toss, six feet into the air. I leaped in just as he came to the water; but my foot caught between two stones, and the more I pulled the firmer it stuck. The fish fell in a spot shallower than that from which he had leaped. Sam saw the chance, and tackled to again: while I, sitting down in the stream as best I might, held up my torch, and cried fair play, as shoulder to shoulder, throughout and about, up and down, roll and tumble, to it they went, Sam and the salmon. The Twister was never so twined before. Yet through crossbuttocks and capsizes innumerable, he still held on; now haled through a pool; now haling up a bank; now heels over head; now head over heels; now head and heels together; doubled up in a corner; but at last stretched fairly on his back, and foaming for rage and disappointment; while the victorious salmon, slapping the stones with his tail, and whirling the spray from his shoulders at every roll, came boring and shoring up the ford. I tugged and strained to no purpose; he flashed by me with a short, and slid into the deep water. Sam now staggered forward with battered bones and peeled elbows, blowing like a grampus, and cursing like nothing but himself. He extricated me, and we limped home. Neither rose for a week; for I had a dislocated ankle, and the Twister was troubled with a broken rib. Poor Sam! he had his brains discovered at last by a poker in a row, and was worm's meat within three months; yet, ere he died, he had the satisfaction of feasting on his old antagonist, who was man's meat next morning. They caught him in a net. Sam knew him by the twist in his tail.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL.

THE operation of working for these precious gems is a very simple one. The alluvial soil (the cascalhao) is dug up from the bed of the river, and removed to a convenient spot on the banks for working. The process is as follows:—a rancho is erected about a hundred feet long, and half that distance in width; down the middle of the area is conveyed a canal, covered with earth; on the other side of the area is a flooring of planks, about sixteen feet in length, extending the whole length of the shed, and to which an inclined direction is given; this flooring is divided into troughs, into which is thrown a portion of the cascalhao; the water is then let in, and the earth raked until the water becomes clear; the earthy particles having been washed away, the gravel is raked up to the end of the trough; the largest stones are thrown out, and afterwards the smaller ones, the whole is then examined with great care for diamonds. When a negro finds one, he claps his hands, stands in an erect posture, holding the diamond between his fore-finger and thumb; it is received by one of the overseers posted on lofty seats, at equal distances, along the line of the work. On the conclusion of the work, the diamonds found during the day are weighed, and registered by the overseer *en chef*. If a negro has the good fortune to find a stone weighing upwards of seventeen carats, he is immediately manumitted, and for smaller stones proportionate premiums are given. There are, besides, several other works on this river, and on other streams, but the supply of

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diamonds falls now considerably short of former periods, and their produce scarcely defrays the expenses.

The Diamond District of the Serro do Frio is about twenty leagues in length, and nine in breadth; the soil is barren, but intersected by numerous streams. It was first discovered by some miners, shortly after the establishment of the Villa do Principe. In working for gold in the rivulets of Milho Verde and St. Gonçalves, they discovered some pebbles of geometric form, and of a peculiar hue and lustre. For some years these pebbles were given as pretty baubles to children, or used as counters for marking the points of their favourite game of voltarete. At last an officer, who had been some years at Goa, in the East Indies, arrived in the Commarca: he was struck with the peculiar form of these pebbles, and from several experiments he made, it struck him that they were diamonds. He immediately collected a few, and sent them to Holland, where, to the astonishment of the lapidaries, they were found to be brilliants of the finest water. It will easily be imagined, that on the arrival of this intelligence in Brazil, the hitherto despised counters suddenly became the objects of universal research, and almost immediately disappeared.

The government of Portugal now issued a decree, declaring all diamonds a monopoly of the crown. For a length of time it was considered that diamonds were confined solely to the district of Serro Frio. But this is an error; they are found in almost every part of the empire, particularly in the remote provinces of Goyazes and Matto Grosso, where there exist several districtos diamantescos. These gems have been even found on the tops of the highest mountains; indeed, it is the opinion of the Brazilian mineralogists that the original diamond formations are in the mountains, and that they will one day or other be discovered in such quantities, as to render them objects of comparatively small value.

The largest diamond in the world was found in the river Abaite, about ninety-two leagues to N. W. of Serro do Frio. The history of its discovery is romantic:—three Brazilians, Ant. de Souza, Jose Felix Gomes, and Thomas de Souza, were sentenced, for some supposed misdemeanour, to perpetual banishment in the wildest part of the interior. Their sentence was a cruel one; but the region of their exile was the richest in the world; every river rolled over a bed of gold, every valley contained inexhaustible mines of diamonds. A suspicion of this kind enabled these unfortunate men to support the horrors of their fate; they were constantly sustained by the golden hope of discovering some rich mine, that would produce a reversion of their hard sentence. Thus they wandered about for nearly six years, in quest of mines; but fortune was at last propitious. An excessive draught had laid dry the bed of the river Abaite, and here, while working for gold, they discovered a diamond of nearly an ounce in weight. Overwhelmed with joy at this providential discovery, they resolved to proceed, at all hazards, to Villa Rica, and trust to the mercy of the crown. The governor, on beholding the magnitude and lustre of the gem, could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. He immediately appointed a commission of the officers of the Diamond District to report on its nature; and on their pronouncing it a real diamond, it was immediately dispatched to Lisbon. It is needless to add that the sentence of the three "condemnados" was immediately reversed.

This celebrated diamond has been estimated by Romé de l'Isle at the enormous sum of three hundred millions sterling. It is uncut, but the late King of Portugal, who had a passion for precious stones, had a hole bored through it, in order to wear it suspended about his neck on gala days. No sovereign possessed so fine a collection of diamonds as this prince.—*Monthly Mag.*

Notes of a Reader.

AMERICAN LIFE.

Mrs. Trollope's amusing book has furnished us with still another page or two of scenes and sketches:

Crocodiles on the Mississippi.

"It is said that at some points of this dismal river, crocodiles are so abundant as to add the terror of their attacks to the other sufferings of a dwelling there. We were told a story of a squatter, who having 'located' himself close to the river's edge, proceeded to build his cabin. This operation is soon performed, for social feeling and the love of whiskey bring all the scanty neighbourhood round a new comer, to aid him in cutting down trees, and in rolling up the logs, till the mansion is complete. This was done; the wife and five young children were put in possession of their new home, and slept soundly after a long march. Towards day-break the husband and father was awakened by a faint cry, and looking up, beheld relics

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of these of his children scattered over the floor, and an enormous crocodile, with several young ones around her, occupied in devouring the remnants of their horrid meal. He looked around for a weapon, but finding none, and aware that unarmed he could do nothing, he raised himself gently on his bed, and contrived to crawl from thence through a window, hoping that his wife, whom he left sleeping, might with the remaining children rest undiscovered till his return. He flew to his nearest neighbour and besought his aid; in less than half an hour two men returned with him, all three well armed; but alas! they were too late! the wife and her two babes lay mangled on their bloody bed. The gorged reptiles fell an easy prey to their assailants, who, upon examining the place, found the hut had been constructed close to the mouth of a large hole, almost a cavern, where the monster had hatched her hateful brood."

Pig Scavengers.

"We were soon settled in our new dwelling, which looked neat and comfortable enough, but we speedily found that it was devoid of nearly all the accommodation that Europeans conceive necessary to decency and comfort. No pump, no cistern, no drain of any kind, no dustman's cart, or any other visible means of getting rid of the rubbish, which vanishes with such celerity in London, that one has no time to think of its existence; but which accumulated so rapidly at Cincinnati, that I sent for my landlord to know in what manner refuse of all kinds was to be disposed of.

"'Your Help will just have to fix them all into the middle of the street, but you must mind, old woman, that it is the middle. I expect you don't know as we have got a law what forbids throwing such things at the sides of the streets; they must just all be cast right into the middle, and the pigs soon takes them off.'"

American English.

"I very seldom during my whole stay in the country heard a sentence elegantly turned, and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American. There is always something either in the expression or the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste."

Mr. Bullock.

"About two miles below Cincinnati, on the Kentucky side of the river, Mr. Bullock, the well known proprietor of the Egyptian Hall, has bought a large estate, with a noble house upon it. He and his amiable wife were devoting themselves to the embellishment of the house and grounds; and certainly there is more taste and art lavished on one of their beautiful saloons, than all Western America can show elsewhere. It is impossible to help feeling that Mr. Bullock is rather out of his element in this remote spot, and the gems of art he has brought with him, show as strangely there, as would a bower of roses in Siberia, or a Cincinnati fashionable at Almack's. The exquisite beauty of the spot, commanding one of the finest reaches of the Ohio, the extensive gardens, and the large and handsome mansion, have tempted Mr. Bullock to spend a large sum in the purchase of this place, and if any one who has passed his life in London could endure such a change, the active mind and sanguine spirit of Mr. Bullock might enable him to do it; but his frank, and truly English hospitality, and his enlightened and inquiring mind, seemed sadly wasted there. I have since heard with pleasure that Mr. Bullock has parted with this beautiful, but secluded mansion.

"Mr. Bullock was showing to some gentlemen of the first standing, the very *élite* of Cincinnati, his beautiful collection of engravings, when one among them exclaimed, 'Have you really done all these since you came here? How hard you must have worked!'"

Cows.

"These animals are fed morning and evening at the door of the house, with a good mess of Indian corn, boiled with water; while they eat, they are milked, and when the operation is completed the milk-pail and the meal-tub retreat into the dwelling, leaving the republican cow to walk away, to take her pleasure on the hills, or in the gutters, as may suit her fancy best. They generally return very regularly to give and take the morning and evening meal; though it more than once happened to us, before we were supplied by a regular milk cart, to have our jug sent home empty, with the sad news that 'the cow was not come home, and it was too late to look for her to breakfast now.' Once, I remember, the good woman told us that she had overslept herself, and that the cow had come and gone again, 'not liking, I expect, to hanker about by herself for nothing, poor thing.'"

Health of Cincinnati.

"A gentleman told us, that when a medical man intended settling in a new situation, he always, if he knew his

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business, walked through the streets at night, before he decided. If he saw the dismal twinkle of the watch-light from many windows he might be sure that disease was busy, and that the 'location' might suit him well."

Marketing.

"It is the custom for the gentlemen to go to market at Cincinnati; the smartest men in the place, and those of the 'highest standing' do not scruple to leave their beds with the sun, six days in the week, and, prepared with a mighty basket, to sally forth in search of meat, butter, eggs, and vegetables. I have continually seen them returning, with their weighty basket on one arm and an enormous ham depending from the other."

Moving Houses.

"One of the sights to stare at in America is that of houses moving from place to place. We were often amused by watching this exhibition of mechanical skill in the streets. They make no difficulty of moving dwellings from one part of the town to another. Those I saw travelling were all of them frame-houses, that is, built wholly of wood, except the chimneys; but it is said that brick buildings are sometimes treated in the same manner. The largest dwelling that I saw in motion was one containing two stories of four rooms each; forty oxen were yoked to it. The first few yards brought down the two stacks of chimneys, but it afterwards went on well. The great difficulties were the first getting it in motion and the stopping exactly in the right place. This locomotive power was extremely convenient at Cincinnati, as the constant improvements going on there made it often desirable to change a wooden dwelling for one of brick; and whenever this happened, we were sure to see the ex No. 100 of Main-street or the ex No. 55 of Second-street creeping quietly out of town, to take possession of a humble suburban station on the common above it."

Social distinctions.

"My general appellation amongst my neighbours was 'the English old woman,' but in mentioning each other they constantly employed the term 'lady;' and they evidently had a pleasure in using it, for I repeatedly observed, that in speaking of a neighbour, instead of saying Mrs. Such-a-one, they described her as 'the lady over the way what takes in washing,' or as 'that there lady, out by the Gulley, what is making dip-candles.' Mr. Trollope was as constantly called 'the old man,' while draymen, butchers' boys, and the labourers on the canal were invariably denominated 'them gentlemen;' nay, we once saw one of the most gentlemanlike men in Cincinnati introduce a fellow in dirty shirt sleeves, and all sorts of detestable et cetera, to one of his friends, with this formula, 'D——— let me introduce this gentleman to you.'"

The Cosmopolite.

SUPERSTITIONS, FABLES, &c. RELATIVE TO ANIMALS.

(*Concluded from page* 213.)

THE oriental fable of the *Roc* has its probable origin in the condor, which is undoubtedly the largest and strongest bird of the vulture tribe in existence, and extremely ravenous. Minerva's bird, the *Owl*, is well known as one of ill omen; besides the superstitious idea that the screech-owl foretells death by its cry, it was formerly believed to suck the blood of children. The Mongol and Calmuc Tartars have held the *White Owl* sacred since the days of Genghis Khan, when a bird of this species having settled on a bush in which that prince had hidden himself from his enemies, those who pursued him past it, not believing that a bird would perch on a bush wherein a man was concealed. The *Raven* has ever been considered by the vulgar as a bird of evil omen, the indicator of misfortunes and death; and, indeed, the superstition is but consonant with a bird of such funereal note and hue, and exhibiting such goule-like propensities. The Swedes, however, regard it as sacred, and no one offers to molest it. In the north of England, one *Magpie* flying alone, is deemed an ill omen; two together, a fortunate one; three forebode a funeral, and four a wedding; or, when on a journey, to meet two magpies portends a wedding; three, a successful journey; four, unexpected good news; and five, that the person will soon be in company with the great. To kill a magpie, indicates or brings down some terrible misfortune. The *Sparrow Hawk* was sacred with the Egyptians, and the symbol of Osiris. The *Yellow Hammer* is superstitiously considered an agent in *diablerie*. The *Wheat-Ear* is, in the Highlands, a detested bird, and fancied one of evil omen, on account of its frequenting old churchyards, where it nestles amongst the stones, and finds plenty of insects for food. The *Woodcock* is, we believe, the bird imagined to drop, in its proper season, from the moon. It is a vulgar

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error, that the song of the *Nightingale* is melancholy, and that it only sings by night; but to hear the Cuckoo before the Nightingale has been long deemed an unsuccessful omen in love: the saliva of the cuckoo has been thought to preserve all it falls upon.

"The *Robin* and the *Wren*
Are God Almighty's cock and hen,"

says the old distich, and whilst it is reckoned wicked to kill either of these (not but that there is an ancient custom of "hunting the wren" still kept up, we believe, in some parts of this country,) it is considered unlucky to kill a *Swallow*, or *House-Martin*. The *Kingfisher* is the Halcyon of the ancients, who imagined that during the process of incubation by the female the sea remained unvexed by storms; hence "halcyon days." The feathers of this bird are employed by the Tartars for many superstitious purposes; they consider them amulets of priceless value, enabling them to inspire women with love. In more civilized countries it was once believed, that if the body of a kingfisher were suspended by a thread, some magnetic influence would turn its breast to the north: others thought it a preserver of woollen cloths from moths. The *Albatross* (by some considered the kingfisher or halcyon,) is fabled to sleep in the air, never to touch the earth; and to kill one is reckoned supremely unlucky. There is an Indian bird, the name of which has unfortunately escaped us, that is feigned to live only on the rain-drops which it can draw with its bill from the clouds; in a dry season, therefore, this bird perishes. Of the *Bird of Paradise* the following wonders were once credited: viz. that the egg was laid in the air by the female, and there hatched by the male in an orifice of his body; that it had no legs (these however are long, and a disfigurement to the body, which the Indians know, and fearful of their depreciating the value of the bird, upon capturing it, cut them off); that it hung itself by the two long feathers of its tail on a tree when sleeping; that it never touched the ground during any period of its existence, and fed wholly on dew. The Indians also believe that the leader, or king of the birds of paradise is black, with red spots, and that he soars far away from the rest of the flock, which, however, never quit him, but settle where he does. The *Gigantic Crane* is believed by the Indians to be invulnerable, and animated by the souls of deceased Brahmins; the Africans hold it in equal veneration. Whence arises the classical fable that swans sing their own dirge just previous to death, and expire singing it? The wild swan certainly may be said to whistle, but the tame has no other note than a hiss, and this only when provoked. The Kamschatdales and Kuriles wear round their necks the bills of *Puffins*, as an amulet which ensures good fortune. Who was *Mother Carey?*—The wife, perhaps, of "*Davy*," and keeper of his "locker;" Mother Carey's chickens is the well-known appellation, in *tarrish* tongue, of *Stormy Petrels*, not superstitiously supposed to forebode tempests, since they seem their very element; but it is probable that to Mother Carey herself (we crave her pardon—*Mistress*) some astounding "yarn" is attached. The *Stork*, the *Crane*, and the *Pelican*, are each the subject of idle stories; the latter has been asserted to feed her young with her own bosom's blood, and to fill her pouch with water in order to supply them in the desert. A notion is entertained by the ignorant that the *Bittern* thrusts its bill into a reed, which serves as a pipe to increase the volume of its natural note, and swell it above pitch; and in some places a tradition prevails that it thrusts its head into water and then blows with all its might. It is erroneous that the *Ostrich* lays her eggs in the sand, depending solely on the sun's rays to hatch them; the truth is that, as from the heat of her native climate, it is not always necessary for her to sit upon them, she simply does what numerous birds in colder latitudes are well known to do; viz. cover them, that they may not, during her absence, lose their heat.

The popular opinion that the *Turtle Dove*, of either sex, should it happen to lose its mate, remains ever after in a state of disconsolate celibacy, is, we believe, disproved by the fact, at least as respects these birds in a wild state; but we may remark, that the loss of a companion to more than one kind of *domesticated* bird, if it has been brought up with one, even though not in the same cage, is sometimes so severely deplored by the survivor, as to occasion its death, if the loss be not speedily supplied. The old story of *Swallows* passing the winter in a state of torpidity at the bottom of rivers, lakes, and ponds, has been frequently agitated, asserted to be a fact by one party, and totally disproved by the other. The reader may be amused to learn, that very recently we were assured by one, who *knew it for an absolute fact*, that ducks and even chickens (!!!) had been found in a certain farmer's pond, laid up in winter quarters, which were revived by

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the warmth of the sun and upper air, upon being fished out of it!! "Regarding *Birds' Eggs*," says the Naturalist in his interesting Journal, "we have a very foolish superstition here (Gloucestershire:) the boys may take them unrestrained, but their mothers so dislike their being kept in the house, that they usually break them; their presence may be tolerated for a few days, but by the ensuing Sunday they are frequently destroyed, under the idea that they bring bad luck, or prevent the coming of good fortune, as if in some way offensive to the domestic deity of the hearth."

Here, then, we pause; some abler hand may, perhaps, be tempted to take up the subject as we leave it, for there are yet gleanings, in the field, of "Superstitions and Fables connected with animals," over which our leisure has allowed us but lightly to pass; gleanings sufficient to reward the industrious and the curious; or, it may even be, that we shall return, some day, to this topic ourselves, time and materials permitting.

Great Marlow, Bucks. M. L. B.

The Gatherer.

Congreve Rockets.—When the Congreve rockets were first introduced into the navy, the admiral on the Brazil station proposed to exhibit to the king, Don Juan VI., the effect of these formidable projectiles. His majesty consented, and the whole court were accordingly assembled in the balconies of the palace, at the Rio, for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle. By some mishap, of very frequent occurrence in the early history of these missiles, at the moment of firing the tube veered round, and the rocket, instead of flying over to Praia Grande, took the opposite direction, and fell and exploded in the great square, almost beneath the windows of the palace. The consternation of the king was only equalled by the mortification of the admiral, who immediately despatched an officer on shore to explain the cause of the *contretemps* to his majesty; and offering to let off another, but the terrified monarch would not hear of it. "I have a great respect," said he, "for my good allies, the English, but after dinner they are absolutely fit for nothing;" an observation which clearly indicated to what cause his majesty attributed the unfortunate result of the exhibition.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Prosperity of America.—The United States of N. America possess an almost undefinable extent of fertile uncultivated land—a highly industrious and intelligent population of 13,000,000—the national debt will be paid this year—and they have a large surplus revenue. That of 1831 was 27,700,000 Spanish dollars; the expenditure for all government purposes 14,700,000.

War.—Were the disputes between great and rival nations to be settled by single combat, by those, through whose ambition, pride, or other cause, they were occasioned, millions of lives might have been saved.

Curious Custom.—There is held in Italy, a kind of feast, or ceremony, in the courts of certain princes, on St. Nicholas's Day, in which people hide presents in the shoes or slippers of those they would do honour to; in such a manner as to surprise them on the morrow, when they come to dress. It is done in imitation of the practice of St. Nicholas; who used, in the night time, to throw purses of money in at the windows, for portions to poor maidens on their marriage. P. T. W.

Experience.—It often happens that the more we see into a man, the less we admire him.—*Pliny.*

The Romans were so anxious to encourage marriage, that they punished unmarried persons by rendering them incapable of receiving any legacy, or inheritance by will, except from near relatives. And those who were married, and had not any children, could take no more than half the estate.

Etruscan Vases.—The art of making earthenware was transported from Etruria into Greece. The Romans also borrowed this invention from the Etruscans, to whom also Greece was indebted for many of its ceremonies and religious institutions, as well as for its mechanics and artificers.

It is customary in the canton Wallis, Switzerland, for those who have found anything lost, even money, to affix it to a large crucifix in the churchyard, and there is not an example on record, of any object being taken away except by the rightful owner. W. G. C.

Cumberland Titles.—The honorary titles arising from the different degrees of allowed consequence or property in Cumberland, appear (says Britton) singular when compared with their usual acceptation in society. The mistress of the house is a *Dame*; every owner of a little landed property is a *Statesman*; his eldest son is the *Laird*; and where there is no son, the eldest daughter is

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born to the title of *Leady*. Thus we may see a *'Statesman* driving the plough, a *Lord* attending the market with vegetables, and a *Leady* labouring at the churn. P. T. W.

A string of echo puns surpassing all others, may be seen in a scarce work, published in the reign of James I. A specimen—a divine, willing to play more with words, than to be serious in the expounding of his text, spoke thus in one part of the sermon:—"This dyall shewes we must *die all*; yet, notwithstanding, all howses are turned into *ale-houses*; our cares are turned into *cares*; our paradise, into a *pair of dice*; our marriage, into a *merry age*; our matrimony, into a *matter of money*; our divines, into *dry vines*. It was not so in the days of Noah, *Ah no!*"—T.G.

Advertisement Extraordinary, from a Newspaper of 1796.—"Whereas the right hon. William Pitt, Chancellor of his Majesty's Exchequer, did on the night of Monday last, and on or about the hour of six o'clock, utter in his place in the House of Commons, certain sentences or phrases, containing several assurances, denials, promises, retractions, persuasions, explanations, hints, insinuations, and intimations, and expressing much hope, fear, joy, sorrow, confidence, and doubt, upon the subject of peace, then and there recommended by Charles Grey, esq., member of the aforesaid House of Commons, for the county of Northumberland; and whereas the entire effectual and certain meaning of the whole of the said sentences, phrases, denials, promises, retractions, persuasions, explanations, hints, insinuations, and intimations, has escaped and fled, so that what remains is to plain understandings incomprehensible, and to many good men is matter of painful contemplation: now this is to promise to any person who shall restore the said lost meaning, or shall illustrate, simplify, and explain the said meaning, the sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid on the first day of April next, at the office of John Bull, esq., Pay-All and Fight-All, to the several high contracting powers, engaged in the present *just* and *necessary* war!

"Done at the office of Mr. John Bull's Chief Decypherer, *Turnagain* Lane, *Circumbendibus* Street, *Obscurity* Square, Feb. 18, 1796."

Cheap Soup.—Take ten quarts of water, and stir it with a rush-light till t boils; season it to your liking, and it is ready for use. N.B. The wick may be bolted.—*Monthly Mag.*

Epitaph on the death of Miss Eliza More, aged 14.

Here lies who never lied before,
And one who will never lie *More*,
To which there need no *more* be said
Than *More* the pity she is dead,
For when alive she charmed us *More*
Than all the *Mores* just gone before.*

On Anne Green, a Quakeress.

Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A wedge of gold, a china dish that must
Be used in heaven, when Christ doth feed the just.

Inscribed on the back door of a Tavern, which opened into the Parish Church of St. Michael's, Cambridge, kept by Mr. Burrell, 1639: which door is now taken down, the tavern having been pulled down, and a new street built on its site.

Go on by leave, no way here lies:
But way and leave to those
That hast to taste good wine and fine,
And fear not Burrell's foes.

Copied from the Churchwarden's Book.

The Mother Tongue.—In Mr. Combe's *Illustrations of Phrenology*, a case is related of a Welsh milkman, in London, who happening to fall down two pair of stairs, received a severe contusion on the head, and was carried to St. George's Hospital, where he lay senseless for several days, and unable to speak. At length he became something better, and began to talk to the nurses, but in such terms that no one could understand him, till it was discovered that he had forgotten his English, and was talking Welsh; a language he had not spoken for eighteen years. Mr. Combe conceives that the blow having hit the storehouse in his head, where the Welsh language was garnered, his youthful acquisitions were poured out, whilst the English language, which he had learned much later, was overpowered and obliterated by the force of his mother tongue. W. G. C.

Warning to Betrayers.—St. Bennet's Abbey, in Norfolk, was so well fortified, that William the Conqueror, in vain besieged it, till a monk, upon condition of being made abbot, betrayed the place. The king performed the condition, but hanged the new *abbot* as a *traitor*. P. T. W.

* Her two sisters dying some months before.

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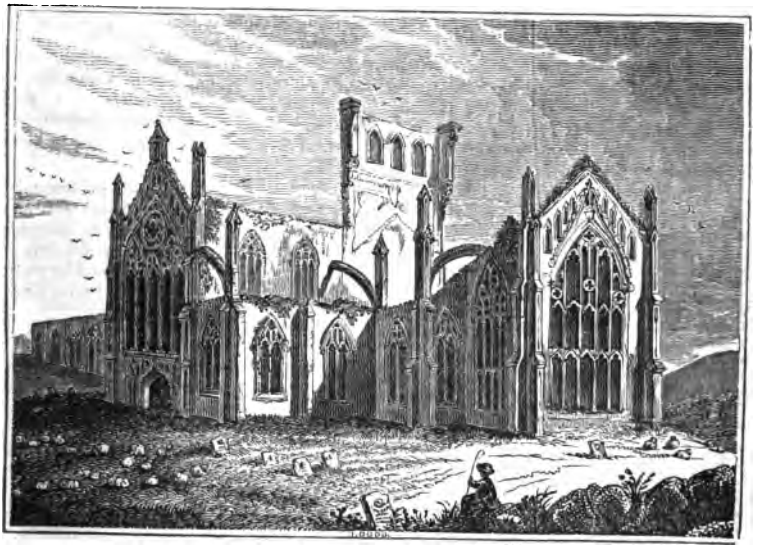
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 543.] SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1832. [Price 2*d*.



MELROSE ABBEY;

(From a finished sketch, by a Correspondent.)

These venerable ruins stand upon the southern bank of the Tweed, in Roxburghshire. The domestic buildings of the monastery are entirely gone; but the remains of the church connected with, as seen in the above Engraving, are described by Mr. Chambers* as "the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture of which this country (Scotland) can boast. By singular good fortune, Melrose is also one of the most entire, as it is the most beautiful, of all the ecclesiastical ruins scattered throughout this reformed land. To say that it is beautiful, is to say nothing. It is exquisitely—splendidly lovely. It is an object of infinite grace and immeasurable charm; it is fine in its general aspect and in its minutest details; it is a study—a glory." We confess ourselves delighted with Mr. Chambers's well-directed enthusiasm.

A page of interesting facts towards the history of the Abbey will be found appended to the "Recollections" of a recent visit by one of our esteemed Correspondents, in *The Mirror*, vol. x., p. 445. In the present view, the ornate Gothic style of the building is seen to advantage, but more especially the richness of the windows, and the niches above them: the latter, from drawings made "early in the reign of King William," were originally filled with statues; and, connected with the destruction of some of them, Mr. Chambers relates the following anecdote "told by the person who shows Melrose:"

"On the eastern window of the church, there were formerly thirteen effigies, supposed to represent our Saviour and his apostles. These, harmless and beautiful as they were, happened to provoke the wrath of a praying weaver in Gattonside, who, in a moment of inspired zeal, went up one night by means of a ladder, and with a hammer and chisel, knocked off the heads and limbs of the figures. Next morning he made no scruple to publish the transaction, observing, with a great deal of exultation, to every person whom he met, that he had "fairly stumpet thae vile paipist dirt *nou!*' The people sometimes catch

* Picture of Scotland, vol. i.

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up a remarkable word when uttered on a remarkable occasion by one of their number, and turn the utterer into ridicule, by attaching it to him as a nickname; and it is some consolation to think that this monster was therefore treated with the sobriquet of 'Stumpie,' and of course carried it about with him to his grave."

The exquisite beauty and elaborate ornament of Melrose can, according to the entertaining work already quoted, be told only in a volume of prose; but, as compression is the spirit of true poetry, we quote the following descriptive lines:

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are dark in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the howlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's * ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

* * * * * *

By a steel-clench'd postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, light, and small;
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells † were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and capital furnish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

* * * * * *

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.‡

The monks of Melrose were caricatured for their sensuality at the Reformation. Their Abbey suffered in consequence; for the condemnator, out of the ruins, built *himself* a house, which may still be seen near the church. "The regality," says Mr. Chambers, "soon after passed into the hands of Lord Binning, an eminent lawyer, ancestor to the Earl of Haddington; and about a century ago, the whole became the property of the Buccleuch family."

* Built by David I. in 1136.

† Corbells, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face, or mask.

‡ Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

LACONICS.

(For the Mirror.)

The most important advantages we enjoy, and the greatest discoveries that science can boast, have proceeded from men who have either seen little of the world, or have secluded themselves entirely for the purposes of study. Not only those arts which are exclusively the result of calculation, such as navigation, mechanism, and others, but even agriculture, may be said to derive its improvement, if not its origin, from the same source.

Where a cause is good, an appeal should be directed to the heart rather than the head: the application comes more home, and reaches more forcibly, where it is the most necessary—the natural rather than the improved faculties of the human understanding.

Common sense is looked upon as a vulgar quality, but nevertheless it is the only talisman to conduct us prosperously through the world. The man of refined sense has been compared to one who carries about with him nothing but gold, when he may be every moment in want of smaller change.

The grand cause of failure in most undertakings is the want of unanimity. This, however, we find is not wanting where actual danger, as well as possible advantage may accrue to the parties concerned. It is whimsical enough that thieves and other ruffians, while they bid open defiance to the laws, both of God and man, pay implicit obedience to their own.

Aristotle laid it down as a maxim "that all inquiry should begin with doubt." Whenever, then, we meet with mysteries beyond our feeble comprehension, would it not be more rational to doubt the very faculty we are employing—the capacity of our reason itself.

The most politic, because the most effectual way of governing in a family, is for the husband occasionally to lay aside his supremacy; so in public, as well as private life, that king will be most popular who does not at all times exercise his full prerogative.

It would appear that there is a great sympathy between the mind of man and falsehood: when we have a truth to tell, it takes better, if conveyed in a fable; and the rage for novels shows, that we may not only divert extremely without a syllable of truth, but truth is even compelled to borrow the habit of falsehood to secure itself an agreeable reception.

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In our intercourse with others, we should endeavour to turn the conversation towards those subjects with which our companions are professionally acquainted: thus we shall agreeably please as well as innocently flatter in affording them the opportunity to shine; while we should acquire that knowledge which we could no where else obtain so well.

What an extraordinary method of reducing oneself to beggary is gambling! The man who has but little money in the world, and knows not how to procure more without risking his life and character, must needs put it in the power of fortune to take away what he has. Put the case in the opposite light, it is just as absurd: the man who has money to spare, must needs make the experiment whether it may not become the property of another.

It is a mistake to suppose a great mind inattentive to trifles: its capacity and comprehension enable it to embrace every thing.

The failing of vanity extends throughout all classes: the poor have but little time to bestow on their persons, and yet in the selection of their clothes we find they prefer such as are of a flaring and gaudy colour.

Philosophy has not so much enabled men to overcome their weaknesses, as it has taught the art of concealing them from the world.

That a little learning is dangerous is one of our surest maxims. If knowledge does not produce the effect of ameliorating our imperfect condition, it were, without question, better let alone altogether; it is not to be made merely an appendix to the mind, but must be incorporated and identified with it.

They who have experienced sorrow are the most capable of appreciating joy; so, those only who have been sick, feel the full value of health.

By the expression "common people," is meant the man of rank as well as the more industrious peasant; for in our estimate of men, the mind, and not the eye, is the most proper judge.

Some men are, of course, more original thinkers than others, but all, without exception, who hope to appear in print with any effect, must first be readers themselves. It was said by Dr. Johnson, that more than half an author's time was occupied in reading what others had said concerning the subject he was himself writing upon.

Every man, in his more serious moments, must confess that he has done few things in the course of his life he would not wish undone; and experience must have shown him that the things he most feared would have been better than those he most prayed for.

Vanity is our dearest weakness, in more senses than one: a man will sacrifice every thing, and starve out all his other inclinations to keep alive that one.

The man who trusts entirely to nature when he is sick, runs a great risk; but he who puts himself in the hands of a physician runs a still greater: of the two, nature would seem the better nurse, for she will, at all events, act honestly, and can have no possible interest in tampering with disease.

A great idea may be thus defined:—it gives us the perception of many others, and it discovers to us all at once what we could only have arrived at by a course of reading or inquiry.

We are told to place no faith in appearances, yet it will be found a wiser course to judge from the human countenance rather than the human voice: most men place a guard over their words and their actions, but very few can blind the expression that is conveyed by the features.

To assist our fellow-creatures is the noblest privilege of mortality: it is, in some sort, forestalling the bounty of Providence.

There is no doubt that memory, although it may be cultivated, is originally a gift of nature; so, also, application must be regarded as a natural endowment; for there are some men, however well disposed, who can never bring themselves to grapple closely with any thing.

It has been suggested that man has no real necessity for clothing. All other creatures are furnished with every necessary for their existence, and it is improbable one nobler than them all should be left in a defective condition: there are some nations, in severer climates than ours, who have no notion of clothing; and, even in civilized life, the most tender parts of the body are constantly exposed, as the face, neck, &c.

It is the temper of a blade that must be the proof of a good sword, and not the gilding of the hilt or the richness of the scabbard; so it is not his grandeur and possessions that make a man considerable, but his intrinsic merit. F.

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THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(For the Mirror.)

"PAGE, what sound mine ears is greeting,
Whence the lime-trees wave in pride?"
"'Tis, sir knight, the herds that bleating,
Wander o'er the mountain's side."

"Say, my page, what means this singing?
Notes so sad, some ill betide;"
"In the village, crowds are bringing
From the chapel, home a bride."

"Say then, why so slowly passes
Yon dark-rob'd and silent train?"
"From the saying bridal-masses,
Monks are coming o'er the plain."

"Speak then, why I now behold it;
Whence yon banner's milk-white hue?"
"Ask no further, they unfold it
To the bride an honour due."

"Say, my page, what means that writing
Graven on yon marble-stone?"
"'Tis the youth and maiden plighting
Love to one, and one alone"

"How, my page, that name the dearest?
See, and true its meaning tell."
"Know, and tremble as thou hearest,
"'Twas for secret love she fell."

"What! my page, if thus 'tis written,
If for love she dar'd to die,
Bertha dead! if thus 'tis written,
As she perish'd, so will I."

H.

SCOTCH ECONOMY.

(To the Editor.)

THE amusing letter of *S. S.* in No. 536, of *The Mirror*, has but so very recently met my eyes, that I have been obliged unavoidably to allow some weeks to elapse ere I noticed it. Indeed, to advert to it at all, I should not have considered necessary, but that your correspondent seems to imply a doubt as to the accuracy of my assertion, in the article "Shavings," (vide No. 533, p. 83.) Permit me, for the satisfaction of your readers to state, that I was no "flying tourist," when the fact of a very considerable waste of fuel in Edinburgh, (fuel which would, I thought, sell in England, if not wanted in Scotland,) came repeatedly, I may say, almost daily, under my own personal observation. A residence of two years in Edinburgh (yes, it certainly was "the Scottish capital," for I had previously resided during a longer period in the Irish one,) enabled me to state what I then beheld, with a scrutiny which certainly would not have been warranted by a mere casual visit of two days, two weeks, or two months; that the circumstance should have irritated *S. S.* I cannot consider any fault of mine: my statement was correct. The possibility of Irish labourers being employed to build in Scotland, as they are very generally in England, does not seem to have occurred to your correspondent; I confess it did to me, but considered, to mention it in my trifling "Domestic Hint," quite unnecessary, since, had their wastefulness been hitherto unknown to their employers, it might henceforth, if they pleased "to take a hint," be by them materially checked. In days when the complaint of poverty is universal, when the working classes find it difficult to carry on any employment which shall bring them bread, and when thousands wander over the united kingdom with no apparent means of subsistence, I did not imagine that a "Hint," as to a possible source of emolument (were it confined but to half a dozen individuals) to the poor, would be considered a meet subject for ridicule. I said, or intended to say, if shavings and loose chippings of wood are of little value for fuel in Scotland, they are acceptable in England; and why, if the proprietors of new houses choose during their erection, to save the fuel they produce, and of which I repeat I have seen vast quantities burnt, and bestow it as a charity on such persons as might think it worth acceptance for sale, "over the Border;" why they should not do so, I have yet to learn.* However, waiving this scheme, which *S. S.* may be inclined to think rather Utopian, and conceding, that if Scotland needs not for fuel, her refuse chips and shavings, they would not answer in that light as a marketable commodity in the sister country, still wood and wood-ashes have become of late years, agents so valuable and important in chemistry, and other sciences and arts, as to furnish another, and all-sufficient reason, why no reckless destruction should be allowed of an article, every species of which may be rendered, under some modification, of utility.

Respecting the well preserved eggs of Scotland; though *S. S.* is probably aware of the circumstance, yet some of your readers may not be, their sale in England (and indeed I have understood America) brings her in no inconsiderable profit. In this country they arrive, and I have my account from an eye-

* Has Scotland no paupers to whom the gift of wood fuel might prove acceptable, in spite of peat? We have in England abundance of wood, yet our own poor are distressed for it, glad to pick up sticks for firing, and often steal it from fences, &c. in their necessity; and the gift of wood is to them a charity, as well as that of coals. Why should aught that could be made of use, be wantonly destroyed? It is contrary to Scripture; it is in opposition to common sense.

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witness, in large deal boxes, most curiously packed, relying solely on each other for support; since, set up perpendicularly on their ends, with no straw, heather, saw-dust, or any other material to fill the interstices between them, the fate of every box of this fragile ware depends, during its journey and unlading, on the safety or fracture of a single egg; but such is the nicety and compactness of their packing, that rarely, if ever, an accident occurs.

M. L. B.

PRICE OF TEA.

(To the Editor.)

As I have been a subscriber to *The Mirror* from its commencement, and very frequently refer to its pages with much pleasure and profit, I hope I may be allowed to correct a statement made in No. 541, p. 222, under the article *Tea*. It is said that the profit of one pound to sell at 7*s*. is 2*s*. 2*d*.

	s.	*d.*
Thus, cost price - - - -	2	5
Duty - - - - - - - -	2	5
Profit - - - - - - - -	2	2
	7	0

In all retail houses of any respectability in the Tea trade, I am sure that Tea costing 2*s*. 5*d*. at the sale is never sold above 6*s*. per lb. and in five out of six shops of the above description 5*s*. 4*d*. and 5*s*. 6*d*. is the utmost price demanded for such Tea. I and my family have been in the trade, in one house, considerably more than half a century, and I can assure you, that from 6*d*. to 8*d*. per lb. is the present retail profit upon Tea sold at the East India Company's sales, under 3*s*. per lb.

S.

*** In reply to this note, the authenticity of which we do not question, we can only refer the writer to our distinct quotation from "the evidence of Mr. Mills, a Tea Broker, before the House of Lords." In our 15th volume, No. 414, p. 104, the proportion of profit is differently stated from an article in the *Quarterly Review*. A pound of 11*s*. Hyson

	s.	*d.*
Costs at the Company's Sale - -	4	4
King's Duty - - - - - -	4	4
	8	8
Retailer's profit, brokerage, &c. - -	2	4
	11	0

We have often received from one of the most extensively dealing retail Tea-dealers in the metropolis, an assurance, similar to that of our correspondent, *S.* so that we do not require the substantiation he proffers.—*Ed. M.*

The Naturalist.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Observers of Nature seem to be just now appreciating the observation of the benevolent *Gilbert White*, of Selborne, who lived and died in the last century: "that if stationary men would pay some attention to the districts on which they reside, and would publish their thoughts respecting the objects that surround them, from such materials might be drawn the most complete county histories." Accordingly, a little system of rural philosophy has been founded upon the best of all bases, home-observation, and such books as have resulted from these labours, promise to make the study of Nature more popular than will all the Zoological, Botanical, and Geological Societies of Europe. Among these works we include the cheap reprint of the *Natural History of Selborne*; Mr. Rennie's delightful observations which are scattered through the Zoological volumes of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*; but more especially the *Journal of a Naturalist*, published by Mr. Leonard Knapp, about three years since, and stated by the author to have originated in his admiration of Mr. White's *Selborne*. The volume before us is the result of a congenial feeling, and is written by Edward Jesse, Esq., deputy surveyor of his majesty's parks, by means of which appointment he must have possessed peculiar opportunities and facilities of observation, as is evident in the local recollections throughout his volume. Thus, we find miscellaneous particulars of the Royal Parks and Forests, and from the writer's residence on the bank of the Thames, (we conclude, near Bushy Park,) a few Maxims for an Angler. The whole is a very charming *melange*, with a most discursive arrangement, it is true, but never falling into dulness, or tiring the reader with too minute detail. We intend, therefore, to range through the volume, and gather a few of its most interesting gleanings to our garner.

Our author thinks he has discovered the use for the remarkable and, indeed, what appears disproportionate length, of the

Claws of the Skylark.

"That they were not intended to enable the bird to search the earth for food, or to fix itself more securely on the branches of trees, is evident, as they neither scratch the ground nor roost on trees. The lark makes its nest generally in grass fields, where it

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is liable to be injured either by cattle grazing over it, or by the mower. In case of alarm from either these or other causes, the parent birds remove their eggs, by means of their long claws, to a place of greater security; and this transportation I have observed to be effected in a very short space of time. By placing a lark's egg, which is rather large in proportion to the size of the bird, in the foot, and then drawing the claws over it, you will perceive that they are of sufficient length to secure the egg firmly, and by this means the bird is enabled to convey its eggs to another place, where she can sit upon and hatch them. When one of my mowers first told me that he had observed the fact, I was somewhat disinclined to credit it; but I have since ascertained it beyond a doubt, and now mention it as another strong proof of that order in the economy of Nature, by means of which this affectionate bird is enabled to secure its forthcoming offspring. I call it affectionate, because few birds show a stronger attachment to their young."

Instinct allied to reason.

Several interesting anecdotes are quoted to show that there is something more than mere instinct, which influences the conduct of some animals. Bees and spiders afford many traits, but we quote the elephant and parrot:

"I was one day feeding the poor elephant (who was so barbarously put to death at Exeter 'Change) with potatoes, which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potato, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last *blew* the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound, and he then, without difficulty, secured it. Now it is quite clear, I think, that instinct never taught the elephant to procure his food in this manner; and it must, therefore, have been reason, or some intellectual faculty, which enabled him to be so good a judge of cause and effect. Indeed, the *reflecting* power of some animals is quite extraordinary. I had a dog who was much attached to me, and who, in consequence of his having been tied up on a Sunday morning, to prevent his accompanying me to church, would conceal himself in good time on that day, and I was sure to find him either at the entrance of the church, or if he could get in, under the place where I usually sat.

"I have been often much delighted with watching the manner in which some of the old bucks in Bushy Park contrive to get the berries from the fine thorn-trees there. They will raise themselves on their hind legs, give a spring, entangle their horns in the lower branches of the tree, give them one or two shakes, which make some of the berries fall, and they will then quietly pick them up.

"A strong proof of intellect was given in the case of Colonel O'Kelly's parrot. When the colonel and his parrot were at Brighton, the bird was asked to sing; he answered 'I can't.' Another time he left off in the middle of a tune, and said, 'I have forgot.' Colonel O'Kelly continued the tune for a few notes; the parrot took it up where the Colonel had left off. The parrot took up the bottom of a lady's petticoat, and said 'What a pretty foot!' The parrot seeing the family at breakfast said, 'Won't you give some breakfast to Poll?' The company teazed and mopped him a good deal; he said 'I don't like it.'—(From a Memorandum found amongst the late Earl of Guildford's Papers.)"

Eels.

Several pages are devoted to the economy of these curious creatures, and as many points of their history are warmly contested, Mr. Jesse's experience is valuable.

"That they do wander* from one place to another is evident, as I am assured that they have been found in ponds in Richmond Park, which had been previously cleaned out and mudded, and into which no water could run except from the springs which supplied it.† An annual migration of young eels takes place in the River Thames in the month of May, and they have generally made their appearance at Kingston, in their way upwards, about the second week in that month, and accident has so determined it, that, for several years together

* From the following lines of Oppian, the rambling spirit of eels seems to have been known to the ancients —

"The wandering eel,
Oft to the neighbouring beach will silent steal"

† I have been informed, upon the authority of a nobleman well known for his attachment to field sports, that, if an eel is found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the *sea*, for which it is always observed to make in the most direct line possible. If this information is correct (and there seems to be no reason to doubt it,) it shows that the eel, like the swallow, is possessed of a strong migratory instinct. May we not suppose that the swallow, like the eel, performs its migrations in the same undeviating course?

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it was remarked that the 10th of May was the day of what the fishermen call eel-fair; but they have been more irregular in their proceedings since the interruption of the lock at Teddington. These young eels are about two inches in length, and they make their approach in one regular and undeviating column of about five inches in breadth, and as thick together as it is possible for them to be. As the procession generally lasts two or three days, and as they appear to move at the rate of nearly two miles and a half an hour, some idea may be formed of their enormous number.

"Eels feed on almost all animal substances, whether dead or living. It is well known that they devour the young of all water-fowl that are not too large for them. Mr. Bingley states, that he saw exposed for sale at Retford, in Nottinghamshire, a quantity of eels that would have filled a couple of wheelbarrows, the whole of which had been taken out of the body of a dead horse, thrown into a ditch near one of the adjacent villages; and a friend of mine saw the body of a man taken out of the Serpentine River in Hyde Park, where it had been some time, and from which a large eel crawled out. The winter retreat of eels is very curious. They not only get deep into the mud, but in Bushy Park, where the mud in the ponds is not very deep, and what there is, is of a sandy nature, the eels make their way under the banks of the ponds, and have been found knotted together in a large mass. Eels vary much in size in different waters. The largest I ever caught was in Richmond Park, and it weighed five pounds, but some are stated to have been caught in Ireland which weighed from fifteen to twenty pounds. Seven pounds is, I believe, no unusual size. The large ones are extremely strong and muscular. Fishing one day at Pain's Hill, near Cobham, in Surrey, I hooked an eel amongst some weeds, but before I could land him, he had so twisted a new strong double wire, to which the hook was fixed, that he broke it and made his escape."

Sir Humphry Davy's opinions respecting eels are quoted from his *Salmonia*:* Mr. Jesse adds:

"It is with considerable diffidence that one would venture to differ in opinion with Sir Humphry Davy, but I cannot help remarking, that, as eels are now known to migrate *from* fresh water, as was shown in the case of the Richmond Park ponds, this restless propensity may arise from their impatience of the greater degree of warmth in those ponds in the month of May, and not from their wish to get into water still warmer, as suggested by Sir Humphry Davy. Very large eels are certainly found in rivers, the Thames and Mole for instance, where I have seen them so that they must either have remained in them, or have returned from the sea, which Sir H. Davy thinks they never do, though I should add, that the circumstance already related of so many large eels being seen dead or dying during a hot summer, near the Nore, would appear to confirm his assertion. If eels are oviparous, as Sir Humphry Davy thinks they are, would not the ova have been found, especially in the conger,—many of which are taken and brought to our markets, frequently of a very large size? It does not appear, however, that any of the fringes along the air-bladder have ever arrived at such a size and appearance as to have justified any one in the supposition that they were ovaria, though, as has been stated, distinguished naturalists, from the time of Aristotle to the present moment, have been endeavouring to ascertain this fact. Since the above was written, I have been shown ova in the lamprey, and what appeared to have been melt taken from a conger eel, at a fishmonger's in Bond-street. These specimens were preserved by Mr. Yarrell, of Little Ryder-street, St. James's, who had the kindness to open two eels, sent to him from Scotland, in my presence, and in which the fringes were very perceptible, though they were without any ova. That ingenious and indefatigable naturalist is, however, of opinion that eels are oviparous, though he failed in producing proof that the common eels were so.

"In further proof, however, of eels being viviparous, it may be added (if the argument of analogy applies in this case), that the animalculæ of paste eels are decidedly viviparous. Mr. Bingley also, in his animal biography, says that eels are viviparous. Blumenbach says, too, that 'according to the most correct observations they are certainly viviparous.' He adds also, that the eel is so tenacious of life, that its heart, when removed from the body, retains its irritability for forty hours afterwards."

We are not inclined to attach very considerable importance to Mr. Bingley's experience, much as we admire his entertaining *Animal Biography:* we believe him to be classed among book-naturalists, and he wrote this work many years since.

(To be continued.)

* See MIRROR, vol. xii. p. 253.

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QUEEN ANNE'S SPRING, NEAR ETON.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE accompanying sketch represents a sequestered spot of sylvan shade whence rises a Spring which tradition designates Queen Anne's. Here the limpid crystal flows in gentle, yet ceaseless streams, conveying "Health to the sick and solace to the swain."

It has some claims to antiquity; and its merits have been appreciated by royalty. Queen Anne was the first august personage who had recourse to it; in later times, Queen Charlotte for many years had the pure element conveyed to her royal abode at Windsor, and in 1785, a stone, with a cipher and date, was placed there by her illustrious consort, George III. This spring is situate at Chalvey, (a village between Eton and Salt Hill,) on the property of J. Mason, Esq., Cippenham. It was the observation of the esteemed and celebrated Dr. Heberdeen, that it but required a physician to write a treatise on the water, to render it as efficacious as Malvern.

URANIA.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

STATE OF MAGIC IN EGYPT, BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

AT the Consul General's table, in Egypt, in August, 1822, the conversation turned on the belief in magic; and the Consul's Italian Staff propounded the following story, which seemed to have perfect possession of their best belief. They said that a magician of great name was then in Cairo—I think a Mogrebine; and that he had been sent for to the Consul's house, and put to the following proof:—A silver spoon had been lost, and he was invited to point out the thief. On arriving, he sent for an Arab boy at hazard out of the street, and after various ceremonies, poured ink into the boy's hand, into which the boy was to look. It was stated, that he asked the boy what he saw, and the boy answered, "*I see a little man.*"—Tell him to bring a flag.—"*Now he has brought a flag.*"—Tell him to bring another.—"*Now he has brought another.*"—Tell him to bring a third.—"*Now he has brought it.*"—Tell him to bring a fourth.—"*He has brought it.*"—Tell him to bring the captain of them all.—"*I see a great Sheik on horseback.*"—Tell him to bring the man that stole the spoon.—"*Now he has brought him.*"—What is he like?—"*He is a Frangi, poor-looking and mesquin.*" After which followed other points of personal description not remembered; but which drew from the Staff the observation, that a European of exactly those qualities had been about the house. We expressed our desire to be introduced to the magician, and the Consul gravely intimated it might hurt the prejudices of his wife, as being a Catholic; to the great mirth of the beautiful Consuless when she was told of it, who, though a Catholic and an Italian, declared she was the only person in the family that set all the magicians in Egypt at defiance.

Having some time afterwards established ourselves in a house of our own, on the edge of the garden of the Austrian Consulate (as I remember by the token that a Turkish officer who had been taking his evening walk of meditation, very gravely opened the window from the garden, put in first one leg of his huge trousers and then the other, and strode into the room followed by his pipe-bearer, as being the shortest cut into the street; though I must do him the justice to say he laughed and was very conversable, when I brought him up with a salam and a cup of coffee, by

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way of demonstrating there was somebody in the house besides the Arab owner), we sent for the magician. I remember a well-dressed personable man, of what, after the fashion of the nomenclature in the Chamber of Deputies, might be called the young middle-age. He agreed to show us a specimen of his art, though I do not recollect that the nature of it was defined. He fixed upon our little boy of seven years old to be his instrument; and I remember he talked some nonsense about requiring an innocent agent, and how a woman might do as well, if she could plead the innocent presence of the unborn. He dispatched a servant into the bazar, to procure frankincense and other things which he directed; and on their being produced we all retired into a room, and closed the doors and windows. An earthen pot was placed in the middle of the floor, containing fire, and the magician sat down by it. He placed the little boy before him, and poured ink into the hollow of the boy's hand, and bid him look into it steadily. I think the mother rather quailed, at seeing her child in such propinquity with "the Enemy;" but recovered herself on being exhorted to defy the devil and all his works. And the thing was not entirely without danger from another quarter; for it was understood the Pasha had directed a special edict against all dealing with familiar spirits; and the Pasha's edicts were not altogether to be trifled with, as we knew from the mishap of a poor Indian servant, who was caught in the bazar in the fact of taking thirteen of the Pasha's tin piasters in change for a dollar, when the political economy of Cairo had decreed that twelve were to be equal in public estimation, and was immediately incarcerated in the place of skulls, or at least of heads, from which it is supposed he would have come out shorn of his beard and the chin it grew from, if the Consular cocked hat and Abyssinian charger had not proceeded at a gallop to the Court at Shubra, to claim him as a subject of the British crown; and much did poor Buloo vow, that no earthly temptation should take him again to quit the gentle rule of the old Lady in Leadenhall-street, who, though she pinches a Peishwa and mercilessly screws a renter when it suits her, it must be allowed has a reverent care for the heads of all her lieges, and gives them a fair chance of going to their graves with the members nature had bestowed on them.

Hisce positis, as the logicians say, the magician began his process. The boy was innocent of fear; being in fact a person rather perplexed and imperfect in those parts of theology that should have caused him to feel alarm. His native nurse first taught him to kiss his hand to the moon walking in brightness; which, being especially reprobated in the book of Job, we persuaded him to renounce. We next found him making salams as he passed the fat old gentleman with an elephant's head, and other foul idolatries bedaubed with rose-pink and butter, that show themselves on various milestone-like appurtenances to an Indian road. After his visit to the Persian Gulph he leaned more towards monotheism; and I once found him seated between two guns on the quarter-deck of an Arab frigate, in the midst of a fry of devotees of little more than his own age, busily engaged in chanting canticles in praise of Mohammed the "amber-*ee*." His early leaning towards the ugly gods of Hindoston, had made it a delicate matter to introduce him to our Evil Principle; and the fact was, that when he afterwards saw the Freischutz in England, we had no means of making him comprehend the nature of the crimson fiend, but by telling him he was a relation of his old elephant-headed friend Gunputty. On the whole I imagine there never was a better subject to cope with a sorcerer; and when he asked the cause of the immediate preparations we told him the man was going to show some feats of legerdemain such as he used to see in India. The magician began by throwing grains of incense upon the fire, bowing with a seesaw motion and repeating "*Heyya hadji Capitán, Heyya hadji Capitán;*" which being interpreted, if it was intended to have any meaning, would appear to imply "*Hurra, pilgrim Captain!*" being, as I understood it at the time, an invocation by his style and title, of the spirit he wished to see. When nothing came, he increased his zeal after the manner of a priest of Baal, and seemed determined that if the "Captain" was sleeping or on a journey, he should not be missed for want of calling. One slight *variorum* reading I observed. Instead of saying to the boy "What do you see?" as had been reported—he said "*Do you see a little man?*" which, if he had been accessible to fear or phantasy, was manifestly telling him what he was to look for. The boy, however, resolutely declared he saw nothing; and the sorcerer continued his calls upon his spirit. When in this manner curiosity had been roused to something like expectation, the boy suddenly exclaimed, "I see something!"—

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Tremor occupat artis;—when he quashed it all by adding, "I see my nose." By the dim light of the fire, he had succeeded in getting a glimpse of his own countenance reflected in the ink. The magician doubled his exertions by way of carrying the thing off; but there was much less gravity in his audience afterwards; and at last he was forced to declare that the spirit would not come, and the reason he believed was because we were Christians. He said, however, if an Arab boy was substituted the spirit would come. A servant therefore was sent out to bring a boy by the offer of a piastre, and one was soon produced. Whether there was any confederacy or not, I had no precise means to ascertain; but I was inclined to think not. The Arab boy was trusted with the ink in place of the European, and on the magician's asking him the leading question "Do you see a little man?" he took but one look and answered "Yes." The orders then followed "Tell him to bring a flag." &c. to all of which, whether operated on by some dread of refusing, or by the natural inclination of one rogue to help another, he duly answered that the thing was done. I do not remember any further *denoûment* that there was; and so ended the magic of the magician of Grand Cairo.

Being disappointed in this experiment, we began to seek for the opportunity of making others, and offered a reward for any person who would show us a specimen of imp or spirit. One man was produced, who was stated to be of considerable fame. He said he would show me a spirit; but I must go out with him three nights running to a cross road at midnight, and perform divers ceremonies and lustrations which he proceeded to describe. I believe he he had got an inkling, that I intended to leave Cairo the next day. I told him, however, that I would cheerfully go through any ceremonies he might propose. He next said, it would be necessary that I should repeat the name of the spirit I called for, eleven thousand times; and this I assured him I would painfully perform. He then said, he was afraid at my age the operation would be dangerous. I wonder whether the rogue meant that I was too young, or too old, or too middle-aged; for I was exactly thirty-eight. Seeing that I only pressed him the more, he took his fee and walked off, intimating that there was no use in doing these things with Frangis.

I saw another instance in Cairo, of the way in which a story accumulates by telling, and the degree in which even sensible Europeans by long residence are induced to give into the beliefs they find around them. The conversation turned one day on the power of charming serpents, supposed to be inherent in certain descendants of the *Psylli*. One of the Consular Staff immediately declared, that a most remarkable instance of the fact had happened in the Consul-General's own courtyard the day before. That one of those gifted men had come into the yard, and declared he knew by his art that there were serpents in the stable; and that he had immediately gone and summoned forth two snakes of the most poisonous kind, which he seized in his hands and brought, in the presence of the relator, to the Consular threshold. Now it happened to me to see the whole of this scene. I was wandering about the Consul's court, gazing at the curiosities scattered around, enough to have set up any European museum with an Egyptian branch, and particularly, I remember, at a lame mummy's crutch, found with him in his coffin, on which it is possible the original owner hopped away from the plague of frogs. An old rural Arab of respectable appearance was standing at the Consul's door, holding in his hand the crooked stick which an Arab keeps to recover the halter of his camel if he happens to lose it while mounted, and presenting altogether a parallel to a substantial yeoman with his riding-whip, come to town to do a little justice business with the Mayor. A stable-keeper came and said, that two snakes had made their appearance in the stable; on which the Arab, being no more in the habit of fearing such vermin than a European farmer of fearing rats, proceeded towards the stable, and I followed him. Sure enough there were two snakes in dalliance in the horse's stall; and my construction was, that it was the poor animals' St. Valentine. The Arab, however, ruthlessly smote them with his gib stick, in a way that showed an exact comprehension of what would settle a snake; and brought them hanging by the tails and still writhing with the remains of life, and laid them at the threshold of the house. I looked at the snakes, and felt a strong persuasion that they were of a harmless kind; but whether they were or not, was of small moment as the Arab treated them.

I remember in India once driving one of the snake-jugglers to discovery. He told the servants there were snakes in the stable; and offered to produce one. He accordingly went, with piping and other ceremonies, and soon demonstrated

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a goodly *cobra de capello* struggling by the tail. He secured this in his repertory of snakes, and said he thought there was another; on which he went through the same operations again. Though he had been too quick for me on both occasions, I offered him a rupee to produce a third, which he agreed to; and this time I saw the snake's head, struggling rather oddly in his nether garments. He ran into the horse's stall, rushed forward with a shriek to distract attention, and then I saw him jerk out a snake of some four feet long, and drag it backwards by the tip of the tail as if desperately afraid of it. Knowing his snakes must be an exhaustible quantity, I proffered a second rupee for another, taking care to keep between him and the snake-basket; which he declined. But on turning round and giving him a chance to communicate with his receptacle, he quickly presented himself with the assurance that now he thought he knew where a serpent might be lodged. The Indian servants all devoutly believed in his skill; but it is impossible not to be ashamed of Europeans, who adorn their books with marks of similar gullibility.—*Abridged from Tait's Edinburgh Mag.*

Notes of a Reader.

RECREATIONS IN THE LAW.

GENTLE reader, we are not about to direct your notice to the Temple Gardens, the olden feasts in our Law Halls—through which men ate their way to eminence—nor to prove that looking to a Chancellorship is woolgathering—nor to invite you to the shrubby groves of Lincoln's Inn, or to promenade with the spirit of BACON in Gray's Inn. All these may be pleasurable occupations; but there is mirth in store in the *study* of the Law itself, which is not "dull and crabbed as some fools (or knaves) suppose."

In a recent *Mirror*, (No. 540) this may have been made manifest to the reader in the Legal Rhymes, quoted by our correspondent, *W. A. R.*;* but lo! here is a volume of evidence in "*The Conveyancer's Guide*;" a Poem, by John Crisp, Esq., of Furnival's Inn; in which the art of Conveyancing is sung in Hudibrastic verse, and said in notes of pleasant prose. Happy are we to see Mr. Crisp's volume in a third edition, since we opine from this success the bright moments of relief which his Muse may have shed upon the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* of thousands of students. We have not space for quotations from the poem itself, in which *Doe* and *Roe* figure as heroes, with their occasional friend Thomas Stiles. We can only say their movements are sung with the terseness and point which we so much admire in the great originals, so as to make men acknowledge there is good in every thing. Our extracts are from the Introduction and Notes. First is

A LEGAL GLEE.

"A woman having a settlement,
Married a man with none,
The question was, he being dead,
If that she had was gone.
Quoth *Sir John Pratt*, her settlement
Suspended did remain,
Living the husband—but him dead,
It doth revive again.

"CHORUS OF PUISNE JUDGES.

"Living the husband—but him dead,
It doth revive again."

A print of Westminster Hall, by Mosely, from a drawing made by Gravelot, who died in 1773, bears the following versified inscription:—

"When fools fall out, for ev'ry flaw,
They run horn mad to go to law,
A hedge awry, a wrong plac'd gate,
Will serve to spend a whole estate.
Your case the lawyer says is good,
And justice cannot be withstood;
By tedious process from above,
From office they to office move,
Thro' pleas, demurrers, the dev'l and all,
At length they bring it to the *Hall;*
The dreadful hall by Rufus rais'd,
For lofty Gothick arches prais'd.
"The *first of Term*, the fatal day,
Doth various images convey;
First, from the courts with clam'rous bawl,
The *criers* their *attornies* call:
One of the gown discreet and wise,
By *proper* means his witness tries;
From *Wreathock's* gang, not right or laws,
H' assures his trembling client's cause.
This gnaws his handkerchief, whilst *that*
Gives the kind ogling nymph his hat;
Here one in love with choristers,
Minds singing more than law affairs.
A *Serjeant* limping on behind,
Shews justice lame as well as blind.
To gain new clients some dispute,
Others protract an ancient suit,
Jargon and noise alone prevail,
Whilst sense and reason's sure to fail:
At *Babel* thus *law terms* begun,
And now at West——er go on."

At page 24, of the Poem, there is a happy allusion to the permanence or lasting of a limitation:

But if the limitation's made
So long as cheating's us'd in trade,
Or vice prevails: 'tis then a fee,
As good as ever need to be:
For tho' 'tis base instead of pure,
Alas it ever will endure.

Upon this passage is the following confirmative note:

* ERRATA in one of our correspondent's "Legal Rhymes"—the Grant of Edward the Confessor:
for "six beaches," read "six braches."
for "book ycleped," read "*bock ylered.*"
for "token" read "*teken.*"
for "Hamelyn" read "*Howelin.*"
Corrected from Blount's *Tenures*, p. 665, ed. 1815.

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"Cheating will always prevail, in defiance of all human laws, for it cannot be avoided, but so long as contracts be suffered, many offences shall follow thereby. — (*Doctor and Student*, c. 3.) In buying and selling, the law of nations connives at some cunning and overreaching in respect of the price. By the civil law, a just price is said to be that, whereby neither the buyer nor seller is injured above one moiety of the true and common value; and in this case the person injured shall not be relieved by rescinding the sale, for he must impute it to his own imprudence and indiscretion.

The origin of *Fee-tail estates*:

"The expression, fee-tail, was borrowed from the feudists, among whom it signified any mutilated or truncated inheritance from which the heirs general were cut off, being derived from the barbarous word *taliare* to cut.—(2 *Blac. Comm.* 112.

Fines and Recoveries (*as fund and refund,*) are like the poles, arctic and attractive. Of the latter is the following *quid-pro-quo* anecdote:

"A physician of an acrimonious disposition, and having a thorough hatred of lawyers, was in company with a barrister, and in the course of conversation, reproached the profession of the latter with the use of phrases utterly unintelligible. 'For example,' said he, 'I never could understand what you lawyers mean by docking an entail.' 'That is very likely,' answered the lawyer, 'but I will explain it to you; it is doing what you doctors never consent to—*suffering a recovery*.'

Among the notes to *Rights and Titles* is the following:

"Master *Mason*, of *Trinity College*, sent his pupil to another of the fellows to borrow a book of him, who told him, 'I am loth to lend books out of my chamber, but if it please thy tutor to come and read upon it in my chamber, he shall as long as he will.' It was winter, and some days after the same fellow sent to Mr. *Mason* to borrow his bellows, but Mr. *Mason* said to his pupil, 'I am loth to lend my bellows out of my chamber, but if thy tutor would come and blow the fire in my chamber, he shall as long as he will.'

In the next page is a note on the *Nature of Property*, in the perspicuous style of a master-mind:

"There is nothing which so generally strikes the imagination, and engages the affections of mankind, as the right of property; or that sole and despotic dominion which one man claims and exercises over the external things of the world, in total exclusion of the right of any other individual in the universe. And yet there are very few that will give themselves the trouble to consider the original and foundation of this right. Pleased as we are with the possession, we seem afraid to look back to the means by which it was acquired, as if fearful of some defect in our title; or at best we rest satisfied with the decision of the laws in our favour, without examining the reason and authority upon which those laws have been built. We think it enough that our title is derived by the grant of the former proprietor, by descent from our ancestors, or by the last will and testament of the dying owner; not caring to reflect that (accurately and strictly speaking) there is no foundation in nature, or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land; why the son should have a right to exclude his fellow creature from a determinate spot of ground, because his father had so done before him; or why the occupier of a particular field, or of a jewel, when lying on his death bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be entitled to tell the rest of the world which of them should enjoy it after him.—(2 *Blac. Comm.* 2)

"The *two sheriffs* of *London* are the *one sheriff* of *Middlesex*; thus constituting in the latter case, what may be denominated, in the words of *George Colman the Younger*, (see his address to the Reviewers, in his *vagaries,*) 'a plural unit.' Henry the First, in the same charter by which he declared and confirmed the privileges of the City of *London*, (and among others, that of choosing their own sheriffs,) conferred on them, in consideration of an annual rent of 300*l.*, to be paid to his majesty and his successors for ever, the perpetual sheriffalty of *Middlesex*. This was an enormous price; 300*l.* in those days were equal to more than three times as many thousands at the present time.

Here is a lively commentary upon the *Inclosure Acts*:

"To a pamphlet which was published some years ago, against the propriety of enclosing *Waltham Forest*, the following quaint motto was prefixed:

"The fault is great in man or woman,
Who steals a goose from off a common,
But who can plead that man's excuse,
Who steals the common from the goose?"

How to decide a Chancery Suit:

"The *Shellys* were a family of distinction in *Sussex*. *Richard* and *The-*

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Mrs Shelly were a long time engaged in litigation; and Queen Elizabeth hearing of it, ordered her Lord Chancellor to summon the Judges to put an end to it, to prevent the ruin of so ancient a family."—(*Engl. Baronets*, ed. 1737.

With these pleasantries we leave the *Conveyancer's Guide*, hoping it may be long ere the witty author sings his "Farewell to his Muse."

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

THE CURFEW BELL.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Hark! the curfew's solemn sound;
Silence, darkness, spreads around.

THERE are now but few places in which this ancient custom—the memento of the iron sway of William the Conqueror—is retained.

Its impression when I heard it for the first time, will never be effaced from my memory. Let not the reader suppose that it was merely the *sound* of the bell to which I allude; to use the language of Thomas Moore, I may justly say, "Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still."

It was during the autumn of last year, that I had occasion to visit the eastern coast of Kent. Accustomed to an inland county, the prospect of wandering by the sea shore, and inhaling the sea breezes, afforded me no trifling degree of pleasure. The most frequented road to the sea, was through a succession of meadows and pastures; the ground becoming more irregular and broken as it advanced, till at last it was little better than an accumulation of sand-hills. I have since been informed by a veteran tar, that these sand-hills bear a striking resemblance to those on that part of the coast of Egypt, where the British troops under the gallant Abercrombie were landed.

The evening was beautifully calm, not a sound disturbed its tranquillity; and the sun was just sinking to repose in all his dying glory. At this part of the coast, the sands are hard and firm to walk upon; and on arriving at their extremity, where the waves were gently breaking at my feet, "forming sweet music to the thoughtful ear," I looked around, and gazed on the various objects that presented themselves to my view, with feelings of deep interest and pleasure. The evening was too far advanced to discern clearly the coast of France, but its dim outline might just be traced, bounding the view. Every now and then a vessel might be seen making her silent way round the foreland, her form gradually lessening, till at last it was entirely lost in the distance. As it grew darker, the strong, red glare of the light-house shedding its lurid gleams on the waves, added a novel effect to the scene.

At the very moment I was turning from the shore, to retrace my steps, the deep tone of a distant bell fell on my ear. It was the Curfew Bell—which had been tolled regularly at eight o'clock in the evening, since the days of the despotic William.

The vast changes that had taken place in society, in fact, in every thing, since the institution of this custom, occupied my thoughts during my walk; and I felt no little gratification in the assurance that what was originally the edict of a barbarous and despotic age, was now merely retained as a relic of ancient times.

It may be thought romantic, but the first hearing of the Curfew Bell often occurs to my memory; and there are times when I fancy myself walking on that lone shore, and the objects that I then thought so beautiful, are as distinctly and vividly seen as if I were actually there. REGINALD.

*** The only drawback from the interest of this brief paper is that the writer does not state the name of the Village whence he heard the Curfew Bell.

BARBAROUS PUNISHMENTS.

IT is almost inconceivable how long Englishmen have retained their barbarous practices. It is not more than a century since a trial for witchcraft took place in England, and hardly eighty since one occurred in Scotland. The crime of coining the King's money is still treated as treason, and women, for the commission of this crime as well as that of murdering their husbands, were sentenced to be strangled, and afterwards publicly burned. In London this horrible outrage upon civilized feelings was perpetrated in Smithfield. One of these melancholy exhibitions took place within the memory of many persons. The criminal was a fine young woman, and the strangling had not been completed, for when the flames reached her at the stake, she uttered a shriek. This produced, as it well might, a general horror, and the practice was abandoned, though the law was not abrogated. It was the mild and enlightened Sir Samuel Romilly who first brought in a bill to annul the old acts which ordered the most revolt-

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ing mutilation of the corpses of traitors, agreeable to a sentence expressed in the most barbarous jargon. Mark, this was only a few years since, I believe in 1811.

What must have been the taste of our forefathers, who suffered miscreants to obtain their livelihood for the moment by stationing themselves at Temple-bar, after the rebellion in 1745, with magnifying-glasses, that the spectators might more nicely discriminate the features of those unfortunate gentlemen whose heads had been fixed over the gateway. No London populace, however tumultuary, would now for a moment tolerate such an outrage upon all that is decent and humane.—(From a clever letter in *the Times* of April 12, by Colonel Jones.)

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE ALTRIVE TALES.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Mr. Hogg proposes to collect and reprint under the above title, the best of the grave and gay tales with which he has aided the Magazines and Annuals during the last few years. The Series will extend to fourteen volumes, the first of which, now before us, preceded by a poetical dedication and autobiographical memoir. The poem is an exquisite performance; but the biography, with due allowance for the Shepherd's claim, is a most objectionable preface. It is so disfigured with self-conceit and vituperative recollections of old grievances, that we regret some kind friend of the author did not suggest the omission of these personalities. They will be neither advantageous to the writer, interesting to the public, nor propitiatory for the work itself; since the world care less about the squabbles of authors and booksellers than even an "untoward event" in Parliament; and if the writer of every book were to detail his vexations as a preface, the publication of a long series of "Calamities" might be commenced immediately.

To our way of thinking, the pleasantest part of the Shepherd's memoir is his reminiscences of men of talent, with whom his own abilities have brought him in contact. Thus, of

Southey.

"My first interview with Mr. Southey was at the Queen's Head inn, in Keswick, where I had arrived, wearied, one evening, on my way to Westmoreland; and not liking to intrude on his family circle that evening, I sent a note up to Greta Hall, requesting him to come down and see me, and drink one half mutchkin along with me. He came on the instant, and stayed with me about an hour and a half. But I was a grieved as well as an astonished man, when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon; and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendent poetical genius can exist together. In Scotland I am sure they cannot. With regard to the English, I shall leave them to settle that among themselves, as they have little that is worth drinking.

"Before we had been ten minutes together my heart was knit to Southey, and every hour thereafter my esteem for him increased. I breakfasted with him next morning, and remained with him all that day and the next; and the weather being fine, we spent the time in rambling on the hills and sailing on the lake; and all the time he manifested a delightful flow of spirits, as well as a kind sincerity of manner, repeating convivial poems and ballads, and always between hands breaking jokes on his nephew, young Coleridge, in whom he seemed to take great delight. He gave me, with the utmost readiness, a poem and ballad of his own, for a work which I then projected. I objected to his going with Coleridge and me, for fear of encroaching on his literary labours; and, as I had previously resided a month at Keswick, I knew every scene almost in Cumberland; but he said he was an early riser, and never suffered any task to interfere with his social enjoyments and recreations; and along with us he went both days.

"Southey certainly is as elegant a writer as any in the kingdom. But those who would love Southey as well as admire him, must see him, as I did, in the bosom, not only of one lovely family, but of three, all attached to him as a father, and all elegantly maintained and educated, it is generally said, by his indefatigable pen. The whole of Southey's conversation and economy, both at home and afield, left an impression of veneration on my mind, which no future contingency shall ever either extinguish or injure. Both his figure and countenance are imposing, and deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these

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he has no power of raising; so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes; and when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith. This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished laureate. He does not at all see well at a distance, which made me several times disposed to get into a passion with him, because he did not admire the scenes which I was pointing out. We have only exchanged a few casual letters since that period, and I have never seen this great and good man again."

In the Recollections of Wordsworth we find related the affront which led to Hogg's caricature of Wordsworth's style, an offence which shut out the Shepherd from the society of the amiable poet of the Lakes.

"This anecdote has been told and told again, but never truly; and was likewise brought forward in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' as a joke; but it was no joke; and the plain, simple truth of the matter was thus:—

"It chanced one night, when I was there, that there was a resplendent arch across the zenith from the one horizon to the other, of something like the aurora borealis, but much brighter. It was a scene that is well remembered, for it struck the country with admiration, as such a phenomenon had never before been witnessed in such perfection; and, as far as I could learn, it had been more brilliant over the mountains and pure waters of Westmoreland than any where else. Well, when word came into the room of the splendid meteor, we all went out to view it; and, on the beautiful platform at Mount Ryedale we were all walking, in twos and threes, arm-in-arm, talking of the phenomenon, and admiring it. Now, be it remembered, that Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, Lloyd, De Quincey, and myself, were present, besides several other literary gentlemen, whose names I am not certain that I remember aright. Miss Wordsworth's arm was in mine, and she was expressing some fears that the splendid stranger might prove ominous, when I, by ill luck, blundered ont the following remark, thinking that I was saying a good thing:—'Hout, me'em! it is neither mair nor less than joost a treeumphal airch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets.' 'That's not amiss.—Eh? Eh?—that's very good,' said the Professor, laughing. But Wordsworth, who had De Quincey's arm, gave a grunt, and turned on his heel, and leading the little opium-chewer aside, he addressed him in these disdainful and venomous words:—'Poets? Poets?—What does the fellow mean?—Where are they?' Who could forgive this? For my part, I never can, and never will! I admire Wordsworth; as who does not, whatever they may pretend? but for that short sentence I have a lingering ill-will at him which I cannot get rid of. It is surely presumption in any man to circumscribe all human excellence within the narrow sphere of his own capacity. The '*Where are they?*' was too bad! I have always some hopes that De Quincey was *leeing*, for I did not myself hear Wordsworth utter the words."

Appended to this anecdote is a characteristic observation on the poetry of Wordsworth.

"It relates to the richness of his works for quotations. For these they are a mine that is altogether inexhaustible. There is nothing in nature that you may not get a quotation out of Wordsworth to suit, and a quotation too that breathes the very soul of poetry. There are only three books in the world that are worth the opening in search of mottos and quotations, and all of them are alike rich. These are, the Old Testament, Shakspeare, and the poetical works of Wordsworth, and, strange to say, the 'Excursion' abounds most in them."

We chanced to fall upon the Shepherd's allusion to the liberties taken with his name in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which work owes its establishment and much of its early success to Mr. Hogg's co-operation. We believe it to be pretty well known that the offensive language attributed to the Shepherd in the "Noctes" has no more to do with Mr. Hogg than by attempting to imitate his conversational style. This impropriety, which is beyond a literary joke, was reprobated some months since by the *Quarterly Review*, but here the offending parties are properly visited with a burst of honest indignation which may not pass unheeded. Mr. Hogg says

"For my part, after twenty years of feelings hardly suppressed, he has driven me beyond the bounds of human patience. That Magazine of his, which owes its rise principally to myself, has often put words and sentiments into my mouth of which I have been greatly ashamed, and which have given much pain to my family and relations, and many of those after a solemn written promise that such freedoms should never

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be repeated. I have been often urged to restrain and humble him by legal measures as an incorrigible offender deserves. I know I have it in my power, and if he dares me to the task, I want but a heir to make a tether of."

The Shepherd appears to have written since 1813, fifteen volumes of poetry and as many volumes of prose, besides his contributions to periodical works; and, what is not the less extraordinary he was forty years of age before he wrote his first poem.

The Tales in the present volume are the Adventures of Captain Lochy, the Pongos, and Marion's Jock.

The Gatherer.

Marriage Tree.—A marriage tree, generally of the pine kind, is planted in the churchyard, by every new-married couple, in the parish of Varallo Pombio, in the Tyrol. A fine grove of pines, the result of this custom, now shades this churchyard. W. G. C.

Slippery Love.—Thevenard was the first singer of his time, at Paris, in the operas of Lulli. He was more than sixty years old, when, seeing a beautiful *female slipper* in a shoemaker's shop, he fell violently in love, unsight, unseen, with the person for whom it was made; and having discovered the lady, married her. He died at Paris in 1741, at the age of 72. P. T. W.

Character of England.

Anglia, 1 *Mons*, 2 *Pons*, 3 *Fons*, 4 *Ecclesia*, 5 *Fœmina*, 6 *Lana*.
(That is to say:)
For 1, Mountains; 2, Bridges; 3, Rivers; 4, Churches faire;
5, Women; and 6, Wool, England is past compare. G. K.

On our Lady Church in Salisbury.

How many dayes in one whole year there be,
So many windows in one church we see,
So many marble pillars there appear,
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year.
So many gates, as moons one year do view,
Strange tale to tell, yet not so strange as true. G. K.

Astronomical Toasts.—Lord Chesterfield dined one day with the French and Spanish ambassadors. After dinner, toasts were proposed. The Spanish ambassador proposed the King of Spain under the title of the Sun. The French ambassador gave his king as the Moon. Lord C. then arose, "Your excellencies," said he, "have taken the two greatest luminaries, and the Stars are too small for a comparison with my royal master. I therefore beg to give your excellencies, Joshua."

Talleyrand.—(The following *bon mot* is worthy of extract from the *Literary Gazette*, and smacks of the raciest days of the noble utterer.) M. Talleyrand was enjoying his rubber, when the conversation turned on the recent union of an elderly lady of respectable rank. "However could Madame de S——— make such a match? a person of her birth to marry a valet-de-chambre!" "Ah," replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the game; at nine we don't reckon honours."

Remarkable Circumstance.—William Coghan, who was at Oxford in the year 1575, when the sweating sickness raged at that place, and who has given a brief account of its ravages, says, "It began on the sixth day of July, from which day to the twelfth day of August next ensuing, there died five hundred and ten persons, all men and no women."
P. T. W.

A Loyalist.—The Earl of St. Alban's was, like many other staunch loyalists, little remembered by Charles II. He was, however, an attendant at court, and one of his majesty's companions in his gay hours. On one such occasion, a stranger came with an importunate suit, for an office of great value, just vacant. The king, by way of joke, comsired the earl to personate him, and demanded the petitioner to be admitted. The gentleman addressing himself to the supposed monarch, enumerated his services to the royal family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means," answered the earl, "and I am only sorry that as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend, the Earl of St. Alban's," pointing to the king, "who constantly followed the fortunes, both of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone unrewarded." Charles granted, for this joke, what the utmost real services looked for in vain. T. Gill.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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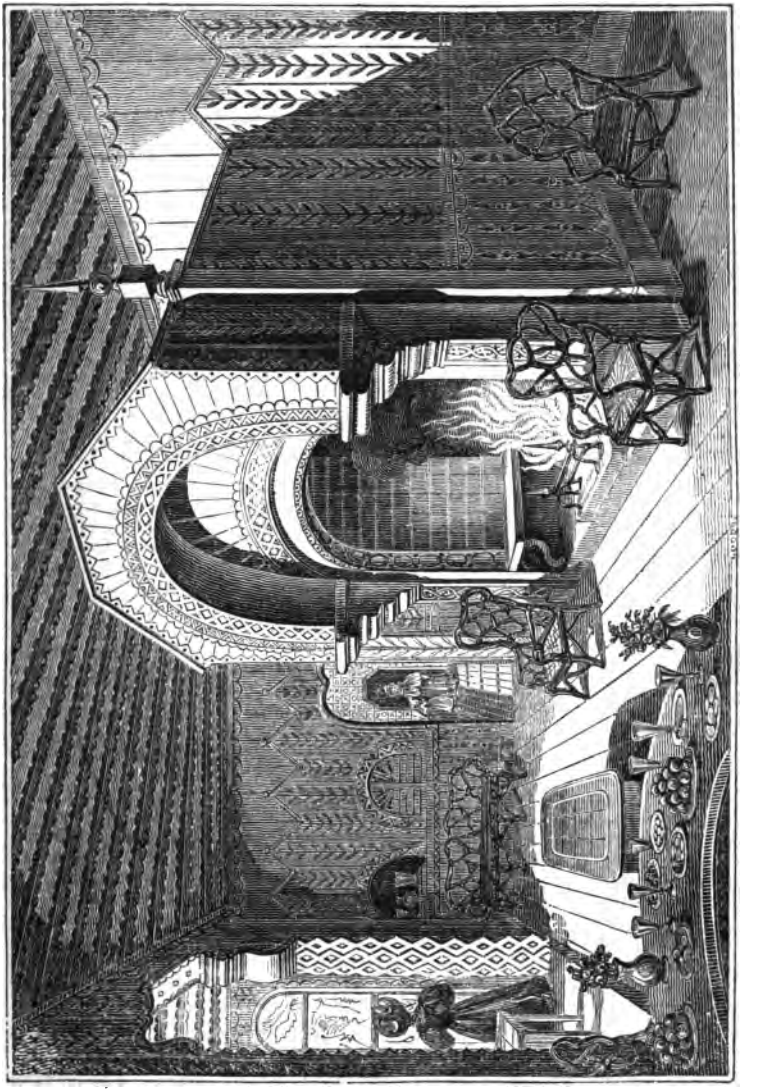
SWISS COTTAGE, AT THE COLOSSEUM.



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SWISS COTTAGE,

AT THE COLOSSEUM, IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

It is now upwards of three years since we directed the attention of our readers to the wonders of this little world of art.* The ingenious projector, Mr. Horner, was then polite enough to conduct us throughout the buildings and grounds, and to explain to us the original design of the unfinished works as well as of many contemplated additions. This was about three weeks before the Exhibition was opened to the public. The *Panorama* was then partly in outline, and we had to catch its identities through a maze of scaffolding poles, planks, and stages; while the immense domed area re-echoed with the operations of scores of *artistes* of every grade, from the upholsterer nailing up gay draperies, to the heavy blow of the carpenter's mallet. We took advantage of our privileged visit, to point out to the reader how much he might expect from a visit to the Panorama, and, in our subsequent visits we have not for a moment regretted the particular attention we were induced to bestow upon this unrivalled work of art. It is justly described to be "such a *Pictoral History of London*—such a faithful display of its myriads of public and private buildings—such an impression of the vastness, wealth, business, pleasure, commerce, and luxury of the English metropolis, as nothing else can effect. Histories, descriptions, maps, and prints, are all imperfect and defective, when compared to this immense Panorama—they are scraps and mere touches of the pen and pencil—whilst this imparts, at a glance, at one view, a *cyclopœdia of information*—a concentrated history—a focal topography, of the largest and most influential city in the world. The immense area of surface which this picture occupies will surprise the reader: it measures 40,000 square feet, or nearly an acre in extent."† This may be a glowing eulogium; but it is true to the line and letter.

We have already illustrated the Panorama,‡ and it is our intention to introduce other embellishments of the Colosseum, as far as may be compatible with finished sketches. Our present subject is the principal apartment in the *Swiss Cottage*, to which the reader or visiter is conducted through a range of conservatories, containing choice exotics, with some of the most majestic proportions of leaf and flower that can be enjoyed in any clime. The communication is by a stone-work passage, the temperature of which is a refreshing succedaneum to that of the conservatories, or 72°. The cottage was designed by P. F. Robinson, Esq. who has evinced considerable taste in a publication on cottages and cottage villas, as well as in the execution of various buildings. It consists of [illegible] apartments, three of which may be considered as finished. The apartment our Engraving was completed, or nearly so, on our first visit. It is wainscotted with coloured (knotted) wood, and carved in imitation of the ornaments of dwelling of a Swiss family. The first place will be recognised as the very *beau ideal* of cottage comfort: the raised hearthstone, massive fire-dog and chimney-back, and its cosy seat calculated to contain a whole family seated at the sides of its ample hearth, are characteristic of the primitive enjoyments of the happy people from among whom this model was taken. Our view is from the extreme corner, from which point the entrance-passage is shown in the distance.

The second Engraving shows the recessed window of the apartment, which faces the fire-place, and commands a view of a mass of rock-scenery, ornamented with waterfalls of singular contrivance and effect. The frames are filled in with plate-glass, so that the view of these artificial wonders is unobstructed. Our artist has, in his sketch, endeavoured to convey some idea of their outline; but he hopes to supply an amplification of their scenic beauty in a future engraving. We may, however, observe that the view from this window deserves the character of the *sublime in miniature*, and presents even a microcosm, where

> Rocks and forests, lakes, and mountains grand,
> Mark the true majesty of Nature's hand.

The whole apartment presents a finished specimen of joinery, with a tasteful display of ornamental carving. Its colour is a deep warm or, we think, *burnt sienna*, brown; the furniture is in *recherché* rusticated style, planned by Mr. Gray, whose taste in these matters is elaborately correct; and it requires but the social blaze on the hearth, (which our artist has liberally supplied,) to complete the well-devised illusion of the scene. The apartment was painted about two years since as a scene for a musical piece at Covent Garden Theatre, the incidents of which lay in Switzerland.

* See *Mirror*, vol xiii. p. 33.
† A graphic Account of the Colosseum, from the apt pen of Mr. Britton, the architect.
‡ See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 97.

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THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR.

(For the Mirror.)

Like some young veiled Bride,
Gleams the moon's hazy face,
When tissues that would hide
But lend her charms a grace:
Each winkling starlet pale,
Sleeps in its far, far fold,
Wrapp'd in the heavy veil
Of dewy clouds and cold.

The turmoil, din, and strife,
Of factious earth are o'er;
The turbid waves of life
Have ceas'd to roll and roar;
But tones now meet the ear,
Full fraught with strange delight,
And intermingling fear:
The Voices of the Night!

Not such as softly rise
When boughs with song o'erflow,
And lover's vows and sighs,
Like incense breathe below;
Not such as warm his breast,
Whose fever'd anxious brain
Toils when all else hath rest,
To bring the *lost* again!

But the owl's boding shriek,
The death-cry of his prey;
The tongues that durst not speak
In bright unslumb'ring day;
The murd'rer's curses fell,
His quiv'ring victim's groan;
The mutt'red, moody spell
Which rocks Abaddon's throne!

The song of winds that sweep
Impetuously around
Our rolling sphere, and keep
Up conferences profound;

The music of the sea,
When battling waves run mad;
Far sweeter there may be,
But none so wild and sad.

The wail of forests vast
Thro' which pour storms like light,
Whilst rending in the blast,
They feebly own its might!
Deep thund'rings o'er the main:
The short shrill smother'd cry,
Hurl'd to the skies in vain,
Of drowning agony!

The SOMETHING *toneless*, which
Speaks awfully to men,
Startling the poor and rich,
For CONSCIENCE *will* talk then;
These are the watch-words drear,
The Voices of the Night,
Which harrow the sick ear,
The stricken heart affright!

Great Marlow, Bucks.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

MAY-DAY GAMES.

(For the Mirror.)

This day of joyous festivity has almost ceased to be the harbinger of mirth and jollity; and the gambols of our forefathers are nearly forgotten amidst the high notions of modern refinement. Time was when king, lords, and commons hailed May-day morning with delight, and bowed homage to her fair and brilliant queen. West end and city folks united in their freaks, ate, drank, and joined the merry dance from morning

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dawn till close of day. Thus in an old ballad of those times we find

> The hosiers will dine at the Leg,
> The drapers at the sign of the Brush,
> The fletchers to Robin Hood will go,
> And the spendthrift to Beggar's bush.

And another

> The gentry to the King's head,
> The nobles to the Crown, &c.

The rustic had his morrice-dance, hobby-horse race, and the gaudy Mayings of Robin Hood, which last were instituted, according to an old writer, in honour of his memory, and continued till the latter end of the sixteenth century. These games were attended not by the people only, but by kings and princes, and grave magistrates.

Stow says, "that in the moneth of May, the citizens of London, of all estates, lightlie in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their severall Mayinges, and did fetch in Maypoles, with divers warlike showes, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage-playes and bone-fires in the streetes. These greate Mayinges and Maygames, made by governors and masters of this citie, with the triumphant setting up of the greate shafte, (a principall May-pole in Cornhill, before the parish church of S. Andrew, therefore called Undershafte,) by meane of an insurrection of youthes against alianes, on May-day, 1517, have not beene so freely used as afore."

The disuse of these ancient pastimes and the consequent neglect of Archerie, are thus lamented by Richard Niccols, in his *London's Artillery*, 1616:

> "How is it that our London hath laid downe
> This worthy practise, which was once the crowne,
> Of all her pastime which her Robin Hood
> Had wont each yeare when May did clad the wood
> With lustre greene, to lead his young men out,
> Whose brave demeanour, oft when they did shoot,
> Invited royall princes from their courts
> Into the wilde woods to behold their sports!
> Who thought it then a manly sight and trim,
> To see a youth of clene compacted lim,
> Who, with a comely grace, in his left hand
> Holding his bow, did take his steadfast stand,
> Setting his left leg somewhat foorth before,
> His Arrow with his right hand nocking sure.
> Not stooping, nor yet standing streight upright,
> Then, with his left hand little 'bove his sight,
> Stretching his arm out, with an easie strength
> To draw an arrow of a yard in length."

The lines

> "Invited royall princes from their courts
> Into the wilde woods to behold their sports,"

may be reasonably supposed to allude to Henry the VIIIth, who appears to have been particularly attached, as well to the exercise of archery, as to the observance of Maying. "Some short time after his coronation," says Hall, "he came to Westminster with the quene, and all their traine, and on a tyme being there, his grace, therles of Essex, Wilshire, and other noble menne, to the number of twelve, came sodainly in a mornyng into the quenes chambre, all appareled in short cotes of Kentish kendal, with hodes on their heddes, and hosen of the same, every one of them his bowe and arrowes, and a sworde and a bucklar, like outlawes, or Robyn Hodesmen; whereof the quene, the ladies, and al other there were abashed as well for the straunge sight, as also for their sodain commyng, and after certayn daunces and pastime made, thei departed."

The same author gives the following curious account of a Maying, in the 7th year of that monarch, 1516: "The king and quene, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode to the high ground on Shooter's Hill to take the eir, and as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yomen clothed all in green, with green whodes and bows and arrows, to the number of 90. One of them calling himself Robin Hood, came to the king, desiring him to see his men shoot, and the king was content. Then he wistled, and all the 90 archers shot and losed at once, he then whistled again, and they shot again; their arrows wistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and great, and much pleased the king, the quene, and all the company. All these archers were of the king's guard, and had thus appareled themselves to make solace to the king. Then Robin Hood desired the king and quene to come into the green wood, and see how the outlaws live. The king demanded of the quene and her ladies, if they durst venture to go into the wood with so many outlaws, and the quene was content. Then the horns blew till they came to the wood under Shooter's Hill, and there was an arbour made of boughs, with a hall and a great chamber, and an ianer chamber, well made and covered with flowers and sweet herbs, which the king much praised. Then said Robin Hood, 'Sir, outlaws breakfasts is venyson, and you must be content with such fare as we have.' The king and quene sat down, and were served with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men. Then the king and his party departed, and Robin and his men conducted them. As they were returning, they were met by two ladies in a rich chairiot, drawn

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by five horses, every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady, with her name written; and in a chair sat the Lady May, accompanied with Lady Flora, richly appareled, and they saluted the king with divers songs, and so brought him to Greenwhich."

The games of Robin Hood seem to have been occasionally of a dramatic cast. Sir John Paston, in the time of King Edward IV. complaining of the ingratitude of his servants, mentions one who had promised never to desert him, and "ther uppon," says he, "I have kepyd hym thys iii yer to pleye Seynt Jorge, and Robyn Hod, and the Shryf off Notyngham, and now when I wolde have good horse he is goon into Bernysdale, and I without a keeper."

In some old accounts of the Churchwardens, of Saint Helens, at Abingdon, Berks, for the year 1556, there is an entry for setting up Robins Hoode's bower; supposed to be for a parish interlude.

Perhaps the clearest idea of these games will be derived from some accounts of the Church-wardens, of the parish of Kingston-upon-Thames:

". Robin Hood and Maygame.

	£.	s.	d.
23 Henry 7th. To the menstorell upon Mayday	0	0	4
For paynting of the mores garments and for sarten gret leveres	0	2	4
For paynting of a bannar for Robin Hood	0	0	3
For 2 M. and ½ pynnys	0	0	10
For 4 plyts and ¼ of laun for the mores garments	0	2	11
For orseden for the same	0	0	10
For a goun for the lady	0	0	8
For bellys for the dawnsers	0	0	12
14 Henry 7th. For Little John's cote	0	8	0
1 Henry 8th. For silver paper for the mores dawnsars	0	0	7
For kendall for Robyn Hode's cote	0	1	3
For 3 yerds of white for the frere's cote	0	3	0
For 4 yerds of kendall for mayde Marian's huke	0	3	4
For satten of sypers for the same huke	0	0	6
For 2 payre of glovys for Robin Hode and mayde Maryan	0	0	3
For 6 brode arovys	0	0	6
To mayde Maryan for her labour for 2 years	0	2	0
To Fygge the taborer	0	6	0
Received for Robyn Hode's gaderyng 4 marks			
5 Henry 8th. Received for Robin Hood's gaderyng at Croydon	0	9	4
11 Henry 8th. Paid for 3 broad yerds of rosett for makyng frer's cote	0	3	6
Shoes for the mores dawnsars, the frere and mayde Maryan at 7*d.* a payre	0	5	4
13 Henry 8th. Eight yerds of fustyan for the mores dawnsars cotes	0	16	0
A dosyn of gold skynnes for the mores	0	0	10
15 Henry 8th. Hire of hats for Robin Hode	0	0	16
Paid for the hat that was lost	0	0	10
16 Henry 8th. Received at the church-ale and Robyn Hode, all things deducted	3	10	6
Paid for 6 yerds ¼ of satyn for Robyn Hode's cotys	0	12	6
For makyng the same	0	2	0
For 3 ells of bocram	0	1	6
21 Henry 8th. For spunging and brushing Robyn Hods cotys	0	0	2
28 Henry 8th. Five hats and 4 porses for the dawnsars	0	0	4½
4 yerds of cloth for the fole's cote	0	2	0
2 ells of worstede for mayde Marian's kyrtle	0	6	8
For 6 payre of double solly'd showne	0	4	6
To the mynstrele	0	10	8
To the fryer and the piper for to go to Croydon	0	0	8

29 Henry 8th. Mem. left in the keping of the wardens nowe beinge, a fryers cote of russet, and a kyrtle of a worstyde weltyd with red cloth, a mouren's cote of buckram, and 4 morres dawnsars cotes of white fustian spangelyd, and two gryne saten cotes, and a dysardd's cote of cottou, and 6 payre of garters with bells."

Having given so many items of the Robin Hood games, it will not be out of place to furnish some account of the Morrice.

The tabor and pipe strike up a morrice.—A shout within.

A lord, a lord, a lord, who!

ENTER THE MORRICE — *They sing.*

Skip it, and trip it, nimbly, nimbly,
Tickle it, tickle it, lustily,
Strike up the tabor, for the wenches favour,
Tickle it, tickle it, lustily.
Let us be seen on Hygate Greene,
To dance for the honour of Holloway,
Since we are come hither, let's spare for no leather,
To dance for the honour of Holloway.

Ed. Well said, my boys, I must have my lord's livery: what is't, a maypole? troth, 'twere a good body for a courtier's impreza, if it had but this life—*Frustra storescit.* Hold, cousin, hold.

(*He gives the fool money.*)

Fool. Thanks, cousin, when the lord my father's audit comes, we'll repay you again, your benevolence too, sir.

Mam. What! a lord's son become a beggar!

Fool. Why not, when beggars are become lord's sons. Come, 'tis but a trifle.

Mam Oh, sir, many a small make a great.

Fool. No, sir, a few great make a many small. Come, my lords, poor and needy hath no law.

Ed. Nor necessity no right Drum, down with them into the cellar. Rest content, rest content, one bout more, and then away.

Fool. Spoke like a true heart; I kiss thy foot, sweet knight.

(*The Morrice sing and dance, and exeunt.*

SWAINE.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

SITTING IN THE DRUID'S CHAIR.

WE detach the following scene from one of Mr. Horace Smith's *Tales of the*

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Early Ages. The date is the fifth century, about twenty years after the final withdrawing of the Romans from Britain. The actors are Hengist, the Saxon chief, Guinessa, his daughter, betrothed to Oscar, a young prince, and Gryffhod, a Briton of some distinction, and proprietor of Caer-Broc, a villa on the Kentish coast, where the parties are sojourning. The incident embodies the *superstition of sitting in the Druid's Chair*, similar in its portentous moment to sitting in St. Michael's Chair, in Cornwall. It is told with considerable force and picturesque beauty.

"In the morning, Hengist informed his daughter, to her no small dismay, that he meant to take her to Canterbury for the purpose of introducing her to her uncle Horsa, desiring her to make preparations for her immediate departure. 'But before I leave Caer-broc,' said the Saxon, 'I would fain mount that lofty cliff up which I climbed fifteen years ago, in order that I might discover, if possible, upon what coast the storm had cast me. It commands, as I recollect, an extensive inland view, and I would show my fellow-soldiers the beauty of the country into which I have led them.'

"'It must have been the Druid's Chair, for that is the loftiest headland upon our coast.'

"'The higher the better, my child, for so shall we gain the wider prospect. The morning is, at present, clear, and I would climb the cliff before those clouds which I see gathering in the west, shall be blown hither to intercept our prospect.' So saying, he invited his comrades, as well as Oscar, to accompany him; while Gryffhod, on learning his purpose, joined his party with Leoline and others of his men, in order that they might render assistance, should any such be required, in climbing the broken and somewhat perilous ascent to the dizzy summit of the cliff. Ropes were provided in case of accident, as persons had more than once slipped from the narrow ledge, and fallen upon lower fragments of the cliff, whence they could be only extricated by hauling them up.

"Buttered and undermined by the storms of ages, the Druid's Chair has long since been shivered into fragments and wasted away; but at the period of which we are writing it formed the outermost of a chain of crags which were connected together by a tongue of rock and cliff sufficiently continuous to allow a passage, but broken into sharp acclivities and descents which rendered the undertaking toilsome to all, and not without peril for those who were liable to be giddy, or who did not possess a good portion of activity. 'Surely,' said Hengist, as he followed Gryffhod, 'this ridge was much more even when I traversed it fifteen years ago.'

"'You are right,' replied the Briton; 'but rains and frosts have since broken away its surface. This is our steepest ascent, but it is the last. We will help Guinessa to surmount it, and when we gain the summit, she shall be the first to sit in the Druid's Chair.'

"With some little mutual assistance, the whole party gained the pinnacle of the cliff, which was a small and nearly circular platform, with a central crag that bore a rude resemblance to a chair. 'You shall have the honour that was promised you,' said the Saxon chief to his daughter; 'but we must first clear away the samphire and weeds which have taken previous possession of your seat.' So saying, he cut them away with his sword, and lead his panting daughter to the throne, upon which she was by no means sorry to rest herself. Hengist then walked repeatedly round the lofty level, pointing out with his weapon the distant objects that engaged his attention, and demanding frequent explanations from Gryffhod, more particularly as to the direction and distance of Canterbury. While he was thus occupid, the heavy western clouds, whose threatenings he had been so anxious to anticipate, were swept rapidly towards them by a sudden storm gust, which lashed up the waves into fury, and instantly surrounded the foot of the crag with whirlpools of foam. The extensive prospect upon which they had so lately been gazing was now shrouded in a dense gloom, presently pierced and irradiated by a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder that made the lofty crag tremble beneath their feet. To a martial soul like that of Hengist, this warring of the elements presented a more spirit-stirring and congenial spectacle, than all the tranquil beauties of the previous prospect, and he pointed out to the admiration of his comrades the fiercer features of the scene, shouting with delight as a huge mass of the next projecting cliff, undermined by the raving waters, fell thundering into the depths below.

While he was thus occupied, either his extended sword was touched, or his arm was unnerved by the electric fluid, for the weapon fell from his hand and instantly disappeared in the whirlpool beneath. 'My sword! my enchanted sword!' exclaimed Hengist with a loud cry of consternation; 'it is lost, it is

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gone! a hundred pieces of gold to him who recovers my precious weapon! I would plunge after it myself, but that I am prohibited by the magician who fashioned it. My sword! my sword! a hundred horses, besides the gold, to him who finds it. What! my brave comrades,' he continued, casting a reproachful look at his fellow-countrymen, 'will you see your leader ruined, and all his hopes blasted, rather than attempt to get me back my sword?'

"'We came hither to fight the Picts and Scots, not to drown ourselves in such a hopeless enterprise,' muttered the Saxons.

"'Oscar, my intended son-in-law! you are young and vigorous. Show yourself worthy of Guinessa by plunging into the waters in search of my lost talisman.'

"'It is inevitable death; and besides you have promised her to me already,' replied the young Prince, recoiling with a shudder from the edge of the precipice.

"Craven! recreant! I recall my consent,' shouted Hengist, hoarse with rage, 'and here in the face of Heaven I promise her to him, and him only, who shall redeem my sword from the waters.'

"'Do you swear to that vow?' asked Leoline, starting forward.

"'Ay, I swear by the sword itself, an oath that I dare not violate, even if I would.'

"'Enough?' said Leoline; and springing instantly from the rock, he precipitated himself down the fearful abyss, and plunged into the foaming whirlpool below. Bewildered and aghast at this sudden act of desperation, Guinessa, uttering a scream of agonized terror, would have thrown herself after him, had she not been restrained by Griffhod; but she still bent over the precipice, her long golden hair, as it streamed upon the wind, together with her white robes and arms, and her fair features, all shown in strong relief against the dark thunder-cloud, imparting to her the appearance of an aërial spirit, just alighted upon this craggy pinnacle to watch the conflict of the elements. Every eye was rivetted upon the spot where Leoline had cleft the eddying waves; not a syllable was uttered; every heart thrilled painfully in expectation of his reappearance, but he rose not again to the surface, and the fears of the gazers responded to those of Guinessa, as she at length ejaculated, in a deep and hollow voice, 'He is lost—he is lost!' Another brief but dreadful pause ensued, when Guinessa, clasping her hands sharply together, exclaimed, with an ecstatic shout, 'He rises—he rises—he has found the sword!' and she sank upon her knees, trembling all over with a vehement and irrepressible agitation.

"The object of her deep emotion was now visible to all, holding the recovered sword in his mouth, while with both hands he fought against the buffetting billows, which hurled him against the foot of the cliff, and as often by their recoil swept him back again; for the wave-worn crag offered no holdfast either for the foot or hand. 'He will perish still; he will be dashed to pieces against the rock,' cried Hengist, almost wild with apprehension.

"'He swims like a fish,' exclaimed Gryffhod, 'but he cannot strike out of that boiling whirlpool; it is too strong for him. The ropes! the ropes! where are they? let us lower them instantly, and we may perhaps succeed in hauling him up.'

"A rope, secured at top to the Druid's Chair, was instantly thrown over, but the lower extremity being blown about by the wind, it was not till after repeated efforts that Leoline could succeed in catching hold of it, when he raised himself out of the water, and began to climb upwards by supporting his feet against the cliff. More than once they slipped away from the wet chalk, and he swung in mid-air; but his teeth still firmly grasped the sword; he soon obtained a drier foothold, and thus climbed to the summit: which he had no sooner reached in safety than Guinessa, overcome by the revulsion of her feelings, sank panting and fainting into her father's arms. Eagerly snatching the redeemed weapon, its owner ran his eye over the blade, when finding that it had received no injury, nor suffered any obliteration of the talismanic characters, he repeatedly kissed it, replaced it in its scabbard, and then cordially embracing its recoverer exclaimed, 'Thanks, brave Leoline; ay, and something more substantial than empty thanks. Guinessa was right, after all; she knows where to find a valiant and a worthy man; and, by Heaven! I am glad that she preferred you to your rival. Right nobly have you won her, and honourably shall you wear the prize. There she is; speak to her; I warrant your voice will revive her more quickly than that of Gryffhod; her consent you need not ask, for that you have obtained already, so take her for your wife when you will, and God give you joy of your choice, as for my part, I thank Heaven for bestowing on me so dauntless a son-in-law!'

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"Cordial were the congratulations from all parties except Oscar, who, filled with mortification and jealous hatred, slunk away before the others; and during the march to Canterbury, which was commenced immediately after their descent from the Druid's Chair, kept himself aloof, equally incensed against Gryffhod, Hengist, and Guinessa, and meditating dark schemes of vengeance."

Oscar attempts to assassinate his successful rival at Canterbury; he escapes, but in crossing the sea for Gaul, is taken by the piratical Picts, carried to Scotland, and condemned to a rigorous and life-long slavery. Leoline and Guinessa are married, and Hengist becoming paramount in Kent, assigns to them a castle with ample domains in the Isle of Thanet; and in sailing along the coast they often pointed to "the dizzy summit of the Druid's Chair," which Leoline often proudly declared to be far more precious to him than any other object in existence, since it had given him that which alone made existence valuable—his Guinessa!"

In one of the Tales—of the Council of Nice, in the fourth century, Mr. Smith indulges his usual felicitous vein of humour, in a burlesque which he puts into the mouth of a slave of the Bishop of Ethiopia,—"a little, corpulent, bald-headed, merry-eyed man of fifty, whose name was Mark; whose duty it was to take charge of the oil, trim the lamps, and perform other menial offices in the church of Alexandria." The profane wight deserved, for his wit, a better place.

THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION OF THE PAGAN IMMORTALS.

Alack and alas! it hath now come to pass,
That the Gods of Olympus, those cheats of the world,
Who bamboozled each clime from the birthday of Time,
Are at length from their mountebank eminence hurl'd.

On their cold altar-stone are no offerings thrown,
And their worshipless worships no passenger greets,
Though they still may have praise for amending our ways.
If their statues are broken for paving the streets.

The Deus Opt. Max. of these idols and quacks
Is now thrust in a corner for children to flout,
And the red thunder-brand he still grasps in his hand,
Lights not Jupiter Tonans to grope his way out.

Their Magnus Apollo no longer we follow,
He's routed and flouted and laid on the shelf,
And no poet's address will now reach him unless
He can play his own lyre and flatter himself.

As for Bacchus the sot, he has drain'd his last pot,
And must lay in the grave his intoxicate head,
For although by his aid he his votaries made
Full often dead drunk, they have now drunk him dead.

O Mars, battle's Lord! canst thou not draw a sword,
As forth from its temple thy statue we toss?
We want not thy lance, since our legions advance
Beneath the bless'd banner of Constantine's cross.

Juno, Venus, and Pallas, to shame were so callous,
And have always so widely from decency swerved,
That it well might be urged, if their statues were scourged
And then thrown in the kennel, their doom was deserved.

The pontiffs and priests, who have lost all their feasts,
And the oracles shorn of their hecatomb herds,
Having nothing to carve, if they don't wish to starve,
Must feed upon falsehoods and eat their own words.

O'er these mountebanks dead, be this epitaph read,
"The Gods, Priests and Oracles buried beneath,
Who were ever at strife which should lie most in life,
Here *lie* all alike in corruption and death."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SHELLEY AT OXFORD.

A DELIGHTFUL paper, entitled, *Percy Bysshe Shelley at Oxford* is now in course of appearance in the *New Monthly Magazine*, from the pen of a fellow collegian and an early admirer of the genius of the youthful poet. It is in part conversational. Thus, Shelley *loquitur*:—

"I regret only that the period of our residence is limited to four years; I wish they would revive, for our sake, the old term of six or seven years. If we consider how much there is for us to learn," here he paused and sighed deeply through that despondency which sometimes comes over the unwearied and zealous student; "we shall allow that the longer period would still be far too short!" I assented, and we discoursed concerning the abridgement of the ancient term of residence, and the diminution of the academical year by frequent, protracted and most inconvenient vacations. "To quit Oxford," he said, "would be still more unpleasant to you than to myself, for you aim at objects that I do not seek to compass, and you cannot fail since you are resolved to place your success beyond the reach of chance." He enumerated with extreme rapidity, and in his enthusiastic strain, some of the benefits and comforts of a college life. "Then the *oak* is such a blessing," he exclaimed with peculiar fervour, clasping his hands, and repeating often—"the oak is such a blessing!" slowly and in a solemn tone. "The oak

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alone goes far towards making this place a paradise. In what other spot in the world, surely in none that I have hitherto visited, can you say confidently, it is perfectly impossible, physically impossible, that I should be disturbed? Whether a man desire solitary study, or to enjoy the society of a friend or two, he is secure against interruption. It is not so in a house, not by any means; there is not the same protection in a house, even in the best-contrived house. The servant is bound to answer the door; he must appear and give some excuse: he may betray, by hesitation and confusion, that he utters a falsehood; he must expose himself to be questioned; he must open the door and violate your privacy in some degree; besides there are other doors, there are windows at least, through which a prying eye can detect some indication that betrays the mystery. How different is it here! The bore arrives; the outer door is shut; it is black and solid, and perfectly impenetrable, as is your secret; the doors are all alike; he can distinguish mine from yours by the geographical position only. He may knock; he may call; he may kick if he will; he may inquire of a neighbour, but he can inform him of nothing; he can only say, the door is shut, and this he knows already. He may leave his card, that you may rejoice over it and at your escape; he may write upon it the hour when he proposes to call again, to put you upon your guard, and that he may be quite sure of seeing the back of your door once more. When the bore meets you and says, I called at your house at such a time, you are required to explain your absence, to prove an *alibi* in short, and perhaps to undergo a rigid cross-examination; but if he tells you, 'I called at your rooms yesterday at three and the door was shut,' you have only to say, 'Did you? was it?' and there the matter ends.

"Were you not charmed with your oak? did it not instantly captivate you!"

"My introduction to it was somewhat unpleasant and unpropitious. The morning after my arrival I was sitting at breakfast: my scout, the Arimaspian, apprehending that the singleness of his eye may impeach his character for officiousness, in order to escape the reproach of seeing half as much only as other men, is always striving to prove that he sees at least twice as far as the most sharpsighted: after many demonstrations of superabundant activity, he inquired if I wanted anything more; I answered in the negative. He had already opened the door: 'Shall I sport, Sir?' he asked briskly as he stood upon the threshold. He seemed so unlike a sporting character, that I was curious to learn in what sport he proposed to indulge. I answered—'Yes, by all means,' and anxiously watched him, but to my surprise and disappointment he instantly vanished. As soon as I had finished my breakfast, I sallied forth to survey Oxford; I opened one door quickly, and not suspecting that there was a second, I struck my head against it with some violence. The blow taught me to observe that every set of rooms has two doors, and I soon learned that the outer door, which is thick and solid, is called the oak, and to shut it is termed to sport. I derived so much benefit from my oak, that I soon pardoned this slight inconvenience: it is surely the tree of knowledge."

"Who invented the oak?"

"The inventers of the science of living in rooms, or chambers—the monks."

"Ah! they were sly fellows; none but men who were reputed to devote themselves for many hours to prayers, to religious meditations, and holy abstractions, would ever have been permitted quietly to place at pleasure such a barrier between themselves and the world. We now reap the advantage of their reputation for sanctity; I shall revere my oak more than ever, since its origin is so sacred."

The Naturalist.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Concluded from page 247.)

WHAT a lesson may art learn from contemplating scenes of nature.

The Thrush.

"Thrushes feed very much on snails, looking for them in mossy banks. Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavoured to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot with a snail-shell in his mouth, which he placed between the two stones, and hammered at it with his beak till he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell while it was rolling about, and he therefore found out and made use of a spot which would keep the shell in one position. I do not know whether Mr. M'Adam has ever observed the same circumstance, but his ingenious

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contrivance (if it is his) of confining stones in a sort of hoop while they are being broken, is somewhat similar to that of the thrush."

The Pike

it seems, is a formidable foe to *tackle*.

"The boldness of a pike is very extraordinary. I have seen one follow a bait within a foot of the spot where I have been standing; and the head keeper of Richmond Park assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the great pond in that Park, when a pike made a dart at it, and he had but just time to withdraw it. A gentleman now residing at Weybridge, in Surrey, informed me that, walking one day by the side of the river Wey, near that town, he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately pulled off his coat, tucked up his shirt sleeves, and went into the water to intercept the return of the fish to the river, and to endeavour to throw it upon the bank by getting his hands under it. During this attempt, the pike, finding he could not make his escape, seized one of the arms of the gentleman, and lacerated it so much that the wound is still very visible.

"A friend of mine caught a pike a few minutes after breaking his tackle, and found it in the pike, a part of the gimp hanging out of his mouth. He also caught another, in high condition, with a piece of strong twisted wire projecting from its side. On opening it a double eel-hook was found at the end of the wire, much corroded. This may account for so few pike being found dead after they have broken away with a gorge-hook in them. An account will be found, in 'Salmonia,' of a pike taking a bait, with a set of hooks in his mouth, which he had just before broken from a line."

Affection of Animals.

"Animals are so capable of showing gratitude and affection to those who have been kind to them, that I never see them subjected to ill treatment without feeling the utmost abhorrence of those who are inflicting it. I know many persons who, like myself, take a pleasure in seeing all the animals about them appear happy and contented. Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear."

The Moor-hen.

One of Mr. Haydon's new pictures is *the first start in life*—a mother teaching her infant to walk—it is a clever sketch, but, bearing in mind the beautiful comparison of Solomon and the lily of the valley, here is a counterpart.

"Fishing the other day in Hampton Court Park, I disturbed a moor-hen who had just hatched, and watched her anxiety and manœuvres to draw away her young. She would go a short distance, utter a cry, return, and seemed to lead the way for her brood to follow. Having driven her away, that I might have a better opportunity of watching her young ones, she never ceased calling to them, and they made towards her, skulking amongst the rushes, till they got to the other side of the pond. They had only just left the shell, and had probably never heard the cry of their mother before."

There is true benevolence in these remarks. How much is conveyed in the homely expression, that such a man "would not tread upon a worm:" we should learn to covet such men as friends.

The Cardinal Spider.

"There is a large breed of spiders which are found very generally in the palace of Hampton-Court. They are called there 'cardinals,' having I suppose been first seen in Cardinal Wolsey's hall. They are full an inch in length, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their body covered with a thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths as appears from the wings of that insect being found in great abundance under and amongst their webs. In running across the carpet in an evening, with the shade cast from their large bodies by the light of the lamp or candle, they have been mistaken for mice, and have occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. A doubt has even been raised whether the name of cardinal has not been given to this creature from an ancient supposition that the ghost of Wolsey haunts the place of his former glory under this shape. Be this as it may, the spider is considered as a curiosity, and Hampton-Court is the only place in which I have met with it."

Did Wolsey, arrayed in all his glory, ever regard a spider, or think that his proud name would be coupled with so minute a member of the creation?

Rook-shooting.

"Rooks are not easily induced to forsake the trees on which they have been

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red, and which they frequently revisit fter the breeding season is over. This shown in Hampton-Court Park, here there is an extensive rookery mongst the fine lime-trees, and where barbarous and unnecessary custom evails of shooting the young rooks. s many as a hundred dozen of them ve been killed in one season, and yet e rooks build in the avenue, though ere is a corresponding avenue close by, Bushy Park, which they never fre- ent, notwithstanding the trees are ually high and equally secure. I never ar the guns go off during this annual ughter without execrating the prac- e, and pitying the poor rooks, whose lancholy cries may be heard to a great tance, and some of whom may be n, exhausted by their fruitless exer- ns, sitting melancholy on a solitary e waiting till the *sport* is over, that y may return and see whether any of offspring which they have reared h so much care and anxiety are left hem; or, what is more probable, the for assistance of their young having sed, they are aware of their fate, and sitting in mournful contemplation of ir loss. This may appear romantic, it is nevertheless true."

Who can read the above without a dder at the brutal taste of the lords he lower world.

The Emu.

The only instance I have met with hich the hen bird has not the chief in hatching and bringing up the g is in the case of the emus at the belonging to the Zoological Society Kingston. A pair of these birds now five young ones: the female fferent times dropped nine eggs in us places in the pen in which she confined. These were collected in place by the male, who rolled them y and carefully along with his beak. hen sat upon them himself, and nued to do so with the utmost assi- for nine weeks, during which time male never took his place, nor was er observed to leave the nest. When ung were hatched,* he alone took e of them, and has continued to do r since, the female not appearing ice them in any way. On reading necdote, many persons would sup- hat the female emu was not pos- of that natural affection for its which other birds have. In order ue it from this supposition, I will mention that a female emu belonging to the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick lately laid some eggs; and as there was no male bird, she collected them toge- ther herself and sat upon them."

The Toad.

"It is a curious fact that toads are so numerous in the island of Jersey, that they have become a term of reproach for its inhabitants, the word 'Crapaud' being frequently applied to them; while in the neighbouring island of Guernsey not a toad is to be found, though they have frequently been imported. Indeed, certain other islands have always been privileged in this respect. Ireland is free from venomous animals, of course by the aid of St. Patrick. The same was affirmed of Crete in olden times, being the birthplace of Jupiter. The Isle of Man is said also to be free from venomous creatures. The Mauritius, and I believe one of the Balearic islands, enjoys the same immunity."

The following anecdote is as pretty as the writer conceives it to be:

"His present Majesty, when residing in Bushy Park, had a part of the fore- mast of the Victory, against which Lord Nelson was standing when he received his fatal wound, deposited in a small temple in the grounds of Bushy House, from which it was afterwards removed, and placed at the upper end of the dining- room, with a bust of Lord Nelson upon it. A large shot had passed completely through this part of the mast, and while it was in the temple a pair of robins had built their nest in the shot-hole, and reared a brood of young ones. It was impossible to witness this little occur- rence without reflecting on the scene of blood, and strife of war, which had oc- curred to produce so snug and peaceable a retreat for a nest of harmless robins. If that delightful poet of the lakes, Mr. Wordsworth, should ever condescend to read this little anecdote, it might supply him with no bad subject for one of his charming sonnets."

A few entertaining particulars of

The Royal Parks.

"There are two elm trees, or rather the remains of two, in Hampton Court Park, known by the name of the 'Giants,' which must have been of an enormous size, the trunk of one of them measuring twenty-eight feet in circumference.

"Cork trees flourish in Hampton Court Park, where there are two large ones. There are also some ilexes, or evergreen oaks, in Bushy Park, of a very large size, and apparently as hardy as

*re are now (June) five young emus alive, earing perfectly healthy.

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any other tree there. The avenues in that park are perhaps the finest in Europe. There are nine of them altogether, the centre one, formed by two rows of horse-chestnut trees, being the widest. The side avenues, of which there are four on each side of the main avenue, are of lime trees, and the whole length, including the circuit round the Diana water, is one mile and forty yards.

"Near the Queen's house in this park is a very fine Spanish chestnut-tree, said to have been planted by Charles II., and to have been the first which was seen in this country.

"The trees which at present form so much of the beauty of Greenwich Park were planted by Evelyn, and if he could now see them he would call them 'goodly trees,' at least some of them. The chestnuts, however, though they produce some fine fruit, have not thriven in the same proportion with the elms. In noticing this park I should not forget to mention that the only remaining part of the palace of Henry VIII. is preserved in the front of Lord Auckland's house looking into the park. It is a circular delft window of beautiful workmanship, and in a fine state of preservation. There are also a great number of small tumuli in the upper part of the park, all of which appear to have been opened."

"In addition to the herd of fallow deer, amounting to about one thousand six hundred, which are kept in Richmond Park, there is generally a stock of from forty to fifty red deer. One fine stag was so powerful, and offered so much resistance, that two of his legs were broken in endeavouring to secure him, and he was obliged to be killed. One who had shown good sport in the royal hunt, was named 'Sir Edmund,' by his late Majesty, in consequence of Sir Edmund Nagle having been in at the '*take*' after a long chase. This stag lived some years afterwards in the park; and its a curious fact that he died the very same day on which Sir Edmund Nagle died."

The volume contains some interesting antiquarian inquiries respecting Cæsar's ford at Kingston, and Maxims for an Angler, by a Bungler.

The Sketch Book.

THE ABBOT OF TEWKESBURY.

(For the Mirror.)

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."
Shakspeare.

(In opening the tomb of the founder of the Abbey at Tewkesbury, the body of the Abbot was found clothed in full canonicals. The crosier was as perfect as when, perhaps, first put in the coffin, while the body showed scarcely any symptom of decay, though it had been entombed considerably above six hundred years. On exposure to the air, the boots alone of the Abbot were seen to sink, when the tomb was ordered to be sealed up, and his holiness again committed to his darkness. On the above circumstance this sketch is founded.)

Is this to be dead? Am I not clad in all pontifical splendour? Do I not feel the crosier on my breast? The holy brethren of the Abbey surround me. That which distinguished the Abbot when alive, is even here in collected magnificence. I feel the priestly consequence of the Abbot. Is this then the Chamber of the Dead? The pious monks are weeping. The tears which have flowed before the marble shrine are recalled to weep for a departed brother. The incense is full fragrant. I enjoy the perception of its odour. It dilates in my stiffened nostrils, but it supplies me not the breath of life. I hear the loud Hosanna chanted for a soul which dies in the Lord. I will repeat the strain. No. My voice refuses to fall back upon the ear. Where is my heart that it beats not swelling to the anthem's measure? Cold! cold! cold! Nay; I will rise. I will respond unto the funeral dirge. I will shout. Oh! my trunk is hardened, and my tongue is glued. Silence! they pause. Say, do they hear me? No. Silence, horrible and awful. Hark! they mourn with lamentation on my fate. O, Heaven! must I endure all this? Must the living weep for the dead, and the conscious dead be doomed to dismal silence. Horror! horror! horror! IS THIS TO BE DEAD?

* * * *

A convocation! Yes. The holy brothers in assembled synod to elect a brother holier than themselves. Nay, I do forbid. I, the Abbot who have loved ye all, refuse permission to your meeting. Disperse, disperse. Do ye not hear? Is there no charity alive? Who dares usurp my chair, and I not yet entombed? What! is justice driven out where heavenly men should dwell? I see it. I mark it. The leaven of pride is kneaded in the brotherhood. Intriguing hypocrites usurp the House of God. What! brother John, the fat, the corpulent, the lazy! of whom I know ten thousand heinous sins; the least sufficient to condemn a soul. An Abbot, chosen by the holy, is the elect of God. But he—no, no, no. It shall not be. God will forbid it. They put the crosier in his hand. For shame! for shame! Let not the vicious living sit in the chair of virtue that is departed,

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Why see! he kneels. He kneels before the shrine, where, until now, he never bent to pray. He grasps the crosier with loving firmness. It shall not be. Is there no interposing Deity to slay the sinner in his wickedness? I, I will seize the crosier from his filthy hand. No. My arm lays idly at my side. IS THIS TO BE DEAD?

* * * *

They chant the funeral dirge. The mighty torches flash their blazing light upon the frozen features of the dead. Mine eyes are sealed. I strain to open them. No. Light gleams in upon me as through a clear veil. Ah! monster of hateful mien! demon deceitful in religious robes! avaunt! Thou shalt not touch my corpse. No. Thank God! It is a foretaste of thy love to come. He passes on. He dares not lay polluted hands upon the dead, whose becalmed face is looking up to thee. The dead, the sacred dead. The living are for the world, the dead are Thine. Incense, and prayer, and psalms for the departed. It is respectful, but what heed I? Man comes into the world only to go out thereof. What then? The grave! Horror. I have preached thereof. I have shocked others with the enormities of life until they clung unto the grave. Now, I who have bidden the virtuous look to the hopes beyond it, myself would cry to live. But no! they bear me on. He, the foul monster, grins as he looks upon my outstretched limbs. Wolf, I'll pray for thee. Breathe, breathe hardly, ye distended nostrils; it is your last pulsation with the air of earth. No. Sealed as the marble figures by which they bear me. Is this my Tomb. Is this the narrow house appointed for the living? Is this the Abbot's palace after death? Nay, I pray thee, brethren, close me not up in yon receptacle. Where the cold air might shiver on my flesh I may be happy. Yon tomb is dark and dismal, shut from the eye of day. Louder and louder grows your chant, I know its terminating cadence. It falls upon mine ear. Take off this stony lid. Nay, I will knock, knock, knock. My arms are still unraised. They hear me not. Brethren! men! christians! no, monks, monks, monks, cold as the stone ye place upon my breast! Have ye no ears? no hearts? Do I not shout? Do I not pray? Ah! my tongue is one of marble. It is cold and fixed. They will not hear me. Listen! their parting and receding steps. Nay, hasten not away. Silence. No. One step is lingering behind. Thank God! I shout. Brother! what, ho! He hears. Brother! He pauses. What ho! He goes. Brother! Silence is around, hushed as my own attempts to burst a voice. Hark! a noise. No. Silence. IS THIS TO BE DEAD?

* * * *

Yet in the grave. Years have rolled away. Successors to my chair sleep in the stony sepulchres around me. Monks whom I have awed or blessed, slumber in death. Men, whom I have known not, walk in the cloisters I have built. I am but mentioned as a thing that was—the memory of a name. Enough. There is no communion among the dead. Methought the spirits of the other world held converse on the joys they left on earth. But all is still. I cannot hear a lament, even for a rotted bone. The dead are tongue-tied. In yonder chancel sleeps a monarch, murdered by bloody relations. Should not such a spirit shriek aloud for vengeance, or weep a wailing for his destiny? But all is still. I hear no night owl screech. Earth is the only dwelling place of noise. Death knows it not. Methinks a shriek were music, a sigh were melody, a groan a feast. But no. Time has almost used me to its sombre sameness. Is not time tired to have gone so long the same unchanging course? I cannot move. My joints are aching with continued rest. I cannot turn:—my sides are sunken in. Would I could turn and crush them into bones with my reclining weight. Is my heart sinful that it weighs down all my body. Is this the gnawing and undying worm? Is THIS TO BE DEAD.

* * * *

Six hundred years and still I am in the tomb. So much of man has sought a refuge in the grave, I well may ask if life is yet on earth. Has man degraded or is England ruined! I hear the footsteps of those that gaze upon the stony sepulchres. I feel the glaring of their curious eyes between the crevices which time has uncemented. They make remarks. Is then a tomb a monument of wonder? They talk of monks as things that are no more. Then is the world no more. At last the time is come. They lay their iron hand upon the stone. They knock, they knock. Hark! It rings through the giant isles till the echo thrills with joy. They knock the stony cerement that enshrines me. Great Heaven! I thank thee! Used as I am become to my hollow narrowness, I shall rejoice to quit it. The lid upraises. I feel the air. I feel the air. Now, now, let me rise. I feel myself

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prepared. Ah! the boots fall off. I shall ascend. The boots fall off. What are there none to raise me? See, they grin. Am I not come unto the resurrection of the life? What! that horrid lid again. O, no, no. They stifle me again. They fasten me to sleep—to sleep—to sleep. THIS, THIS IS TO BE DEAD. P. S.

Notes of a Reader.

WILLS,

Abridged from Powell's Advice to Executors, (just published.)

Queen Consort.—An ancient perquisite belonging to the Queen Consort was, that on the taking of a *whale* on the coasts, it should be divided between the King and Queen; the head only becoming the King's property, and the tail the Queen's. The reason of this whimsical distinction, as assigned by our ancient records, was to furnish the Queen's wardrobe with whalebone.

A civil Death is where a husband has undergone transportation for life. In such case, his wife is legally entitled to make a will, and act in every other matter, as if she was unmarried, or as though her husband were dead.—*Roper's Husband and Wife.*

Pin Money.—It has been judicially determined, that a married woman having any *pin-money*, (by which is understood an annual income settled by the husband, before marriage, on his intended wife, or allowed by him to her after marriage, gratuitously, for her personal and private expenditure during the existence of the marriage,) or any separate maintenance, may, by will, bequeath her *savings* out of such allowance, without the license or consent of her husband.—*Clancy's Equitable Rights of Married Women.*

Compulsory Will.—So cautious is the Ecclesiastical Court in guarding against restraint of any kind, that in a case in which it was proved that a man, in his last sickness, was compelled to make his will to *procure quiet from the extreme importunity of his wife*, it was held to have been made under restraint, and was declared void.

Wills of Criminals.—The lands and tenements of *traitors*, from the commission of the offence, and their goods and chattels, from the time of their conviction, are forfeited to the king. They have therefore no property in either; and are not merely deprived of the privilege of making any kind of will after the period of their conviction, but any will *previously* made is rendered void by such conviction, both as respects real and personal estate. The law respecting *felons* is the same, unless it be worth recording that a remarkable exception exists in favour of Gavelkind lands, which, even though the ancestor be hanged, are not forfeited for felony.

Bachelors' Wills.—Without any express revocation, if a man who has made his will, afterwards *marries, and has a child or children*, his will, made while a bachelor, will be presumptively *revoked*, both as regards real and personal estate, and he will be pronounced to have died intestate. The law presumes that it must be the natural intention of every man to provide for his wife and offspring before all others, and, consequently, in such a case, apportions his property according to the Statute of Distributions. But the fact of a marriage alone, *without a child*, is no revocation; and though both facts conjoin to revoke the will, yet such revocation is only on the presumption that the testator *could not have intended* his will to remain good. If, on the other hand, from expressions used by him, and other proof, it be made to appear unquestionable that it was his intent that his will *should* continue in force, the marriage and birth of children will not revoke it.

Paraphernalia of a Widow.—These are defined to be "such goods as a wife is, after her husband's death, allowed to retain in preference to all creditors and legatees; as necessary wearing apparel, and jewels, if she be of quality; and whether so or not, all such ornaments of the person, as watches, rings, and trinkets, as *she used to wear* in her husband's life-time. Under the term 'wearing apparel' are included whatsoever articles were given to her by her husband for the purpose of being made up into clothes, although he may have died before they were made up." (*Clancy.*) It should be added, however, that the jewels of the wife are, after her husband's death, liable to the payment of his debts, should his personal estate be exhausted; though her necessary wearing apparel is protected against the claim of all creditors.

SUPERSTITION OF SAILORS.

THE following is from Messrs. Bennet and Tyerman's *Voyages and Travels*: "Our chief mate said, that on board a ship where he had served, the mate on duty ordered some of the youths to reef the main-top-sail. When the first got

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), he heard a strange voice saying, lt blows hard.' The lad waited for no ore; he was down in a trice, and tel- ig his adventure; a second immedi- ely ascended, laughing at the folly of s companion, but returned even more ickly declaring that he was quite sure at a voice, not of this world, had cried his ear, 'It blows hard.' Another went, d another, but each came back with e same tale. At length the mate, ving sent up the whole watch, run up e shrouds himself; and when he reach- the haunted spot, heard the dreadful rds distinctly uttered in his ears, 'It ws hard.' 'Ay, ay, old one; but w it ever so hard, we must ease the ings for all that,' replied the mate dauntedly; and looking round, he ed a fine parrot perched on one of clues—the thoughtless author of all false alarms, which had probably aped from some other vessel, but l not been discovered to have taken age on this. Another of our officers ntioned that, on one of his voyages, remembered a boy having been sent to clear a rope which had got foul ve the mizen-top. Presently, how- r, he came back, trembling, and al- st tumbling to the bottom, declaring t he had seen 'Old Davy,' aft the s-trees; moreover, that the Evil had a huge head and face, with ked ears, and eyes as bright as fire. o or three others were sent up in cession; to all of whom the appari- glared forth, and was identified by to be 'Old Davy, sure enough.' mate, in a rage, at length mounted self; when resolutely, as in the for- case, searching for the bugbear, oon ascertained the innocent cause o much terror to be a large horned so lodged as to be out of sight to e who ascended on the other side he vessel, but which when any one oached the cross-trees, popped up portentous visage to see what was ing. The mate brought him down iumph, and 'Old Davy,' the owl, me a very peaceable shipmate among crew, who were no longer scared is horns and eyes; for sailors turn backs on nothing when they know it is. Had the birds, in these two nces, departed as they came, of se they would have been deemed rnatural visitants to the respective , by all who had heard the one or the other." W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Hard Duty.—As a gentleman's coach- man washed his master's carriage dur- ing divine service on Sunday morning, he was heard to say that "he hoped his master and mistress prayed for him, as he had no time to pray for himself." He brought his lady home from the Opera at one in the morning; then went to fetch his master from the "Hell" in St. James's-street, and by the time he had littered and rubbed down his horses, and got to his own bed, it was four o'clock; he thought after that he could not do less than sleep till nine; by half- past-ten he had got his breakfast, and at twelve his carriage was ready; at one he took his dinner; at two he was ordered to be at the door to take his lady and the young ladies to the Park; at five he returned, and was ordered out at six, to carry the family to dinner; after setting them down, he was directed to come at half-past eleven; and by two o'clock on Monday morning, the poor man was once more in his bed.

Le Duc de Bourdeaux.—It was still dark when the order was given to notify the auspicious birth of the young Duc de Bourdeaux, in November, 1820, to the inhabitants of Paris. It was observed to the Duc de Richelieu, that it might perhaps be better to wait for the break of day, to fire the cannon; to which he replied, "For news so glorious, it is break of day at all times." S. H.

Scriptural Memoranda.—Verse 18, chap. xii. of the first Book of Macca- bees, will make an excellent motto for a seal. The 21st verse of the 7th chap. of Ezra, contains every letter of the alphabet. The 19th chap. of the 2nd Book of Kings, and the 37th of Isaiah, are alike, as are also the 31st chap. of the first Book of Samuel, and the 10th chap. of the 1st Chronicles. T. GILL.

"*Caviare to the Multitude,*" is as good a simile as Shakspeare ever made, for where is the artisan, but after hav- ing tasted it, began to spit and splutter as though he had been poisoned, while the aristocrat, the one in a thousand, licks his lips after it, as the greatest delicacy. This article is the roe of the sturgeon, salted down and pressed, and is imported into this country from Odessa. S. H.

Man-killing and Man-eating.—I really do not think the New Zealanders are half so barbarous as the Russians, whatever other folks may say of it, and I'll abide by what I've said too: it is true they

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sometimes indulge a little by eating a man for dinner, as a delicacy; but leaving eating out of the qustion, one Russian chief caused more bloodshed last year, than all the New Zealanders put together; and after all, it is an undoubted fact, that a couple of Russians will eat up a rein-deer at a meal! (that is, they will not give over till they have finished it,) so they do not want appetite; and if they were in New Zealand, and a man were to fall in their way, it is very likely that they would eat him.

S. H.

Generosity of Marshal Turenne. — The deputies of a great metropolis in Germany, once offered the great Turenne 100,000 crowns not to pass with his army through the city. "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot, in conscience, accept your money, as I had no intention to pass that way." T. GILL.

Spain. — It is remarkable that the Carthaginians having established colonies in Spain, drew their riches from that country, as the Spaniards themselves afterwards did from South America.

Breakfast. — It has been observed, such is our luxury, that the world must be encompassed to furnish a washerwoman with breakfast: with tea from China, and sugar from the West Indies.

Bamboo.—The largest and tallest sort of bamboo, known in India, is about half the height of the London Monument, or 100 feet.

Brick-building was practised largely in Italy in the beginning of the fourteenth century; and the brick buildings erected at this period in Tuscany, and other parts of the north of Italy, exhibit at the present day the finest specimens extant of brick-work!

Nothing Impossible. — Mirabeau's haste of temper was known, and he must be obeyed. "Monsieur Comte," said his secretary to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair, "never again use that *foolish word* in my presence."—*Dumont's Mirabeau.* (This brief anecdote should never be forgotten by the reader: it is more characteristic than hundreds of pages; it is, to all men, a lesson almost in a line.)

"*Nice to a Shaving.*" —When Louis VII. of France, to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitu and Guyenne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men: all which, probably, had never occurred, had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his head, and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of our Queen Eleanor. W. A.

American Wife.—The following advertisement for a wife appeared a few years since, in a New York paper:—"Wanted immediately, a young lady, of the following description, (as a wife,) with about 2,000 dollars as a patrimony, sweet temper, spend little, be a good housewife, and born in America; and as I am not more than twenty-five years of age, I hope it will not be difficult to find a good wife. N. B. I take my dwelling in South Second Street, No. 273. Any lady that answers the above description will please to leave her card." W. G. C.

The following is said to be an unpublished epigram of Lord Byron:—

An old phlegmatic Dutchman took
A pretty Jewish wife,
And what still more surprising is,
He lov'd her 'bove his life—
Oh! Holland and Jerusalem,
What, tell me, do you think of them?

A Queer Library. — The eccentric physician, Dr. Radcliffe, when pursuing his studies, was content with looking into the works of Dr. Willis. He was possessed of very few books, insomuch that when Dr. Bathurst, head of Trinity College, asked him once with surprise, where his study was? he pointed to a few vials, a skeleton, and a herbal, and said, "Sir, this is Radcliffe's Library." P. T. W.

How to detect a Thief.— A watch was stolen in the Pit of the Opera, in Paris; the loser complained in a loud voice, and said, "It is just nine; in a few minutes my watch will strike; the second is strong; and by that means we shall instantly ascertain where it is." The thief, terrified at this, endeavoured to escape, and by his agitation discovered himself. T. GILL.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 545.] SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1832. [PRICE 2d.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

OUR strolls to this scene of intellectual amusement, (or "the gardens with a long name," as Lord Mulgrave's new heroine naively calls them,) are neither few nor far between. The acquaintance is of some standing, since *The Mirror* was the first journal that contained any pictorial representation of these Gardens, or any connected notice of the animals.* At that time the Society had not published their "List," and our twopenny guide was common in the hands of visiters. We do not ask for the thanks of the Council in contributing to their annual receipts, now usually amounting to £10,000.: we were studying the interest of our readers, which uniformly brings its own reward. The first of the present Illustrations is the *Emu Enclosure*, in the old Garden. Several broods of *Emus* have been reared by the Society at their Farm at Kingston Hill; and some of the year's birds are usually exhibited here. Next is the *Pelican Enclosure*, containing a house of mimic rock-work, and a capacious tank of water, the favourite element of the Pelican. One pair in mature plumage, and a second pair, supposed to be the young of the same species, are exhibited. The third Cut is the *Aviary for small and middle-sized birds*, at the north-eastern corner of the Garden. Here are kept various British Birds, as the different species of Crows and Song Birds. The bamboo ornaments of the building are not, therefore, of the appropriate character that we so much admire elsewhere in the Gardens.

"HAPPY JERRY,"

Late of the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

* The *Literary Gazette* first published the Ground Plan of the Zoological Gardens, from a lithograph circulated among the members, towards the close of the year 1827. In seeking to do ourselves justice, we must not forget others. Our first Engraving, a *Bird's Eye View of the Gardens* from an original sketch, appeared in No. 330, of *The Mirror*, September 6, 1828.

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The individual with this felicitous *soubriquet*, was a specimen of the great Mandrill Baboon, in its adult state, the *Papio Maimon* of Geoffrey, and the *Cynocephalus Maimon* of Desmarest. It is a native of the Gold Coast and Guinea, in Africa, where whole troops of them often plunder the orchards and vineyards. Their colours are greyish brown, inclining to olive above; the cheeks are blue and furrowed, and the chin has a sharp-pointed orange beard; the nose grows red, especially towards the end, where it becomes of a bright scarlet. Such are, however, only the colours of the adult animal; the young differs materially, on which account it has been considered by naturalists as a distinct species.

Jerry is now a member of death's "antic court," but his necrology may be interesting to the reader. Mr. Cross describes him as "from on board a slave vessel that had been captured off the Gold Coast, in the year 1815," when he was supposed to be three years old. He was landed at Bristol, and was there purchased by the proprietor of a travelling menagerie, who kept him for some years, and taught him the various accomplishments he after excelled in, as sitting in a chair, smoking, drinking grog, &c.; probably he required but little tuition in the latter; since we find a fondness for fermented liquors numbered among his habits by the biographers of his species. In 1828, Jerry was purchased by Mr. Cross, and exhibited at the King's Mews, when he appeared in full vigour, and attracted a large number of daily visiters. He was fed daily from the table of his owner, and almost made a parlour guest; taking tea, toast, bread and butter, soup, boiled and roast meats, vegetables, pastry, &c., with as much *gout* as any member of a club in his vicinity. In 1829, his eccentricities reached the royal ear at Windsor, and George the Fourth, (whose partiality to *exotics*, animate or inanimate, was well known,) sent an "express command" that Jerry should attend at the Castle. The invitations of royalty are always undeclinable, and Jerry obeyed accordingly. The King was much amused with his visiter, and, says our informant, "his Majesty was delighted at seeing him eat the state dinner, consisting of venison, &c., which had been prepared for him."* Thus, Jerry was not in the parlous state described by Touchstone: he was not damned, like the poor shepherd: *he* had been to court. He had also learnt good and gallant manners. He recognised many of his frequent visiters, and if any female among them was laid hold of, in his presence, he would bristle with rage, strike the bars of his cage with tremendous force, and violently gnash his teeth at the ungallant offender.

In the autumn of 1831, Jerry's health began to decline, and he was accordingly removed from Charing Cross to the suburban salubrity of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. All was of no avail: though, as a biographer would say of a nobler animal, every remedy was tried to restore him to health. Life's fitful fever was well nigh over with him, and in the month of December last—he died. His body was opened and examined, when it appeared that his death was through old age; and, although he had been a free liver, and, as Mr. Cross facetely observes, "was not a member of a Temperance Society," his internal organization did not seem to have suffered in the way usually consequent upon hard drinking. Perhaps a few ascetic advocates of cant and care-wearing abstinence will think that we ought to conceal this exceptionable fact, lest Jerry's example should be more frequently followed. Justice demands otherwise; and as the biographers of old tell us that Alexander the Great died of hard-drinking, so ought we to record that Happy Jerry's life was not shortened by the imperial propensity: in this case, the monkey has beat the man: proverbially, the man beats the monkey. Jerry had, however, his share of ailment: he had been a martyr to that love-pain, the tooth-ache; several of his large molar teeth being entirely decayed. This circumstance accounted for the gloomy appearance he would sometimes put on, and his covering his head with his hands, and laying it in his chair. Poor fellow! we could have sympathized with him from our very hearts—we mean teeth. Jerry's remains have been carefully embalmed, (we hope in his favourite spirit,) and are now at the Surrey Gardens; where the arrival of a living congener is daily expected. Meanwhile, will nobody write the *hic jacet* of the deceased? or no publisher engage for his reminiscences? Mr. Cross would probably supply the skeleton—of the memoir—not of his poor dead Jerry. What tales could he have told of the slave-stricken people of the Gold Coast, what horrors of the slave-ship whence

* This reminds us of the attachment of the late Duke of Norfolk to his dogs. They were admitted to the apartment in which his Grace dined; and he often selected the fine cuts from joints at table and threw the pieces to the curs upon the polished oak floors of Arundel Castle.

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he was taken, what a fine graphic picture of his voyage, and his travels in England, *à la Prince Puckler Muskau*, not forgetting his visit to Windsor Castle.

Baboons may be rendered docile in confinement; though they almost always retain the disposition to revenge an injury. At the Cape, they are often caught when young, and brought up with milk; perhaps Jerry was so nurtured: and Kolben tells us, that they will become as watchful over their master's property as the most valuable house-dog is in Europe. Many of the Hottentots believe they can speak, but that they avoid doing so lest they should be enslaved, and compelled to work! What a libel upon human nature is conveyed in this trait of savage credulity. The bitterest reproofs of man's wickedness are not only to be found in the varnished lessons of civilization. Here is a touching piece of simplicity upon which James Montgomery might found a whole poem.

Baboons, in their native countries, are sometimes hunted with dogs, but their chase is often fatal to the assailants. Mr. Burchell tells us that several of his dogs were wounded by the bites of baboons, and two or three dogs were thus bitten asunder. A species of baboon common in Ceylon, often attains the height of man. It is very fearless; and Bishop Heber relates that an acquaintance of his having on one occasion shot a young baboon, the mother came boldly up and wrested the gun out of his hand without doing him any injury.

*** By way of pendent, we add the present state of THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, from the report just completed.

	£
Gross amount of the income of last year	*17,633
Being an increase over the preceding year of	1,857
Receipts of four months of the past year	3,330
Receipts of corresponding months of the present year	3,755

Receipts of the Society since its formation

In 1827	£ 4,079
1828	11,515
1829	13,991
1830	15,806
1831	*17,662
Total since its formation	£63,053

* These items, which are not quite correct, are from the *Morning Chronicle* report.

Visiters to the Gardens.

	£
In 1830—224,745 paying	9,773
1831—258,936	11,425

Visiters to the Museum.

	£
In 1831—11,636 paying	333
Number of Fellows	2,074

The Society have obtained a grant of nine acres and a half of land, in the Regent's Park, contiguous to their gardens; and they intend to devote 1,000*l.* annually to the improvement of the Museum.

THE CURFEW BELL.

(To the Editor.)

OBSERVING in your No. 543, some remarks relating to the ancient custom of ringing the Curfew Bell, and that *Reginald*, your correspondent, had withheld the name of the village where he heard the Curfew rang, I am led to suppose that it may not be uninteresting to your readers to be informed, that at Saint Helen's Church, Abingdon, this custom is still continued; the bell is rung at eight o'clock every night, and four o'clock every morning, during the winter months; why it is rung in the morning I do not know; perhaps some of your readers can inform me. There are eight bells in Saint Helen's tower, but the fifth or sixth is generally used as the Curfew, to distinguish it from the death-bell, for which purpose the tenor is used, and is rung at the same time at night if a death has happened in the course of the day, and for that night supersedes the necessity of ringing the Curfew. The Curfew Bell is rung, and not tolled, as *Reginald* states: therefore, what he heard, I suppose to have been the death bell. M. D.

(From another Correspondent.)

THE custom of tolling the Curfew is still retained in the town of Sandwich, to which place your correspondent, *Reginald*, no doubt alludes, as the sea-shore is distant about two miles; hence is distinctly visible the red glare of the Lighthouse on Ramsgate Pier, as also the North Foreland. G. C.

COIN OF EDWARD III.

(For the Mirror.)

A BEAUTIFUL gold coin, a noble of the reign of Edward III., was discovered, some time since, by the workmen employed in excavating the river Witham, in the city of Lincoln. The coin is in excellent preservation. The impress

represents the half-length figure of Edward in a ship, holding a sword in the right hand, and in the left a sceptre and shield, with the inscription "EDWARDUS DEI GRA. REX ANGL., DYS. HYB. ET AGT." On the shield are the arms of England and France quarterly. On the reverse, a cross fleury with lionaux, inscribed, "JESVS AUTEM TRANSIENS PER MEDIUM ILLORUM IBAT." These coins are very scarce, and remarkable as being the first impressed with the figure of a ship; this is said to have been done to commemorate the victory obtained by Edward over the French fleet off Sluys, on Midsummer-day, 1340, and which is supposed to have suggested to Edward the idea of claiming superiority over every other maritime power—a dominion which his successors have now maintained for nearly five hundred years.

W. G. C.

PENDERELL JEWEL.

(For the Mirror.)

AN ancient medal, or coin, ornamented with jewels, was purchased, a few years since, of one of the descendants of Penderell, to whom it was presented by Charles II., as a valuable token of his gratitude for certain protection afforded by him to that prince, when endeavouring to effect his escape in disguise from England, in the year 1648. It consists of a gold coin of Ferdinand II., dated 1638, surrounded by a row of sixteen brilliants, enchased in silver, enriched with blue enamel, and bearing the motto, "*Usque ad uris fidelis.*" The reverse is also enameled, and the jewel is intended to be worn as an ornament to the person.

W. G. C.

PECUNIARY COMPENSATION FOR PERSONAL INJURIES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE present laws which enable a person to obtain pecuniary compensation for personal injuries, appear to be founded on very ancient precedent. Mr. Sharon Turner, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, gives a statement of the sums at which our ancestors valued the various parts of their earthly tenements. He says "Homer is celebrated for discriminating the wounds of his heroes with anatomical precision. The Saxon legislators were not less anxious to distinguish between the different wounds to which the body is liable, and which from their laws, we infer that they frequently suffered. In their most ancient laws these were the punishments:

"The loss of an eye or of a leg, appears to have been considered as the most aggravated injury that could arise from an assault, and was therefore punished by the highest fine, or fifty shillings.

"To be made lame, was the next most considerable offence, and the compensation for it was thirty shillings.

"For a wound which caused deafness, twenty-five shillings.

"To lame the shoulder, divide the chine bone, cut off the thumb, pierce the diaphragm, or to tear off the hair and fracture the skull, was each punished by a fine of twenty shillings.

"For cutting off the little finger, eleven shillings.

"For cutting off the great toe, or for tearing off the hair entirely, ten shillings.

"For piercing the nose, nine shillings.

"For cutting off the fore finger, eight shillings.

"For cutting off the gold-finger, for every wound in the thigh, for wounding the ear, for piercing both cheeks, for cutting either nostril, for each of the front teeth, for breaking the jaw bone, for breaking an arm, six shillings.

"For seizing the hair so as to hurt the bone, for the loss of either of the eye teeth, or the middle finger, four shillings.

"For pulling the hair so that the bone become visible, for piercing the ear or one cheek, for cutting off the thumb nail, for the first double tooth, for wounding the nose with the fist, for wounding the elbow, for breaking a rib, or for wounding the vertebræ, three shillings.

"For every nail (probably of the fingers) and for every tooth beyond the first double tooth, one shilling.

"For seizing the hair, fifty scœttas.

"For the nail of the great toe, thirty scœttas.

"For every other nail, ten scœttas."

W. A. R.

The Cosmopolite.

THE POETRY OF ANCIENT DAYS.

(For the Mirror.)

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie,
He pulled out a plum with his finger and thumb,
And said what a good boy am I.

OF all the poems that delight our infancy, there is no one perhaps which makes a more lasting impression on the memory and the imagination, than the preceding. The name of its author is lost in the shades of remote antiquity;

and even the century when it first made its appearance, has eluded the vigilance of antiquarian research. Before entering upon its poetical merits, we must observe a striking peculiarity in the diction: there is not a single word in it, but that is of Anglo-Saxon origin, so that it may be considered as an admirable specimen of pure English, and as calculated to inspire the infant mind with a distaste for the numerous exotic terms, which, in the present age, disfigure our language. It has been well remarked in the review of that ancient poem, Jack and Jill, that the reader's interest in the hero and heroine is not divided with subordinate characters. But the poem of Jack Horner possesses this excellence in a more eminent degree; in the former the interest is divided between two, in the latter it is concentrated in one; and, notwithstanding the ingenuity of the reviewer, it must be confessed that so little is indicated by the poet, as to the character of Jack and Jill, that we feel no more interest in their fate, tragical as it is, than if they were designated by the letters X and Y of algebraical notoriety; or by the names of those personages, who figure in legal fictions, John Doe and Richard Roe.

Not so with Jack Horner: the very incident recorded in the first line lets us into his character; he is evidently a lover of solitude and of solitary contemplation. He is not, however, a gloomy ascetic; he takes into his corner a Christmas pie, and, while he leisurely gratifies his palate, his mind feasts on the higher luxury of an approving conscience. It has been said that the man who loves solitude must be either an angel or a demon. Horner had more of the former in his composition; he retired from the busy haunts of his playmates not to meditate mischief, but to feast upon the pie, which had probably been given him as a reward for his good conduct, and indulge in the delightful thoughts to which the consciousness of deserving it gave rise. But here it may be objected, why instead of eating his pie in a corner, did he not share it with his companions? The remark is pertinent, but the circumstance only evinces the admirable management of the poet; to represent his hero without a defect would be to outrage nature, and to render imitation hopeless. Horner, it must be admitted, with all his excellence, was too fond of good eating; it is in vain to deny it; his deliberately pulling out a plum with his finger and thumb, shows the epicure, not excited by the voracity of hunger, but evidently aiming to protract his enjoyment. The exclamation which follows savours of vanity; but when his youth is recollected, this will be deemed a venial error, and it must also be considered that his few faults were probably compensated by a constellation of excellencies. This poem has been imitated, (I will not say successfully, for its beautiful simplicity is in fact inimitable,) by one of the greatest statesmen and classical scholars of the present century, Mr. Canning; and it is melancholy to reflect that, while a monument is erecting to the memory of the latter and his name lives in the mouths of men, all traces of that original poet, whose inspirations he sought to imitate, are entirely lost. The lines of Mr. Canning are to be found in his "Loves of the Triangles:"

Thus youthful Horner rolled the roguish eye.
Culled the dark plum from out the Christmas pie,
And cried in self applause, how good a boy am I.

P. Q.

Anecdote Gallery.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

Previously to the King's arrival in this country, a proclamation had been issued, offering, in case the Pretender should land in any part of the British isles, the sum of 100,000*l.* for his apprehension. At the first masquerade which the King attended in this country, an unknown lady, in a domino, invited him to drink a glass of wine at one of the side-tables; he readily assented, and the lady filling a bumper, said, "Here, mask, the Pretender's health!"—Then filling another glass, she presented it to the King, who received it with a smile, saying, "I drink, with all my heart, to the health of every unfortunate prince."

The person of the King, says Walpole, is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday: it was that of an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tie wig, a plain coat, waistcoat and breeches, of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue riband over all.

He often dined, after shooting, at Sir Robert Walpole's house on Richmond Hill; where he indulged his partiality for punch to such an extent, that the Duchess of Kendal enjoined the Germans who usually accompanied him, to restrain him from drinking too much: but they went about their task with so little address, that the King took offence, and silenced them by the coarsest epithets in their mother tongue.

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He appears to have entertained a very low opinion of the political integrity of his courtiers, and the honesty of his household. He laughed at the complaints made by Sir Robert Walpole against the Hanoverians, for selling places; and would not believe that the custom was not sanctioned by his English advisers and attendants. Soon after his first arrival in this country, a favourite cook, whom he had brought from Hanover grew melancholy, and wanted to return home. The King having inquired why he wanted to quit his household, the fellow replied, "I have long served your Majesty honestly, not suffering any thing to be embezzled in your kitchen; but here, the dishes no sooner come from your table, than one steals a fowl, another a pig, a third a joint of meat, a fourth a pie, and so on, till the whole is gone; and I cannot bear to see your Majesty so injured!" The King, laughing heartily, said, "My revenues here enable me to bear these things; and, to reconcile you to your place, do you steal like the rest, and mind you take enough!" The cook followed this advice, and soon became a very expert thief.

Toland says, in a pamphlet published about the year 1705, I need give no more particular proof of the King's frugality in laying out the public money, than that all the expenses of his court, as to eating, drinking, fire, candles, and the like, are duly paid every Saturday night; the officers of his army receive their pay every month, and all the civil list are cleared every half year. He was greatly annoyed by the want of confidence in his economy, displayed by his British subjects; lamenting to his private friends that he had left his electorate to become a begging King; and adding, that he thought it very hard to be constantly opposed in his application for supplies, which it was his intention to employ for the benefit of the nation.

The account of the death of George the First was first brought to Walpole, in a dispatch from Townshend, who had accompanied that monarch to the continent. The minister instantly repaired to the palace at Richmond. The new King had then retired to take his usual afternoon nap. On being informed that his father was dead, he could scarcely be brought to put faith in the intelligence, until told that the minister was waiting in the ante-chamber with Lord Townshend's despatch. At length, he received Walpole, who, kneeling, kissed his hand, and inquired whom he would please to appoint to draw up the address to the Privy Council. "Sir Spencer Compton," replied the King, an answer which signified Sir Robert's dismissal.

DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

When very near her end, she inquired of one of the physicians in attendance, "How long can this last?" "Your Majesty will soon be eased of your pains," was the reply. "The sooner the better," said the Queen: and she then most fervently engaged in extempore prayer. Shortly afterwards, she twice desired that cold water might be thrown over her, to support her strength, while her family put up a final petition in her behalf. "Pray aloud," said she, "that I may hear you." She then faintly joined them in repeating the Lord's prayer; and, at its conclusion, calmly laid down, waved her hand, and expired.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

At one period, while the Duke of Newcastle was in power, in the reign of George II. many serious complaints were made relative to the settlement of public accounts. The King, at length, became acquainted with the alleged grievances, and warmly remonstrated with the Duke on his carelessness and inattention; protested that he was determined, at once for his own satisfaction and that of his aggrieved people, to look into the papers himself. "Is your Majesty in earnest?" asked the Duke. The King replied in the affirmative, and the Duke promised to send him the accounts. At an early hour on the following morning, the King was disturbed by an extraordinary noise in the courtyard of his palace, and, looking out of the window, he perceived a cart or a wagon laden with books and papers, which, on inquiry he found had been sent by the Duke of Newcastle. Shortly afterwards the minister himself appeared, and the King asked him what he meant by sending a wagon-load of stationery to the palace. "These are the documents relative to the public accounts," replied his grace, "which your Majesty insisted on examining; and there is no other mode of forwarding them except by carts or wagons. I expect a second load will arrive in a few minutes." "Then, my Lord Duke," replied the King, "you may make a bonfire of them for me. I would rather be a galley-slave than go through the rubbish; so away with it, and countermand the cart which you say is coming; but pray let me hear no more complaints on this subject."

On another occasion, he sent, in a fury, for the duke's brother, Mr. Pelham, and inquired, in a coarse and angry

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manner, why the civil list had not been paid. Pelham replied that he had been compelled to use the money for some public and more important purpose. The King, however, would not admit of this excuse; and swore, if the arrears were not instantly paid, he would get another minister. "I am determined," said he, "not to be the only master in my dominions who does not pay his servants' wages." One day, it appears that he was actually without a shilling in his pocket; for it is related that a half idiot labourer while the King was inspecting the progress of some repairs at Kensington, having asked his Majesty for something to drink, the King, although offended, was yet ashamed to refuse the fellow, and put his hand into the usual receptacle of his cash; but, to his surprise and confusion, found it empty. "I have no money," said he, angrily. "Nor I either," quoth the labourer; "and for my part, I can't think what has become of it all.

Few men were more deeply impressed with the value of money, although he occasionally startled those about him, by being unexpectedly liberal, as in the cases of his donation to the university of Cambridge, and his submitting to the extortion of the Dutch innkeeper. One evening while passing by a closet in which wood was kept for the use of the bed-chamber, he dropped some guineas, one of which having rolled under the door, he said to the page in waiting, "We must get out this guinea: let us remove the fuel." In a short time, with the attendant's aid, he found the guinea, which, however, he gave to his fellow-labourer, as a reward for the exertions of the latter, in helping him to take the wood out of the closet, observing, "I do not like any thing to be lost, but I wish every man to receive the value of his work."

Of the hastiness of George the Second's temper, several examples have been given: but it was never, perhaps, more ludicrously displayed than in his first interview with Dr. Ward. The King having been afflicted for some time with a violent pain in his thumb, for which his regular medical attendants could afford him no relief, he sought the assistance of Ward, whose famous pills and drops were then in great estimation. The doctor, being aware of the King's complaint, went to the palace, at the time commanded, with, it is said, a specific concealed in the hollow of his hand. On being admitted to his Majesty's presence, he, of course, proceeded to examine the royal thumb; which he suddenly wrenched with such violence, that the King called him a cursed rascal, and condescended to kick his shins. He soon found, however, that the doctor, had as it were, magically relieved his thumb from pain: and so grateful did he feel to Ward, whom he now termed his Esculapius, that he prevailed on him to accept a handsome carriage and horses, and shortly afterwards, presented his nephew, who subsequently became a general, with an ensigncy in the guards.—*From the Georgian Era.*

Notes of a Reader.

THE HUNCHBACK.

A Play, by James Sheridan Knowles.

It would be rather *mal-apropos* to write the Beauties of the Hunchback, but such a term is elliptically applicable to the following passages from Mr. Knowles's clever and original play:—

INSIGNIFICANT ENEMIES.

Is't fit you waste your choler on a burr?
The nothings of the town; whose sport it is
To break their villain jests on worthy men,
The graver still the fitter! Fie, for shame!
Regard what such would say? So would not I,
No more than heed a cur.

HONOURABLE SUCCESS.

What merit to be dropp'd on fortune's hill?
The honour is to mount it.
* * * Knowledge, industry,
Frugality, and honesty—the sinews
The surest help the climber to the top,
And keep him there.

WISE PRECEPT.

Better owe
A yard of land to labour, than to chance
Be debtor for a rood!

THE TOWN.

Nine times in ten the town's a hollow thing,
Where what things are is naught to what they show;
Where merit's name laughs merit's self to scorn!
Where friendship and esteem that ought to be
The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks
And tongues alone. Where little virtue, with
A costly keeper, passes for a heap;
A heap for none, that has a homely one!
Where fashion makes the law—your umpire which
You bow to, whether it has brains or not.
Where Folly taketh off his cap and bells,
To clap on Wisdom, which must bear the jest!
Where, to pass current you must seem the thing,
The passive thing, that others think, and not
Your simple, honest, independent self!

LOVE.

Say but a moment, still I say I love you.
Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth;
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun—
For rain;—matures by parts,—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!
You look for it, and see it not; and lo!

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E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in the birth!
* * * * *
In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.
Complexion, stature, nature, matcth it,
Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.
Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie;
The form of Hercules affects the sylph's.
And breasts that case the lion's fear-proof heart,
Find their lov'd lodge in arms where tremors dwell!
Haply for this, on Afric's swarthy neck,
Hath Europe's priceless pearl been seen to hang,
That makes the orient poor! So with degrees.
Rank passes by the circlet-graced brow,
Upon the forehead bare of noticlessness,
To print the nuptial kiss!

COUNTRY LIFE.

The life I'd lead!
But fools would fly from it; for O! 'tis sweet!
It finds the heart out, be there one to find;
And corners in't where store of pleasures lodge,
We never dream'd were there! It is to dwell
'Mid smiles that are not neighbours to deceit;
Music whose melody is of the heart
And gifts that are not made for interest,—
Abundantly bestow'd, by nature's cheek,
And voice, and hand! It is to live on life,
And husband it! It is to constant scan
The handiwork of heaven! It is to con
Its mercy, bounty, wisdom, power! It is
To nearer see our God!

JEALOUSY.

A dreadful question is it, when we love,
To ask if love's return'd! I did believe
Fair Julia's heart was mine—I doubt it now.
But once last night she danced with me, her hand
To this gallant and that engaged, as soon
As asked for! Maid that loved would scarce do this!
Nor visit we together as we used,
When first she came to town. She loves me less
Than once she did—or loves me not at all.
Misfortune liketh company: it seldom
Visits its friends alone.

A MAIDEN HEART.

A young woman's heart,
Is not a stone to carve a posey on!
Which knows not what is writ on't—which you may buy,
Exchange or sell,—keep or give away,
It is a richer—yet a poorer thing!
Priceless to him that owns and prizes it;
Worthless when own'd, not priz'd; which makes the man
That covets it, obtains it, and discards it,—
A fool, if not a villain.

A CURATE'S SON.

Better be a yeoman's son!
Was it the rector's son, he might be known,
Because the rector is a rising man,
And may become a bishop. He goes light.
The curate ever hath a loaded back.
He may be called the yeoman of the church
That sweating does his work, and drudges on
While lives the hopeful rector at his ease.

CHARACTER OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

In the third and concluding volume of the *Life and Reign of George IV.*, (a portion of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Library*,) we find the following summary of the earthly career of the late King—shaded with some admixture of severity, but, altogether, to be commended for the manliness and unflinching spirit in which it is written. Our contemporary biography sadly lacks vigorous and plain-speaking summaries of character.

"In the events and achievements which give interest and lustre to his regency and reign, George IV. had personally no share. He was but contemporary with them. To the progress of science, of literature, of legislation, he was a stranger. The jealous limitations of the regal power,—the independence, enterprise, and social advancement of the nation, would account and afford excuse for this: but were he absolute as Louis XIV.,—obeyed and imitated with the same implicit servility,—the higher purposes of intellectual being were beyond his range. With the fine arts his relations were more close and personal. The progress of architecture was sudden and astonishing, during the epoch which will bear his name. London, before his accession to the executive power, was a rich, populous, elegantly built capital, but without a due proportion of prominent structures characterized by architectural grandeur, beauty, or curiosity. In a few years magnificent lines and masses of building were begun and completed; but they were mainly the growth of wealth, vanity, speculation, and peace. Where his influence was directly felt it proved unfortunate. He lavished millions in creating vicious models, and fantastic styles of architecture, and brought into fashion artists without capacity or taste. There was not in his kingdom a more discerning judge of painting; but he had no imagination for the higher class of art. He preferred the exquisite and humorous realities of the Dutch painters to the poetic or historic schools of Italy; and, though a studious collector, he gave no great impulse to native talent. In music he had both taste and skill: he encouraged an art which formed one of his enjoyments; and if his patronage has brought forth no composer of the first order, the cause may exist in some circumstances of national inaptitude.

It is necessary to go back some centuries for an English king to whom he bears the nearest likeness in *ensemble* of character. The parallel at first sight may be thought injurious, but the likeness will upon consideration be found striking and complete. George IV. had in his youth the éclat of personal endowment, education, and accomplishment,—of success in the fashionable exercises and graces of his age,—and of that reckless prodigality which obtains popular homage and applause in a prince.

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Henry VIII. in his youth was one of the most brilliant personages of Europe. A fine person,—the accomplishments of his time in literature and the arts,—the display of gorgeous prodigality,—raised him to a sort of chivalrous rivalry with Francis I. In mental culture he excelled George IV., who owes much of his reputation for capacity and acquirement to an imposing manner, and the eagerness to applaud a prince: stripped of this charm, his ideas and language appeared worse than common when he put them on paper. Both had the same dominant ambition to be distinguished and imitated, as the arbiters of fashion in dress for the costliness, splendour, or novelty of their toilet. Henry VIII. and George IV. surrounded themselves with the men most distinguished for wit and talent, with a remarkable coincidence of motive, as ministering to their vanity or pleasures; but as soon as they became troublesome or useless, both cast them off with the same careless indifference. Henry VIII., it is true, sacrificed to his own caprices, or to court intrigue, the lives of those whom he had chosen for his social familiarity; —whilst George IV. merely turned off his so called friends, and thought of them no more. But such is the difference between barbarism and tyranny on the one side, and civilization and freedom on the other: that which was death in the former, is but court disgrace in the latter. George IV. was not cruel —he had even a certain susceptibility; the spectacle of human suffering revolted him: but suffering to affect him must have been present to his sense. Was Henry VIII. gratuitously cruel? That does not appear. He took no pleasure for itself in shedding blood, and avoided being a witness of it. Had he been obliged to look on whilst Anne Boleyn and Sir Thomas More were bleeding, he probably would have spared them. He sacrificed them to his impulses from mere selfish indifference. With their wives and mistresses Henry VIII. and George IV. were governed by the same self-indulgent despotism—the same animal disgusts. Henry VIII. had six wives, and sent one to the scaffold as the prelude to his marriage with another. George IV. had only one wife, but she suffered the persecutions of six; and if she escaped decapitation or divorce, it was from no failure of inclination or instruments. Henry VIII. was the tyrant of his people, and George IV. was not: yet is there even here a similitude. Both surrendered their understandings to their ministers, upon the condition of subserviency to their personal desires. What George would have been in the age of Henry it might be ungracious to suppose; but it may be asserted that Henry, had he been reserved for the close of the eighteenth century, would have a very different place in opinion and history as a king and as a man,—such are the beneficent, humanizing influences of knowledge, civilization, the spirit of religious tolerance, and laws mutually guarding and guarded by public liberty!

AN ECLIPSE AT BOOSSA.

(*From Landers' Travels*, vol. ii.)

"About ten o'clock at night, when we were sleeping on our mats, we were suddenly awoke by a great cry of distress from innumerable voices, attended by a horrid clashing and clattering noise, which the hour of the night tended to make more terrific. Before we had time to recover from our surprise, old Pascoe rushed breathless into our hut, and informed us with a trembling voice that 'the sun was dragging the moon across the heavens.' Wondering what could be the meaning of so strange and ridiculous a story, we ran out of the hut half dressed, and we discovered that the moon was totally eclipsed. A number of people were gathered together in our yard, in dreadful apprehension that the world was at an end, and that this was but the 'beginning of sorrows.' We learnt from them that the Mahomedan priests residing in the city, having personified the sun and moon, had told the king and the people that the eclipse was occasioned through the obstinacy and disobedience of the latter luminary. They said that for a long time previously the moon had been displeased with the path she had been compelled to take through the heavens, because it was filled with thorns and briers, and obstructed with a thousand other difficulties; and therefore that, having watched for a favourable opportunity, she had this evening deserted her usual track, and entered into that of the sun. She had not, however, travelled far up the sky, on the forbidden road, before the circumstance was discovered by the sun, who immediately hastened to her in his anger, and punished her dereliction by clothing her in darkness, forcing her back to her own territories, and forbidding her to shed her light upon the earth. This story, whimsical as it may seem, was received with implicit confidence in its truth by the king and queen

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and most of the people of Boossà; and the cause of the noises which we had heard, and which were still continuing with renewed vehemence, was explained to us by the fact that they were all 'assembled together in the hope of being able to frighten away the sun to his proper sphere, and leave the moon to enlighten the world as at other times.' This is much after the manner of many savage nations.

"While our informant was yet speaking to us, a messenger arrived at our yard from the king, to tell us the above tale, and with an invitation to come to see him immediately. Therefore, slipping on the remainder of our clothes, we followed the man to the residence of his sovereign, from outside of which the cries proceeded, and here we found the king and his timid partner sitting on the ground. Their usual good spirits and cheerful behaviour had forsaken them entirely; both appeared overwhelmed with apprehension, and trembled at every joint. Like all their subjects, in the hurry of fear and the suddenness of the alarm, they had come out of their dwellings half dressed, the head and legs, and the upper part of their persons, being entirely exposed. We soon succeeded in quelling their fears, or at least in diminishing their apprehension. The king then observed, that neither himself nor the oldest of his subjects recollected seeing but one eclipse of the moon besides the one he was gazing at; that it had occurred exactly when the Falátahs began to be formidable in the country, and that it had forewarned them of all the wars, disasters, and calamities, which subsequently took place.

"We had seated ourselves opposite to the king and queen, and within two or three feet of them, where we could readily observe the moon and the people without inconvenience, and carry on the conversation at the same time. If the royal couple shuddered with terror on beholding the darkened moon, we were scarcely less affected by the savage gestures of those within a few yards of us and by their repeated cries, so wild, so loud, and so piercing, that an indescribable sensation of horror stole over us, and rendered us almost as nervous as those whom we had come to comfort. The earlier part of the evening had been mild, serene, and remarkably pleasant; the moon had arisen with uncommon lustre, and being at the full, her appearance was extremely delightful. It was the conclusion of the holidays, and many of the people were enjoying the delicious coolness of a serene night, and resting from the laborious exertions of the day; but when the moon became gradually obscured, fear overcame every one. As the eclipse increased, they became more terrified. All ran in great distress to inform their sovereign of the circumstance, for there was not a single cloud to cause so deep a shadow, and they could not comprehend the nature or meaning of an eclipse. The king was as easily frightened as his people, being equally simple and ignorant; he would not therefore suffer them to depart. Numbers sometimes beget courage and confidence, he thought; so he commanded them to remain near his person, and to do all in their power to restore the lost glory of the moon.

"In front of the king's house, and almost close to it, are a few magnificent cotton-trees, round which the soil had been freed from grass, &c., for the celebration of the games. On this spot were the terrified people assembled, with every instrument capable of making a noise which could be procured in the whole town. They had formed themselves into a large treble circle, and continued running round with amazing velocity, crying, shouting, and groaning with all their might. They tossed and flung their heads about, twisted their bodies into all manner of contortions, jumped into the air, stamped with their feet on the ground, and flourished their hands above their heads. No scene in the romance of Robinson Crusoe was so wild and savage as this; and a large wood fire, with a few men spitted and roasting before it, was alone wanting to render it complete! Little boys and girls were outside the ring, running to and fro, clashing empty calabashes against each other, and crying bitterly; groups of men were blowing on trumpets, which produced a harsh and discordant sound; some were employed in beating old drums; others again were blowing on bullock's horns; and in the short intervals between the rapid succession of all these fiend-like noises, was heard one more dismal than the rest, proceeding from an iron tube, accompanied by the clinking of chains. Indeed, everything that *could* increase the uproar was put in requisition on this memorable occasion; nor did it cease till midnight, when the eclipse had passed away. Never have we witnessed so extraordinary a scene as this. The diminished light, when the eclipse was complete, was just sufficient to enable us to distinguish the various groups of people, and contributed in no small degree to render the scene still more

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imposing. If an European, a stranger to Africa, were to be placed on a sudden in the midst of the terror-struck people, he would imagine himself to be among a legion of demons, holding a revel over a fallen spirit; so peculiarly unearthly wild, and horrifying was the appearance of the dancing group, and the clamour which they made. It was perhaps fortunate for us that we had an almanac with us, which foretold the eclipse; for although we neglected to inform the king of this circumstance, we were yet enabled to tell him and his people the exact time of its disappearance. This succeeded in some measure in suppressing their fears, for they would believe anything we might tell them; and perhaps, also, it has procured for us a lasting reputation 'and a name.' 'Oh,' said the king, 'there will be sorrow and crying this night from Wowow to Yàoorie. The people will have no one to comfort or condole with them; they will fancy this eclipse to be the harbinger of something very dreadful; and they will be in distress and trouble till the moon shall have regained her brightness.' It was nearly one o'clock when we left the king and queen, to return to our hut; everything was then calm and silent, and we lay down to rest in peace."

Spirit of Discovery.

POTTERY.

APPENDED to the volume of the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*, just published, are selections from a series of Illustrations on Pottery and Porcelain, which were read before the Society by their ingenious secretary, Mr. Arthur Aikin. We quote a few.

Raphael China.

"Raffaello himself is said in his youth to have painted, or at least to have given designs for painting, in enamel on glazed earthenware. Such works are commonly known by the name of Raphael china, two interesting specimens of which, from the collection of R. H. Solly, Esq., are now before you. From some casual flaws in the back of these plates, it may be seen that the body of them is red earthenware in one, and grayish brown in the other, and of rather a coarse quality. Mr. Windus also has sent a plate, doubtless of Italian manufacture, bearing the date of 1533, thirteen years after the death of Raffaello. He has also sent a singular specimen of a somewhat similar ware, but with the figures in high relief, and far inferior to the former as a work of art.

"Mr. Brockedon informs me that, in his journey among the alps last year, he saw some beautiful specimens of Raphael china, in the possession of the hostess of an inn at the village of Rauris, in Carinthia. They consisted of three dishes; the subjects painted on them are, Pan and Apollo, Jupiter and Semele, and on the largest, Apollo surrounded by wreaths of nymphs and satyrs, and on the rim are entwined Cupids: this latter dish is about twenty inches in diameter, and bears an inscription, in Italian, purporting that it was made at Rome, in 1542, in the manufactory of Guido di Merlingho Vassaro, a native of Urbino. The date is twenty-two years after the death of Raphael; but, as the manufacturer was a fellow-townsman of that celebrated artist, the inscription, taken in connexion with the anecdote of Vasari already mentioned, is interesting, as throwing light on the association of the name of Raffaello with this species of ware."

Delft or Dutch.

"It is probably from Italy that Holland received this art. The Venetians, the Genoese, and the Florentines, had very extensive commercial dealings with the merchants of Antwerp and of other towns in the Low Countries; it is therefore extremely likely that the potters of Holland, to whom is due the first fabrication of clay tobacco-pipes of excellent quality, derived their knowledge of glazed ware from this source. The town of Delft was the centre of these potteries, in which were fabricated the tiles known in England by the name of Dutch; and the delft were employed for table services, and for other domestic purposes. Considered merely with regard to its material, the Dutch potters seem to have improved on their Italian original, being probably instigated by a comparison with the blue and white patterns of Nankin, which was now largely imported by the Dutch from China and Japan, and which is a coarse, yellowish, porcelain body, covered by an opaque white glaze. In the ornamental part, however, the Dutch fell immeasurably short of the potters of Florence; blue seems to have been the only colour employed by them; and their favourite patterns appear to have been either copies of the Chinese, or European and Scripture subjects treated in a truly Chinese manner and taste.

"It is about two hundred years ago since some Dutch potters came and

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established themselves in Lambeth, and by degrees a little colony was fixed in that village, possessed of about twenty manufactories, in which was made the glazed pottery and tiles consumed in London and in various other parts of the kingdom. Here they continued in a flourishing state, giving employment to many hands in the various departments of their art, till about fifty or sixty years ago; when the potters of Staffordshire, by their commercial activity, and by the great improvements introduced by them in the quality of their ware, in a short time so completely beat out of the market the Lambeth delft manufacturers, that this ware is now made only by a single house, and forms the smallest part even of their business.

"The articles of delft ware, for which there still continues to be an effective demand, are plain white tiles for dairies and for lining baths, pomatum pots, and a few jugs, and other similar articles of a pale blue colour."

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

NON-PROPOSALS, OR DOUBTS RESOLVED.

I WONDER when 'twill be our turn
A wedding here to keep!
Sure Thomson's "*fame*" might quicker burn,
His "*love*" seems gone to sleep!
I wonder why he hums and haws
With 'kerchief at his nose:
And then makes one expecting pause,——
Yet still he don't propose.

I wonder whether Bell or Bess,
It is he most admires,
Even Mistress Match'em cannot guess—
It really patience tires.
He hung, last night, o'er Bella's chair,
And things seem'd at a close—
To-day 'twas Bess was all his care,
But yet he don't propose.

He's gone to concert, play, and ball,
So often with them now,
That it must seem to one and all
As binding as a vow.
He certainly *does* mean to take
One of the girls, and close
The life he leads—the flirting rake—
But yet he don't propose.

I often wonder what he thinks
We ask him here to do—
Coolly he Cockburn's claret drinks,
And wins from me at Loo.
For twenty months he's dangled on,
The foremost of their beaux,
While half-a-dozen else have gone,—
And still he don't propose.

No matter—'tis a comfort, though,
To know he will take *one*,
And even tho' Bess and Bella go,
He still may fix on Fan.
I'll have him in the family,
That's sure——But, why, you look"—
"Oh, madam, Mr. Thomson's just
Got married to his cook ——"

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

PERHAPS no writer has ever enjoyed in his lifetime so extensive a popularity as the Author of Waverley. His reputation may be truly said to be not only British, but European—and even this is too limited a term. He has had the advantage of writing in a language used in different hemispheres by highly civilized communities, and widely diffused over the surface of the globe; and he has written at a period when communication was facilitated by peace; while to the wonder of his own countrymen, he has to an unexampled degree established an ascendency over the tastes of foreign nations. His works have been sought by foreigners with an avidity equalling, nay, almost exceeding, that with which they have been received among us. The conflicting literary tastes of France and Germany, which twenty years ago seemed diametrically opposed, and hopelessly irreconcilable, have at length united in admiration of him. In France he has effected a revolution in taste, and given victory to the "Romantic School." He has had not only readers, but imitators. Among Frenchmen, the author of "Cinq Mars" may be cited as a tolerably successful one. Italy, in which what *we* call "Novels" were previously unknown, has been roused from its torpor, and has found a worthy imitator of British talent in the author of the "Promessi Sposi." Of the Waverley Novels, six editions have been published in Paris. Many of them have been translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages. To be read both on the banks of the Ganges and the Ohio; and to be found, as is mentioned by Dr. Walsh, where perhaps no other English book had ever come—on the very verge of civilization, on the borders of Turkey—this is indeed a wide reign and a proud distinction; but prouder still to be not only read, but to have subjugated, as it were, and moulded the literary tastes of the civilized world. Voltaire is the writer who, in his lifetime, has approached nearest to this extent of popularity. Sovereigns courted and corresponded with him; his own countrymen were enthusiastic in his praise; and so general was a knowledge of the French language, that a large majority of the well-educated throughout Europe, were familiar with his writings. But much of this popularity was the popularity of partisanship. He served a cause, and for such service, and not alone as the meed of genius, were honours lavished upon him. The people of France, by whom he was almost deified in his

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latter years, regarded him less as the literary marvel of their land, than as the man once persecuted by despotism, and the ablest assailant of those institutions which they were endeavouring to undermine. But Voltaire, with all his popularity, has left impressed on literature scarcely any distinguishable traces of his power. He exhibited no marked originality of style—he founded no school—and as for his imitators, where are they? To justify the admiration he excited, one must consider not merely how well, but how much and how variously he has written. With the exception of Voltaire, and perhaps of Lord Byron, there is scarcely a writer whose popularity, while he lived, passed beyond the precincts of his own country. This, until latterly, was scarcely possible. Till near the middle of the eighteenth century, what had been long called the "Republic of Letters" existed only in name. It is not truly applicable but to the present period, when the transmission of knowledge is rapid and easy, and no work of unquestionable genius can excite much interest in any country, without the vibration being quickly felt to the uttermost limits of the civilized world. How little this was previously the case is evident from the fact, that numerous and important as were the political relations of England with the continent, and successfully as we had attended to the cultivation of letters, yet it is scarcely more than a hundred years since we were first known on the continent to have what might deserve to be called "a Literature." Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope, successively enjoyed in their own country the highest popularity as writers. Of these, it may reasonably be doubted whether the name of the first had been ever heard out of it. We can find no evidence which shows that the second had a wider fame. Pope was indeed better known; for literature had been made conspicuous through honours paid to it by the statesmen of Queen Anne; and Pope was the friend of a peer politically eminent, and was thought, in conjunction with him, to have written a poem, of which, if the poetry was disregarded, the opinions were not unacceptable to the "philosophers" of the continent.

One of the points of view in which the Author of Waverley is first presented to us is, as a delineator of human character. When we regard him in this light, we are struck at once by the fertility of his invention, and the force, novelty, and fidelity of his pictures. He brings to our minds, not abstract beings, but breathing, acting, speaking individuals. Then what variety! What originality! What numbers! What a gallery has he set before us! No writer but Shakspeare ever equalled him in this respect. Others may have equalled, perhaps surpassed him, in the elaborate finishing of some single portrait (witness the immortal Knight and Squire of Cervantes, Fielding's Adams, and Goldsmith's Vicar); or may have displayed, with greater skill, the morbid anatomy of human feeling—and our slighter foibles and finer sensibilities have been more exquisitely touched by female hands—but none save Shakspeare has ever contributed so largely, so valuably, to our collection of characters;—of pictures so surprisingly original, yet, once seen, admitted immediately to be conformable to Nature. Nay, even his anomalous beings are felt to be generally reconcilable with our code of probabilities; and, as has been said of the supernatural creations of Shakspeare, we are impressed with the belief, that if such beings did exist, they would be as he has represented them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

MEN COMPARED WITH BEES.

(From a continuation of "the Indicator," by Leigh Hunt.)

* * It has been thought, that of all animated creation, the bees present the greatest moral likeness to man; not only because they labour and lay up stores, and live in communities, but because they have a form of government and a monarchy. Virgil immortalized them after a human fashion. A writer in the time of Elizabeth, probably out of compliment to the Virgin Queen, rendered them *dramatis personæ*, and gave them a whole play to themselves. Above all, they have been held up to us, not only as a likeness, but as "a great moral lesson;" and this, not merely with regard to the duties of occupation, but the form of their polity. A monarchical government, it is said, is natural to man, because it is an instinct of nature: the very bees have it.

It may be worth while to inquire a moment into the value of this argument; not as affecting the right and title of our Sovereign Lord King William the Fourth (whom, with the greatest sincerity, we hope God will preserve!), but for its own sake, as well as for certain little collateral deductions. And, in the first place, we cannot but remark how unfairly the animal creation are treated, with reference to the purposes of moral example. We degrade or exalt them,

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as it suits the lesson we desire to inculcate. If we rebuke a drunkard or a sensualist, we think we can say nothing severer to him than to recommend him not to make "a beast of himself;" which is very unfair towards the beasts, who are no drunkards, and behave themselves as nature intended. A horse has no habit of drinking; he does not get a red face with it. The stag does not go reeling home to his wives. On the other hand, we are desired to be as faithful as a dog, as bold as a lion, as tender as a dove; as if the qualities denoted by these epithets were not to be found among ourselves. But above all, the bee is the argument. Is not the honey-bee, we are asked, a wise animal?—We grant it.—"Doth he not improve each passing hour?"—He is pretty busy, it must be owned—as much occupied at eleven, twelve, and one o'clock, as if his life depended on it.—Does he not lay up stores?—He does.—Is he not social? Does he not live in communities?—There can be no doubt of it.—Well, then, he has a monarchical government; and does not that clearly show that a monarchy is the instinct of nature? Does it prove, by an unerring rule, that the only form of government in request among the obeyers of instinct, is the only one naturally fitted for man?

In answering the spirit of this question, we shall not stop to inquire how far it is right as to the letter, or how many different forms of polity are to be found among other animals, such as the crows, the beavers, the monkeys; neither shall we examine how far instinct is superior to reason, nor why the example of man himself is to go for nothing. We will take for granted, that the bee is the wisest animal of all, and that it is a judicious thing to consider his manners and customs, with reference to their adoption by his inferiors, who keep him in hives. This naturally leads us to inquire, whether we could not frame all our systems of life after the same fashion. We are busy, like the bee; we are gregarious, like him; we make provision against a rainy day; we are fond of flowers and the country; we occasionally sting, like him; and we make a great noise about what we do. Now, if we resemble the bee in so many points, and his political instinct is so admirable, let us reflect what we ought to become in other respects, in order to attain to the full benefit of his example.

* * * *

But we have not yet got half through the wonders, which are to modify human conduct by the example of this wise, industrious, and monarch-loving people. Marvellous changes must be effected, before we have any general pretension to resemble them, always excepting in the aristocratic particular. For instance, the aristocrats of the hive, however unmasculine in their ordinary mode of life, are the only males. The working-classes, like the sovereign, are all females! How are we to manage this? We must convert, by one sudden metamorphosis, the whole body of our agricultural and manufacturing population into women! Mrs. Cobbett must displace her husband, and tell us all about Indian corn. There must be not a man in Nottingham, except the Duke of Newcastle; and he trembling lest the Queen should send for him. The tailors, bakers, carpenters, gardeners, must all be Mrs. Tailors and Mrs. Bakers. The very name of John Smith must go out. The Directory must be Amazonian. This commonalty of women must also be, at one and the same time, the operatives, the soldiers, the virgins, and the legislators of the country! They must make all we want, fight all our enemies, and even get up a Queen for us when necessary; for the sovereigns of the hive are often of singular origin, being manufactured! literally "made to order," and that too by dint of their eating! They are fed and stuffed into royalty! The receipt is, to take any ordinary female bee in its infancy, put it into a royal cradle or cell, and feed it with a certain kind of jelly; upon which its shape alters into that of sovereignty, and her Majesty issues forth, royal by the grace of stomach. This is no fable, as the reader may see on consulting any good history of bees. In general, several Queen-bees are made at a time, in case of accidents; but each, on emerging from her apartment, seeks to destroy the other, and one only remains living in one hive. The others depart at the head of colonies, like Dido.

To sum up then the conditions of human society were it to be re-modelled after the example of the bee, let us conclude with drawing a picture of the state of our beloved country, so modified. Imprimis, all our working people would be females, wearing swords, never marrying, and occasionally making queens. They would grapple with their work in a prodigious manner, and make a great noise. Secondly, our aristocracy would be all males, never working, never marrying, (except when sent for,) always eating or sleeping, and annually having their throats cut. The bee-massacre takes place in July; when accordingly

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all our nobility and gentry would be out of town, with a vengeance! The women would draw their swords, and hunt and stab them all about the West end, till Brompton and Bayswater would be choked with slain.

Thirdly, her Majesty the Queen would either succeed to a quiet throne, or, if manufactured, would have to eat a prodigious quantity of jelly in her infancy; and so after growing into proper sovereign condition, would issue forth, and begin her reign either with killing her royal sisters, or leading forth a colony to America or New South Wales. She would then take to husband some noble lord for the space of one calendar hour, and dismissing him to his dullness, proceed to lie in of 12,000 little royal highnesses in the course of the eight following weeks, with others too numerous to mention; all which princely generation with little exception, would forthwith give up their title, and divide themselves into lords or working-women as it happened; and so the story would go round to the end of the chapter, bustling, working, and massacring:—and here ends the sage example of the Monarchy of the Bees.

We must observe nevertheless, before we conclude, that however ill and tragical the example of the bees may look for human imitation, we are not to suppose that the fact is anything like so melancholy to themselves. Perhaps it is no evil at all, or only so for the moment. The drones, it is true, seem to have no fancy for being massacred; but we have no reason to suppose, that they, or any of the rest concerned in this extraordinary instinct, are aware of the matter beforehand; and the same is to be said of the combats between the Queen-bees; they appear to be the result of an irresistible impulse, brought about by the sudden pressure of a necessity. Bees appear to be very happy, during far the greater portion of their existence. A modern writer, of whom it is to be lamented that a certain want of refinement stopped short his perceptions, and degraded his philosophy from the finally expedient into what was fugitively so, has a passage on this point, as agreeable as what he is speaking of. "A bee among the flowers in spring," says Dr. Paley, "is one of the cheerfullest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, *so busy and so pleased.*"—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Toast of a Scotch Peer.—Lord K—, dining at Provost S—'s, and being the only peer present, one of the company gave a toast, "The Duke of Buccleugh." So the peerage went round till it came to Lord K—, who said he would give them a peer, which, although not toasted, was of more use than the whole. His lordship gave "The Pier of Leith."—*Chambers's Edin. Jour.*

Caroline, Queen of George II. amused herself by reading Butler's *Analogy of Religion to Human Nature;* a book which Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester, said always gave him the head-ache, if he only looked into it.

After George II. had ceased to visit the theatres, Macklin's farce of *Love A-la-mode* having been acted with much applause, he sent for the manuscript, and had it read over to him by a sedate old Hanoverian gentleman, who being but little acquainted with English, spent eleven weeks in puzzling out the author's meaning!

Ships.—During the early part of the last century, as has been remarked, almost all the towns of England were on the water (in the navy.) Of the few persons who have been so highly esteemed as to have their names given to men of war, are Dr. Franklin and Joan of Arc, who were thus honoured by the French. In the English navy, the ships the Royal George have been singularly unfortunate. The Great Harry also was burnt in the reign of Queen Mary.

Personal Ornament.—The city of Kano, the great emporium of the kingdom of Houssa, in Africa, is celebrated for the art of dyeing cotton cloth, which is afterwards beaten with wooden mallets until it acquires a japan gloss. The women dye their hair with indigo, and also their hands, feet, legs, and eyebrows. Their legs and arms thus painted, look as if covered with dark blue gloves and boots. Both men and women colour their teeth a blood-red, which is esteemed a great ornament.

T. Gill.

A "Manager."—Colley Cibber gives the following spirited description of a famous theatrical manager in his day: "That he was as sly a tyrant as ever was at the head of a theatre, for he gave the actors more liberty, and fewer day's pay than any of his predecessors; he would laugh with them over a bottle, and trick them in their bargains; he kept

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them poor, that they might not be able to rebel; and sometimes merry, that they might not think of it."

Newton's Weather Wisdom. — Sir Isaac Newton was once riding over Salisbury Plain, when a boy, keeping sheep, called to him — "Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket." Newton looking round and observing neither clouds nor speck on the horizon, jogged on, taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles, when a storm suddenly arising, wetted him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined, if possible, to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision and knowledge in the weather, of which the wisest philosophers would be proud, he rode back, wet as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly." "Will ye, sir? I will then," said the boy, scratching his head, and holding out his hand for the guinea. "Now, sir," having received the money, and pointing to his sheep, "when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour." "What," exclaimed the philosopher, "must I, in order to foretell the weather, stay here, and watch which way that black ram turns his tail?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy. Off rode Newton, quite satisfied with his discovery, but not much inclined to avail himself of it, or to recommend it to others. W. G. C.

Primitive Lamp.—The inhabitants of the Landes, in the south of France, being cut off from the rest of the world, have it not in their power, except when once or twice a year they travel to the nearest towns with their wool, to purchase candles; and as they have no notion how these can be made, they substitute in their place a lamp fed with the turpentine extracted from the fir-trees. The whole process is simple and primitive. To obtain the turpentine, they cut a hole in the tree, and fasten a dish in it to catch the sap as it oozes through, and as soon as the dish is filled, they put a wick of cotton into the midst of the liquor, and burn it as we do a lamp. W. G. C.

Turning the Back.—In this and all countries of Europe, to turn the back upon persons of rank or in authority, is considered highly improper; a striking instance of which may be seen in the mode in which messengers from the Lords retreat along the floor of the House of Commons. In the interior of Africa it is quite otherwise. There the court assemble round the sovereign invariably with their backs to him. T. GILL.

A gentleman having frequently reproved his servant, an Irish girl, for boiling eggs too hard, requested her in future, to boil them only three minutes by the clock. "Sure, sir," replied the girl, "how shall I do that, for your honour knows the clock is always a quarter of an hour too fast." W. G. C.

Unhappy Fate of Camoens.—Camoens the celebrated Portuguese poet, was shipwrecked at the mouth of the river Meco, on the coast of Camboja, and lost his whole property; but through the assistance of his black servant, he saved his life and his poems, which he bore through the waves in one hand,* whilst he swam ashore with the other: his black servant begged in the streets of Lisbon for the support of his master, who died in 1579. It is said that his death was accelerated by the anguish with which he foresaw the ruin impending over his country. In one of his letters (says his biographer) he uses these remarkable expressions: "I am ending the course of my life; the world will witness how I have loved my country. I have returned not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her." He was buried as obscurely as he had closed his life, in St. Anne's Church, and the following epitaph was inscribed over his grave:—

"Here lies Lewis de Camoens,
Prince of the Poets of his time.
He lived poor and miserable, and died such, Anno Domini, 1579."
P. T. W.

The Philosopher's Stone.—Sir Kenelm Digby was relating to King James that he had seen the true Philosopher's Stone, in the possession of a hermit in Italy; and when the king was very curious to understand what sort of a stone it was, and Sir Kenelm being much puzzled in describing it, Sir Francis Bacon, who was present, interposed, and said, "Perhaps it was a *whetstone.*"

N. B. There is an old *proverbial* expression, in which an excitement to a lie was called a *whetstone.* P. T. W.

* Precious Salvage.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 546.] SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1832. [PRICE 2d.

ST. PANCRAS (OLD) CHURCH.

THIS humble village fane is situated to the north of London, somewhat more than a mile from Holborn Bars. Persons unacquainted with the site, may hitherto have considered it as part and parcel of this vast metropolis: but, lo! here it stands amidst much of its primitive, peaceful rusticity.

Pancras is still, by courtesy, called a *village*, though its charms may be of the *rus-in-urbe* description. It derives its name from the saint to whom the church is dedicated:* it was called St. Pancras when the Survey of Domesday was taken. The parish is of great extent. Mr. Lysons states it at 2,700 acres of land, including the site of buildings. It is bounded on the north by Islington, Hornsey, and Finchley; and on the west by Hampstead and Marybone. On the south it meets the parishes of St. Giles's in the Fields, St. George the Martyr, St. George, Bloomsbury, and St. Andrew's, Holborn.† On the east it is bounded by St. James's, Clerkenwell. Kentish Town, part of Highgate, Camden Town, and Somer's Town,‡ are comprised within this parish as hamlets. Mr. Lysons supposes it to have included the prebendal manor of Kentish Town,§ or Cantelowes, which now constitutes a stall in St. Paul's Cathedral. Among the prebendaries have been men eminent for their learning and piety: as Lancelot Andrews, bishop of Winchester, Dr. Sherlock, Archdeacon Paley, and the Rev. William Beloe, B.D. well known by his translation of Herodotus.

It would occupy too much space to detail the progressive increase of this district. When a visitation of the church

* St. Pancras was a young Phrygian nobleman, who suffered death under the Emperor Diocletian, for his zealous adherence to the Christian faith.

† Lysons's Environs, 4to. vol. ii. part ii.

‡ The parish extends in this direction to the foot of Gray's Inn Lane, and includes part of a house in Queen's Square.

§ Anciently Kentistonne, where William Bruges, Garter King at Arms in the reign of Henry V. had a country-house, at which he entertained the emperor Sigismund.

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was made in the year 1251, there were only forty houses in the parish. The desolate situation of the village in the latter part of the sixteenth century is emphatically described by Norden, in his *Speculum Britanniæ*. After noticing the solitary condition of the church, he says, "yet about this structure have bin manie buildings now decaied, leaving poore Pancras without companie or comfort." In some manuscription additions to his work, the same writer has the following observations: — "Although this place be, as it were, forsaken of all; and true men seldom frequent the same, but upon devyne occasions; yet it is visyted by thieves, who assemble there not to pray, but to wait for praye; and manie fall into their handes, clothed, that are glad when they are escaped naked. Walk not there too late." Newcourt, whose work was published in 1700, says that houses had been built near the church. The first important increase of the parish took place in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road.

"Pancras Church," says Norden, "standeth all alone, as utterly forsaken, old and wether-beten, which, for the antiquity thereof, it is thought not to yield to Paules in London." It is of rude Gothic architecture, built of stones and flints, which are now covered with plaster. Mr. Lysons says, "It is certainly not older than the fourteenth century, perhaps in Norden's time it had the appearance of great decay; the same building, nevertheless, repaired from time to time, still remains; looks no longer 'old and wether-beten,' and may still exist perhaps to be spoken of by some antiquary of a future century. It is a very small structure, consisting only of a nave and chancel; at the west end is a low tower, with a kind of dome."* Mr. Lysons speaks of the disproportionate size of the church to the population of the parish; but since his time another church has been erected, the splendour and size of which in every respect accord with the increased wealth and numbers of the parish.

The church and churchyard of Pancras have long been noted as the burial-place of such Roman Catholics as die in London and its vicinity.† Many of the tombs exhibit a cross, and the initials R. I. P. (*Requiescat in pace*), which initials, or others analogous to them, are always used by the Catholics on their sepulchral monuments. Mr. Lysons heard it assigned by some of that persuasion, as a reason for this preference to Pancras as a burial-place, that masses were formerly said in a church in the south of France, dedicated to the same saint, for the souls of the deceased interred at St. Pancras in England. After the French revolution, a great number of ecclesiastics and other refugees, some of them of high rank, were buried in this churchyard; and in 1811, Mr. Lysons observed that probably about 30 of the French clergy had on an average been buried at Pancras for some years past: in 1801 there were 41, and in 1802, 32. Mr. Lysons's explanation of this preference to Pancras by the Catholics is, however, disputed by the author of *Ecclesiastical Topography*, who observes that a reason more generally given is, that "Pancras was the last church in England where mass was performed after the Reformation."

In the chancel are monuments of Daniel Clarke, Esq. who had been mastercook to Queen Elizabeth; and of Cooper the artist, whose style approached so near to that of Vandyke, that he has been called Vandyke in miniature: he taught the author of Hudibras to paint; his wife was sister to Pope's mother.

In the churchyard are the tombs of Anthony Woodhead, 1678, who was in his day, the great champion of the Roman Catholic religion, and was reputed to have written the Whole Duty of Man; Lady Slingsby, whose name occurs as an actress in Dryden and Lee's plays, from 1681 to 1689; Jeremy Collier, 1726, the pertinacious non-juror, who repressed the immoralities of the stage; Ned Ward, author of the London Spy, 1731; Leoni, the architect, 1746; Lady Henrietta, wife of Beard, the vocalist, 1753; Van Bleeck, the portrait-painter; Ravenet, the engraver, 1764; Mazzinghi, 1775, leader of the band at Marylebone Gardens, and father of Mazzinghi, the celebrated composer; Henry and Robert Rackett, Pope's nephews; Woollett, the engraver, 1785, to whose memory a monument has been placed in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; Baron de Wenzel, the celebrated oculist, 1790; Mary Wollestonecraft Godwin, author of a Vindication of the Rights of Woman, 1797; the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, or Father O'Leary, the amiable Franciscan friar, 1802; Paoli, the patriotic Corsican, 1807; Walker editor of the Pronouncing Dictionary; the Chevalier d'Eon, 1810, of epicene notoriety; and

* The visitation of the church in the year 1251, mentions a very small tower, a good stone font, and a small marble stone ornamented with copper to carry the *Pax*.

† Strype, in his additions to Stowe, says, the Roman Catholics have of late *affected* to be buried at this place.

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Packer, the comedian, 1806, who is said to have performed 4,852 times, besides walking in processions; Edwards, professor of Perspective, 1806; Scheemakers, the statuary, 1808.

In the *Beauties of England and Wales*, it is stated that 23 acres of land belong to the church; and the great increase of buildings renders these of considerable value; though it is not known to whom the church is indebted for this possession.

ELEGY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(For the Mirror.)

THROUGH oak-woods green,
A silver sheen,
Sweet moon, from thee
Afforded me
A tranquil joy,
Me, *then*, a happy boy.
Still makes thy light
My window bright,
But can no more
Lost peace restore:
My brow is shaded,
My cheek with weeping faded.

Thy beams, O moon,
Will glitter soon,
As softly clear,
Upon my bier:
For soon, earth must
Conceal in youth my dust. C. H.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

(For the Mirror.)

THESE remains of ancient art are destined to be removed to Europe.* The palace of Cleopatra was built upon the walls facing the port of Alexandria, Egypt, having a gallery on the outside, supported by several fine columns. Towards the eastern part of the palace are two obelisks, vulgarly called *Cleopatra's Needles*. They are of Thebaic stone, and covered with hieroglyphics; one is overturned, broken, and lying under the sand; the other is on its pedestal. These two obelisks, each of them of a single stone, are about sixty feet high, by seven feet square at the base. The Egyptian priests called these obelisks the sun's fingers, because they served as stiles or gnomons to mark the hours on the ground. In the first ages of the world they were made use of to transmit to posterity the principal precepts of philosophy, which were engraven on them in hieroglyphics.

"Between the statues, *Obelisks* were placed:
And the learned walls with *hieroglyphics* grac'd. *Pope.*

* One is stated to be on its way to England; our parliament has voted 10,000*l.* to defray the expense. The other needle is destined for France.

In after ages they were used to immortalize the actions of heroes, and the memory of persons beloved.

The first obelisk we know of was that raised by Rameses, King of Egypt, in the time of the Trojan war. Augustus erected an obelisk at Rome, in the Campus Martius, which served to mark the hours on an horizontal dial, drawn on the pavement. This obelisk was brought from Egypt, and was said to have been formed by Sesostris, near a thousand years before Christ It was used by Manlius for the same purpose for which it was originally destined, namely, to measure the height of the sun. P. T. W.

THE DYING MAIDEN'S PARDON TO HER FAITHLESS LOVER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

(For the Mirror.)

IF death's keen anguish thou would'st charm
Ere speeds his fatal dart,
Come, place thine hand—while yet 'tis warm,
Upon my breaking heart.

And though remorse—thou may'st not feel
When its last throb is o'er,
Thou'lt say—"that heart which lov'd so well,
Shall passion feel no more."

E'en love for thee forsakes my soul—
Thy work, relentless see;
Near as I am life's destin'd goal,
I'm frozen—less than thee.

Yet take this heart—I ne'er had more
To give thee in thy need:
Search well—for at its inmost core,
Thy pardon thou may'st read. T. R. P.

Anecdote Gallery.

TRAITS OF IRISH CHARACTER.

(For the Mirror.)

A GENTLEMAN residing in the vicinity of Dublin, found, notwithstanding the protection of a thick, and thorny hedge, that great depredations were committed on his garden and paddocks; so he inclosed them with a high, strong wall. As he kept cows, and had more milk than was sufficient for his family, he distributed the overplus amongst his poor neighbours. One day, inspecting in person, this distribution, he saw a woman attending with her pails, who, he was tolerably certain did not require such assistance. "You, here! my good friend," said he, "I thought you kept a cow?"

"Ay, plase yer honour's honour, and *two* it was that I *once* kept, the craters!"

"*Once*, why don't you keep them now?"

"Ough! 'tis yeaself must answer that question, for why? the bastes did

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well enough afore your rav'rence run up that bit o' wall round your fields, seein' the cows lived off your grass; but sorra for me now, I've sold 'em both, by rason I couldn't *keep* 'em no longer."

An English gentleman, on a tour in Ireland, was beset at a fine waterfall by numerous beggars; one woman was particularly clamorous for relief, but Mr. R. instructed by his guide, said to her, "My good friend, you cannot possibly want relief, as you keep several cows, and have a very profitable farm; indeed I cannot bestow my charity upon you." The woman, looking sulky, and *detected*, immediately pointed to another, exclaiming, "Then give to *her*, for she's got *nothing!*" The stranger in Dublin is particularly requested to send all beggars to an institution in Copper Alley, for their relief. Being once much importuned by an old man for money, we desired him to go to this place. "I can't," said he.

"Why not?"

"Becase 'tis a bad place for the poor."

"How so? don't they give you anything to eat?"

"Ah, yes, yes, but the thing is, my jewel, they wont by no manes give a poor body *anything to drink*." The intelligent reader will not be at a loss to translate the complaint of thirsty Pat.

FRENCH CRUELTY.

DURING the late French Revolution, one of the royalist soldiers having his horse shot under him by a pupil of the Polytechnic School, and finding when thus brought down, that he could not regain his feet and resume a posture of defence, but was entirely at the mercy of his ferocious young adversary, he immediately surrendered his sword, exclaiming, "I am your prisoner, and entreat of you mercy and life." To which the *generous* and *heroic* youth replied, "No prisoners, no mercy!" and taking from his pocket a pike-head or some similar rough weapon, deliberately drove it into the unfortunate soldier's heart!

EFFRONTERY.

A NOBLEMAN being, it is said, some years since, in the shop of a celebrated London shoemaker, saw, pass through it, a very handsome young woman, "Who is that fine girl?" said he.

"My daughter," replied the *cordwainer*, "with sixty thousand pounds at your lordship's service."

A BLUNDER.

LITERARY topics came under discussion one evening in a small social circle, of which the writer made one, and particularly the autobiographical works, and personal memoirs, now so much in vogue. A gentleman then stated, that having seen much of the world, he thought he must follow the fashion, and one day favour it with his own life and adventures. Numerous ladies were to figure in his book, which was, in fact, as he modestly gave the present company to understand, to be a complete chronicle of the flirtations and conquests of himself, and male allies, with letters, portraits, &c. and *names* in full. "But," remarked a lady, humouring the jest, "if you *do* render your book so very personal, are you not afraid of the consequences?"

"Not at all, replied the embryo author very gravely, "for though I shall enjoy the remarks of the world, upon my *autobiography*, they cannot affect me, as it will of course be a *posthumous work*."

COOL COURAGE.

DURING the disastrous fire of the Kent East Indiaman, a lady on board exhibited a very singular instance of *sang froid* and presence of mind. Being in one of the cabins, with a large, helpless, despairing, and of course, most troublesome party, chiefly of her own sex, "all hands" of the other being "turned up," we presume, to check the advances of the devouring element, she proposed, by way of keeping them quiet, *to make tea for them*, and we believe her proposal was accepted, and had the desired effect.

Great Marlow, Bucks. M. L. B.

ABSTRACT STUDIES.

(*For the Mirror.*)

DEMOSTHENES to be the more removed from noise, and less subject to distraction, caused a small chamber to be made under ground, in which he shut himself up sometimes for whole months, shaving half his head and only half his face, that he might not be in a condition to go abroad. It was there, by the light of a small lamp, he composed his admirable Orations, which were said by those who envied him, to smell of the oil, to imply that they were too elaborate. He rose very early, and used to say, that he was sorry when any workman was at his business before him. He copied Thucydides' history eight times with his own hand, in order to render the style of that great man familiar to him.

Adrian Turnebus, a French critic, was so indefatigable in his study, that it

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was said of him, as it was of Budæus, that he spent some hours in study even on the day he was married.

Frederick Morel had so strong an attachment to study, that when he was informed of his wife's being at the point of death, he would not lay down his pen, till he had finished what he was upon, and when she was dead, as she was before they could prevail on him to stir, he was only heard to reply coldly, "I am very sorry, she was a good woman."

Sir Isaac Newton, when he had any mathematical problems or solutions in his mind, would never quit the subject on any account; dinner was often known to be three hours ready for him before he could be brought to table. His man often said, when he was getting up in the morning, and began to dress, he would, with one leg in his breeches, sit down again on the bed, and remain there for hours before he got his clothes on.

Mr. Abraham Sharp, the astronomer, through his love of study, was very irregular as to his meals, which he frequently took in the following manner: a little square hole, something like a window, made a communication between the room where he usually studied, and another chamber in the house, where a servant could enter, and before this hole he had contrived a sliding board, the servant always placing his victuals in the hole, without speaking a word or making the least noise, and when he had leisure he visited it to see what it contained, and to satisfy his hunger or thirst. But it often happened that the breakfast, the dinner, and the supper remained untouched by him, so deeply was he engaged in his calculations and solemn musings. At one time after his provisions had been neglected for a long season, his family became uneasy, and resolved to break in upon his retirement; he complained, but with great mildness, that they had disconcerted his thoughts in a chain of calculations which had cost him intense application for three days successively. On an old oak table, where for a long course of years he used to write, cavities might easily be perceived, worn by the perpetual rubbing of his arms and elbows.*

SWAINE.

* Mr. Colton used to say that he wrote his treasurable "Lacon: or, many things in a few words," upon a small, rickety deal table. We perceive from Galignani's *Messenger*, that Mr. Colton put an end to his existence, a few days since, at Fontainbleau, it is stated in consequence of the dread of a surgical operation which it had become necessary that he should undergo.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE CONTRAST.

THE title of Lord Mulgrave's clever novel is sufficiently explained by the hero, Lord Castleton, a man of high refinement, marrying an unsophisticated, uneducated peasant girl. The scenes and incidents of her introduction into the fashionable world are replete with humour, yet true to the life. Thus, how naturally are her new Ladyship's embarrassments told:—

"There were some points on which she would even have endeavoured to extract knowledge from the servants; but dreading, from her former habits, nothing so much as too great a familiarity in this respect, Castleton had made it one of his first desires to her, that she would confine her communications with them, to asking for what she wanted. To this, as to every other desire of his, she yielded, as far as she could, implicit obedience; but it was often a great exertion on her part to do so. Of her own maid she had felt from the first a considerable awe; and to such a degree did this continue, that she could not conceive any fatigue from labour equal to the burthen of her assistance. Being naturally of a disposition both active and obliging, it was quite new to her to have any thing done for her which she could do for herself. For some time she had as great a horror of touching a bell-rope, as others have in touching the string of a shower-bath; and when services were obtruded on her by the domestics as a matter of course, she had much difficulty in checking the exuberance of her gratitude.

"At home, Big Betsey, mentioned before as the maid of all work, never considered as any part of her multitudinous duties the waiting on Miss Lucy, who she not only said 'mought moind herself,' but sometimes called to her, almost authoritatively, 'to lend a hauping haund.' It was, probably, in consequence of the habit thus engendered, that Lady Castleton was one day caught 'lending a helping hand' to an overloaded under laundry-maid, who had been sent by her superior with a wicker-bound snowy freight of her Ladyship's own superfine linen. But of all the irksome feelings caused by Lucy's new position, there was none from which she suffered more, than *waiting* to be *waited*

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on. And it was hinted in the hall, that when my Lord was not in the room, my Lady got up to help herself to what she wanted from the sideboard!! And it was whispered in the female conclave of the housekeeper's room, that her Ladyship seemed even to like to—lace her own stays!!"

Again, after Lady Castleton receiving a visit from a ton-ish family, his Lordship asks:—

"And did they make many inquiries of you? ask many questions?"

"Oh, such a many!"

"So many, dearest love, you mean to say."

"Well, so I do, thank you; and then the mamma asked me, as she had never seen me before, if I had not been much abroad; and I said, never at all till I married; and then she said, 'What! had I been to Paris since?' and I find she meant foreign parts by abroad. And she told me that we ought to go to London soon; that the season was advanced, and that the Pasta would come out soon this spring. What is the Pasta—a plant?"

"A plant! no, love. Pasta is a singer's name, you could not be expected to know that; but I hope you didn't say any thing to show them your ignorance?"

"Oh, no; you told me, whenever I was completely puzzled, that silence was best; so I said nothing. Pasta's the name of a singer, then! Oh, that accounts, for a moment after she the mamma said, that her daughter Arabella sang delightfully, and asked me if I would sing with her; so I said no, I'd much rather listen. That was right, warn't it? You see I knew you'd ask me all about it, so I recollected it for you. Arabella then asked me if I would accompany her? so I said, Wherever she liked,—where did she want to go? But, I suppose, she altered her mind, for she sat down to the grand instrument you had brought here for me to begin my lessons upon; and then she sang such an extraordinary song—all coming from her throat. And the sister asked me if I understood German? and I answered, No, nor French neither.'"

"That was an unnecessary addition, my love."

"Well, so it was. Then the youngest sister explained to me, that it was a song a Swiss peasant girl sang whilst she was milking her cow; and I said that must be very difficult, to sing while milking a cow. And then the mamma asked how I knew; and I said I had *tried* very *often*."

"How could you, dear Lucy, volunteer such an avowal?"

"I thought you would be afraid of that; but it all did very well, for the mother said I was so amusing, had so much natural wit, and they all tried to persuade me I had said something clever."

"Well, go on—and what then?"

"And then the lady took me aside, and began saying so much in praise of you; and when she once got me on that subject, I was ready and glib enough, I warrant you. But somehow, though I then found it so much easier to speak, I find it more difficult to recollect exactly what I said. Is not that strange? And then she said that my happiness would excite so much envy in the great world; that you had been admired, courted, nay, even loved by rich, noble, clever ladies. Why was all this? and how could you ever think to leave all these, to seek out from her quiet home your poor little Lucy?"

"Oh, that's a story of by-gone days. These were follies of my youth, which I thought I had lived to repent.

'Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all save hope the same.'

"Why, save hope, my dear Lord? What may you not only hope, but trust, from my constant devotion?"

"I did not mean to tie myself precisely to every word I uttered. It was only a quotation.

"And what is a quotation?"

"A quotation is the vehicle in which imagination posts forward, when she only hires her Pegasus from memory. Or sometimes it is only a quit-rent, which the intellectual cultivator, who farms an idea, pays to the original proprietor; or rather,"—(seeing that he was not making the matter more intelligible by his explanation,)—"or rather, it is when we convey our own thoughts by the means of the more perfect expressions of some favourite author."

"But then, surely *you* need not be driven to borrow, whose own words always sound to me like a book. As for poor me, I wish I could talk in quotations for ever; then I need not fear to make these mistakes, which, as it is, I am afraid I am always like to do."

(A scene at *the Opera* is richer still: the performance *Semiramide:*)

"Lady Gayland took the opportunity of inquiring of Lady Castleton, 'how the opera had amused her?' There was that unmistakable air of real interest in Lady Gayland's manner, whenever she addressed Lucy, which made her always reply in a tone of confidence, different

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from that which she felt towards any other member of the society in which she moved.

"Why, to tell the honest truth," said she, leaning forwards towards her questioner, "I can't say that I could the least understand what it all meant. It's not likely that people should sing when they're in such sorrow; and then I can't guess why that young man should kill the queen that was so kind to him all along."

"I don't wonder that that should surprise you, my dear; but he was not aware of what he was doing. It was in the dark."

"In the dark! But I could see very well who it was, though I did not know her so well as he did, and was so much farther off."

"I am afraid you are in the dark, too, a little as yet," said Lady Gayland, (tapping her gently with her fan.) "But, tell me, did you not admire the singing, though you could not understand the tory."

"Why, I should, perhaps, if I had known the language; but even then they seemed to me more like birds, than men and women singing words. I like a song that I can make out every word that's said.

"The curtain then rose for the ballet; at first, Lucy was delighted with the scenery and pageantry, for the spectacle was grand and imposing. But at length the resounding plaudits announced the *entrée* of the perfect Taglioni. Lucy was a little astonished at her costume upon her first appearance. She was attired as a goddess, and goddesses' gowns are somewhat of the shortest, and their legs rather *au naturel;* but when she came to elicit universal admiration by pointing her toe, and revolving in the slow *pirouette,* Lucy, from the situation in which she sat was overpowered with shame at the effect; and whilst Lady Gayland, with her *longnette* fixed on the stage, ejaculated, 'Beautiful! inimitable!' the unpractised Lucy could not help exclaiming, 'O that is too bad! I cannot stay to see that!' and she turned her head away blushing deeply.

"Is your ladyship ill?" exclaimed Lord Stayinmore. "Castleton, I am afraid Lady Castleton feels herself indisposed."

"Would you like to go?" kindly inquired Castleton.

"O so much!" she answered.

"Are you ill, my dear?" asked Lady Gayland.

"Oh, no!" she said.

"Then you had better stay, it is so beautiful."

"Thank you, Lord Castleton is kind enough to let me go."

(They get into the carriage.)

"And how do you find yourself now, my dear Lucy?" tenderly inquired Castleton, as the carriage drove off.

"Oh, I am quite well, thank you."

"Quite well! are you? What was it, then, that was the matter with you?"

"There was nothing the matter with me, it was that woman."

"What woman? what can you mean? Did you not say that you were ill; and was not that the reason that we hurried away?"

"No! you said I was ill; and I did not contradict you, because you tell me that in the world, as you call it, it is not always right to give the real reason for what we do; and therefore I thought, perhaps, that though of course you wished me to come away, you liked to put it upon my being ill."

"Of course I wished you to come away! I was never more unwilling to move in all my life; and nothing but consideration for your health would have induced me to stir. Why should I have wished you to come away?"

"Why, the naked woman," stammered Lucy.

"What can you mean?"

"You couldn't surely wish me to sit by the side of those people, to see such a thing as that?"

"As to being by the side of those people, I must remind you, that it was Lady Gayland's box in which you were; and that whatever she, with her acknowledged taste and refinement, sanctions with her presence, can only be objected to by ignorance or prejudice. You have still a great deal to learn, my dear Lucy," added he, more kindly; "and nothing can be so fatal to your progress in that respect, as your attempting to lead, or to find fault, with what you do not understand."

"But surely I can understand that it is not right to do what I saw that woman do," interrupted Lucy, presuming a little more doggedly than she usually ventured to do on any subject with her husband; for this time she had been really shocked by what she had seen.

"Wrong it certainly is not, if you mean moral wrong. As to such an exhibition being becoming or not in point of manners, that depends entirely upon custom. Many things at your father's might strike me as coarseness, which made no impression upon you from habit, though much worse in my opinion than this presumed indecorum. Those

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things probably arose from ignorance on your parts, which might be corrected. This, on the other hand, from conventional indifference, consequent on custom, which it is not in you to correct. Depend upon it you will only get yourself laughed at, and me too, if you preach about dancers' petticoats."

"I don't want to preach to any body; and you know how much it fashes me to contend with you."

"Don't say FASHES, say distresses, or annoys, not *fashes*, for heaven's sake, my dear Lucy."

"Oh, dear, it was very stupid of me to forget it. That was one of the first things you taught me, and it is a many days since I said it last; but it is so strange to me to venture to differ with you, that I get confused, and don't say any thing as right as I could do. Even now I should like to ask, if modesty is a merit, whether nakedness ought to be a show; but I'll say no more, for I dare say you won't make me go there again."

"No, that will be the best way to settle it."

The plot of the Contrast is not, as the reader may perceive, one of fashionable life: it has more of the romance of nature in its composition: the characters are not the drawling bores that we find in fashionable novels, though their affected freaks are occasionally introduced to contrast with unsophisticated humility, and thus exhibit the deformities of high life. The whole work is, however, light as gossamer: we had almost said that a fly might read it through the meshes, without endangering his patience or liberty.

THE LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE

MAINTAINS its rank in sober, we mean useful, literature. The volume before us contains such matter as is only to be found in large and expensive works, with a host of annotations from the journals of recent travellers and other volumes which bear upon the main subject. This part of the series, describing vegetable substances used for the food of man, is executed with considerable minuteness. A Pythagorean would gloat over its accuracy, and a vegetable diet man would become inflated with its success in establishing his eccentricities. The contents are the Corn-plants, Esculent Roots, Herbs, Spices, Tea, Coffee, &c. &c. In such a multiplicity of facts as the history of these plants must necessarily include, some misstatements may be expected. For example, the opinion that succory is superior to coffee, though supported by Drs. Howison and Duncan, is not entitled to notice. All over the continent, succory, or *chicorée*, is used to *adulterate* coffee, notwithstanding which a few scheming persons have attempted to introduce it in this country as an improvement, by selling it at four times its worth. Why say "it is sometimes considered superior to the exotic berry," and in the same page, "it is not likely to gain much esteem, where economy is not the consideration." We looked in vain for mention of the President of the Horticultural Society under Celery; though we never eat a fine head of this delicious vegetable without grateful recollection of Mr. T. A. Knight. All preachment of the economy of the Potato is judiciously omitted, though we fear to the displeasure of Sir John Sinclair; nor is there more space devoted to this overpraised root than it deserves. Truffles are not only used "like mushrooms," but for stuffing game and poultry, especially in France: who does not remember the *perdrix aux truffes*, of the Parisian *carte*. The chapter on coffee, cacao, tea, and sugar, is brief but entertaining. We may observe, by the way, that one of the obstacles to the profitable cultivation of tea in this country is our ignorance of the modes of drying, &c. as practised in China.

Another volume of the Entertaining Series, published since that just noticed, contains a selection of *Criminal Trials*, amongst which are those of Throckmorton and the Duke of Norfolk, for treason. They are, in the main, reprints from the State Trials, which the professional editor states to contain a large fund of instruction and *entertainment*. We have been deceived in the latter quality, though we must admit that in judicious hands, a volume of untiring interest might be wrought up from the State records. As they are, their dulness and prolixity are past endurance. As the present work proceeds in chronological order, it will doubtless improve in its entertaining character, since no class of literature has been more enriched by the publication of journals, diaries, &c., than historical biography, which will thus enable the editor to enliven his pages with characteristic traits of the principal actors. This has been done, to some extent, in the portion before us, and in like manner fits the volume for popular reading.

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Manners & Customs of all Nations.

FIRE TEMPLES IN PERSIA.

THESE mystical relics are but a short journey from the celebrated ruins of Persepolis. Mr. Buckingham describes them in his usual picturesque language: "Having several villages in sight, as the sun rose, with cultivated land, flocks, trees, and water, we arrived at the foot of the mountain, which forms the northern boundary of the plain of Merdusht. The first object we saw on the west was a small rock, on which stood two fire altars of a peculiar form: their dimensions were five feet square at the base, and three at the top, and they were five feet high. There were pillars or pilasters at the corners, and arches in the sides. In the centre of each of these, near the top, was a square basin, about eight inches in diameter, and six in depth, for the reception of the fire, formerly used by the disciples of Zoroaster in their worship."

Like Pythagoras, it may be here observed, Zoroaster, the inventer of Magic, or the doctrines of the Magi, admitted no visible object of devotion except fire, which he considered as the most proper emblem of a supreme being; these doctrines seem to have been preserved by Numa, in the worship and ceremonies which he instituted in honour of Vesta. According to some of the moderns, the doctrines, laws, and regulations of Zoroaster are still extant, and they have been lately introduced in Europe, in a French translation by M. Anquetil.

Mr. Buckingham notices an existing custom, which he attributes to this reverence to fire. "Throughout all Persia, a custom prevails of giving the salute 'Salam Alaikom,' whenever the first lighted lamp or candle is brought into the room in the evening; and this is done between servants and masters as well as between equals. As this is not practised in any other Mahommedan country, it is probably a relic of the ancient reverence to fire, once so prevalent here, though the form of the salute is naturally that of the present religion."

The Naturalist.

WHALE CHASE.

A SCOTTISH journal, the *Caledonian Mercury*, describes the following animated scene, which lately took place off the town of Stornoway, in the island of Lewis. An immense shoal of whales was, early in the morning, chased to the mouth of the harbour by two fishing-boats, which had met them in the offing.

"The circumstance was immediately descried from the shore, and a host of boats, amounting to 30 or 40, and armed with every species of weapon, set off to join the others in pursuit. The chase soon became one of bustle and anxiety on the part both of man and fish. The

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boats arranged themselves in the form of a crescent, in the fold of which the whales were collected, and where they had to encounter incessant showers of stones, splashing of oars, with frequent gashes from a harpoon or spear, while the din created by the shouts of the boats' crews and the multitude on shore, was tremendous. On more than one occasion, however, the floating phalanx was broken, and it required the greatest activity and tact ere the breach could be repaired and possession of the fugitives regained. The shore was neared by degrees, the boats advancing and retreating by turns, till at length they succeeded in driving the captive monsters on a beach opposite to the town, and within a few yards of it. The gambols of the whales were now highly diverting, and, except when a fish became unmanageable and enraged while the harpoon was fixed, or the noose of a rope pulled tight round its tail, they were not at all dangerous to be approached. In the course of a few hours the capture was complete, the shore was strewed with their dead carcases, while the sea presented a bloody and troubled aspect, giving evident proofs that it was with no small effort they were subdued. For fear of contagion, the whole fish amounting to ninety-eight, some of them very large, were immediately towed to a spot distant from the town, where they were on Thursday sold by public roup, the proceeds to be divided among the captors. An annual visit is generally paid by the whales to the Lewis coast, and besides being profitable when caught, they generally furnish a source of considerable amusement. On the present occasion, the whole inhabitants of the place, male and female, repaired to the beach, opposite to the scene of slaughter, where they evidently were delighted spectators, and occasionally gave assistance. A young sailor received a stroke from the tail of one of the largest fish, which nearly killed him."

AUDUBON.

THE Philadelphia journals communicate some particulars of the journey of this enterprising naturalist into E. Florida. He has discovered, shot, and drawn a new Ibis, which he has named *Tantalus fuscus*. In a letter, he says

"I have discovered three different new species of Heath, one bearing a yellow blossom, the two others a red and purple one;—also, a beautiful new Kalmia, and several extraordinary parasitical plants, bearing some resemblance to the pine-apple plant, growing on the *eastern* side of the cyprus tree in swamps, about 6 or 10 feet above the water.

"During my late excursion I almost became an amphibious being—spending the most of my days in the water, and by night pitching my tent on the barren sands. Whilst I remained at Spring Garden, the alligators were yet in full life; the white-headed eagles setting; the smaller resident birds paring; and strange to say, the warblers which migrate, moving easterly every warm day, and returning every cold day, a curious circumstance, tending to illustrate certain principles in natutal economy."

Six boxes of prepared skins of birds, &c. as well as a number of choice shells, seeds, roots, &c. the result of Audubon's researches, have been received in Charleston.

"In this collection there are between four and five hundred skins of Birds, several of them rare in this part of the United States—some that are never found here, and a few that have not yet been described. Of these are two of the species of Pelican (Pelicanus) not described by Wilson. The Parrot (psittacus Carolinensis); the palm warbler of Buonaparte (Silvia palmerea), and the Florida Jay, a beautiful bird without the crest, so common in that genus.

"Among the new discoveries of Audubon in Florida, we perceive a noble bird partaking of the appearance both of the Falcon and Vulture tribes, which would seem to be a connecting link between the two. His habits too, it is said, partake of his appearance, he being alternately a bird of prey, and feeding on the same food with the Vultures. This bird remains yet to be described, and will add not only a new species, but a new genus to the birds of the United States. We perceive also in Mr. Audubon's collection, a new species of Coot (Fulica).*

REMARKABLE JAY.

A LADY residing at Blackheath has in her possession a fine Jay, which displays instinct allied to reason and reflection in no ordinary degree. This bird is stated by a Correspondent, (A. T.) to repeat distinctly any word that may be uttered before. She can identify persons after having once seen them, and been told their names; the latter she will pronounce with surprising clearness. She has a strong affection for a goldfinch in the same apartment, the latter bird ap-

* Abridged from printed extracts furnished by our correspondent, *M. L. B.*

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pearing to return this fondness by fluttering its wings and other demonstrations of delight. The Jay has also been seen playing with two kittens, while the old cat looked composedly on at their gambols. This bird is in beautiful plumage, and is about twenty years of age. She is well known to the residents of Blackheath and its vicinity.

ENTOMOLOGY.

I HAVE lately observed a curious fact, which I have never seen noticed in any book which has fallen in my way, viz. that it is the tail of the caterpillar which becomes the head of the butterfly. I found it hard to believe till I had convinced myself of it in a number of instances. The caterpillar weaves its web from its mouth, finishes with the head downwards, and the head, with the six front legs, are thrown off from the chrysalis, and may be found dried up, but quite distinguishable, at the bottom of the web. The butterfly comes out at the top. Is this fact generally known?—*Corresp. Mag. Nat. Hist.*

THE RIVER TINTO.

THE river Tinto rises in Sierra Morena, and empties itself into the Mediterranean, near Huelva, having the name of Tinto given it from the tinge of its waters, which are as yellow as a topaz, hardening the sand and petrifying it in a most surprising manner. If a stone happen to fall in, and rest on another, they both become in a year's time perfectly united and conglutinated. This river withers all the plants on its banks, as well as the roots of trees, which it dyes of the same hue as its waters. No kind of verdure will flourish where it reaches, nor any fish live in its stream. It kills worms in cattle, when given them to drink; but in general no animals will drink out of the river, except goats, whose flesh, nevertheless, has an excellent flavour. These singular properties continue till other rivulets run into it, and alter its nature; for when it passes by Niebla, it is not different from other rivers. It falls into the Mediterranean six leagues lower down, at the town of Huelva, where it is two leagues broad, and admits of large vessels, which may come up the river as high as San Juan del Puerto, three leagues above Huelva.—*From a Correspondent.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE GALLEY SLAVES.

ABOUT a mile distant from one of the southern barriers of Paris, a palace was built during *our* Henry the Sixth's brief and precarious possession of French royalty, by the Bishop of Winchester. It was known by the name of Winchester, of which, however, the French kept continually clipping and changing the consonants, until the Anglo-Saxon Winchester dwindled into the French appellation of Bicêtre. The Bishop's old palace was treated as unceremoniously as his name, being burnt in some of the civil wars. But there is this advantage in a sumptuous edifice, that its very ruins suggest the thought and supply the means of rebuilding it. Bicêtre, accordingly, reared its head, and is now a straggling mass of building, containing a mad-house, a poor-house, an hospital, and a prison.

To see it is a matter of trifling difficulty, except on one particular day—that devoted to the rivetting of the *chaine*. A surgeon, however, belonging to the establishment, promised to procure me admission, and on receiving his summons, I started one forenoon for Bicêtre. Mortifying news awaited my arrival. The convicts had plotted a general insurrection and escape, which was to have taken place on the preceding night. It had been discovered in time, however, and such precautions taken, as completely prevented even the attempt. The chief of these precautions appeared in half a regiment of troops, that had bivouacked all night in the square adjoining the prison, and were still some lying, some loitering about. Strict orders had been issued, that no strangers should be admitted to witness the ceremony of rivetting; and the turnkeys and gaolers, in appearance not yet recovered from the alarm of the preceding evening, refused to listen to either bribe, menace, or solicitation. It was confoundedly vexatious. Whilst expostulating with the turnkey, I caught a glimpse through a barred window of the interior court, athwart which the chains lay extended, whilst in one railed off even from this the convicts were crowded, marching round and round—precaution forbade their remaining still—and uttering from time to time such yells and imprecations as might deafen and appal a Mohawk. "I have caught a glimpse at least," thought I, as we were unceremoniously turned out.

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My friend, the surgeon, bade us, however, not despair. When the man of influence arrived he hoped to prevail; and in the mean time he led us to view the other curiosities of Bicêtre. There was the well, the kitchen, the anatomical theatre. The courts were crowded with aged paupers, who each well knew that his carcass would undergo what laceration the scalpel of my friend and his comrades chose to inflict upon it. But the thought seemed not to affect them so much as it did us. Methought the business of dissecting dead subjects might have been carried on more remote from the living candidates; but I was wrong, for mystery and secrecy always beget fear.

The mad-house was another curiosity. It contains many whose brain the revolution of July, 1830, had turned. One man, a fine youth, had travelled on foot from a distant part of the kingdom, to shed his blood as a sacrifice to the memory of Napoleon. He gave his last franc to obtain admission within the pillar of the Place Vendôme, and when there opened the veins of both his arms, crying out, "I offer the blood of the brave to the manes of Napoleon." His rolling black eye was now contrasted with a face pale as death. He had lost so much blood that few hopes were entertained of his recovery.

But by far the most curious patient of the mad-house, was a young man who imagined himself to be a woman. He was handsome, but not feminine in appearance. He adored a little mirror, with which he was gratified. Rags of all colours were his delight; and he had made a precious collection. His coquetry was evident; and he answered pertinently all questions, never belying at the same time his fixed opinion, that he was endowed with a maiden's charms.

We looked over the book of reports, and found seven-eighths of the female patients to have become deranged from love; whilst, with the majority of the males, the hallucination proceeded from disappointments of ambition. Surprised, I could make out no case of a religious maniac; glad, I could discover none of a student.

We now returned to machinations for the purpose of entering the forbidden prison. Aprons were handed us, not unlike a barber's. They were surgeons' aprons, always worn by those of the establishment when on duty. Might not then the barbers' aprons be a tradition of the barber-surgeons? I refrained from asking the question in that company. The scheme was, that we should pass for *Carabins*—such is the nickname of French students in chirurgery—and in this quality demand admission. The Cerberus of the prison grinned at the deceit, but wearied and amused by our importunities, he actually opened the *quicket* and admitted us. There are two grated doors of this kind, one always locked whilst the other is opened. In an instant we were in Pandemonium.

The buildings, which surrounded and formed the courts, evidently the oldest and strongest of Bicêtre, harmonized in dinginess with the scene. At every barred window, and these were numerous, about a dozen ruffianly heads were thrust together, to regard the chains of their companions.—What a study of physiognomy! The murderer's scowl was there, by the side of the laughing countenance of the vagabond, whose shouts and jokes formed a kind of tenor to the muttered imprecations of the other. Here and there was protruded the fine, open, high-fronted head,—pale, striking, features, and dark looks, of some felon of intellect and natural superiority; whilst by his side, ignominy looked stupidly and maliciously on. A handsome little fellow at one of the grates, was dressing his hair unconsciously with most agitated fingers, evidently affected by the scene. Our question of "What are you in for?" aroused him. "False signing a billet of twenty thousand francs," replied he, with a shrug and a smile. "And he, your neighbour?" asked we cautiously, concerning one of a fine, thoughtful, philosophic, and passionate countenance. "Ha! you may ask—he gave his mistress a potion, for the purpose of merely seducing her, and it turned out to be poison—a *carabin* like yourselves." But these made no part of the *chaine*.

The convicts destined for this operation were kept in movement round a post in an adjoining court, and were shouting, rarely in intelligible language, to their companions. Joy was the universal tone, and a sniveller ran imminent danger. One poor fellow I remarked holding down his head, when he was saluted with a kick from him who followed, and the objurgation, *Tu es forçat, toi, heim?*—"You a convict, and durst be sad." These men were all unmanacled. Methought a general rush on their part both practicable and formidable. One half must have perished, and the other half might have escaped.

They were now marched out from the inner court in batches of thirty at a time, drawn up in rank, stripped, and exa-

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mined with such rigid scrutiny as I dare not precise. They were then marched and placed along one of the extended chains, and made to sit down, resting it in their laps. A square fetter was then fitted and placed around the neck of each. In this, before, some detached links from the chain were placed, whilst a huge smith proceeded to rivet each from behind. Fixing a kind of movable anvil behind the convict's back, the fetter that encircled his neck was brought with its joint upon it, and half a dozen blows of the sledge riveted the captive inextricably to the main chain and to his twenty-nine comrades. The smith must be adroit at his task, and the convict steady in his position; for, as the fetter is tight round the neck, the hammer, in its blow, must pass within a quarter of an inch of his skull, and a wince on his part might prove fatal. This, indeed, is the trying moment, when the stoutest cheek is blanched. The sturdiest frame, shaken by the blows of the sledge, then betrays emotion, and tears of penitence are at that moment almost always seen to fall. On sitting down, each had in general an air of bravado, produced in a great measure by the regards of the seemingly more hardened ruffians from the windows. Under the riveting there was no smile; whilst after it, apathy was affected or resumed, each endeavouring to make his iron collar as supportable and comfortable as possible, by enveloping it in a handkerchief, and guaranteeing the neck from its chill or galling.

When the *chaine* was completed, its wearers were made to stand up. They formed themselves in couples, the chain running betwixt two ranks, and they walked round the yard to take their first lesson in their galling exercise. They are thus fettered together till they reach Brest or Toulon. The choice is left to them of walking or being carried in carts, more provender being given to those who make the journey on foot.

The only part of their habiliments, which seemed left to themselves to provide, was a covering for the head, the red or green cap being given them only upon entering the *bagne*. For their journey, some of the fellows had provided themselves with strange head-gear, mostly made of straw; one had a three-cocked hat; others, one of all kinds of *outré* shapes. A prime vagabond had woven for himself a complete and magnificent tiara, precisely like the Roman Pontiff's in form, and surmounted by a cross. This was the *Pope*, the Pope of the *Chaine*, and I never heard a shout so appalling, as that with which his appearance was welcomed by the prisoners from the windows of the building. They danced, they yelled, tore and tumbled over each other in the most exuberant delight, thrusting their crowded heads and distorted features almost through the gratings. I have gleaned from it quite an idea of a scene of merriment and exultation *below*.

The said Pope was a very extraordinary fellow: a slight fair form, pointed features, and eyes that were penetrating, despite their common shade of grey. He was called *Champenois*, his real name unknown, not more than three-and-twenty, and the Lieutenant of the *Chaine* said, one of the most talented and extraordinary characters that *he* had ever met with. He had been the prime mover of the intended insurrection, but without a proof against him, except his universal authority, unusual in so young a thief. His physiognomy was one, which it required not a second look in order to remember for ever.

Another figure struck me, not so much as singular in itself, as in contrast with those around. It struck me as that of an English cabin-boy, a pale, freckled, ill-conditioned lad. On following the calling over of the register in roll, I found my conjecture too true. He was an unfortunate young sailor, a native of England, guilty of some misdemeanour, and by name Aikin. He understood not a word of French, but protested with a shake of his head against his being English; patriotism had in him outlived honesty and self-respect. I spoke to him in English: he wept, but would not reply, puckering up his poor lips in all the agony of his desolate condition. I was glad to remark the humanity with which he had been chained to a prisoner, pensive and downcast like himself.

There were some cases certainly hard; one or two for resisting the *gen-d'armerie* in a riot at Rouen. To transport a rioter, unless under aggravated circumstances, is grievous enough; but after the revolution of July, that hallowed riot, to make a galley-slave of a *brave* for resisting the police, must have been at least surprising to him. The tribunal no doubt felt the necessity of severity; and we acknowledged it all in deploring the degradation of these poor devils for an act, which in so many thousand others was, at the moment, extolled to the skies as the acmé of heroism. But justice hath her lottery-wheel as well as fortune.

As the last *chaine* was completing, an

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ecclesiastic went round to collect money of the visiters. But as there were few, so were the offerings. The convicts at the same time produced the fruits of their ingenuity in straw work-boxes, needle-cases, carved ivory and wood. The guardians, to do them justice, seemed humane.

The *bagne* at Toulon, the destination of the members of the *chaine*, was respectably peopled when I visited it some years ago. It contained amongst others, Sarrazin, a famous general, who had deserted to us from Buonaparte, and whose works on the Spanish and other campaigns, are still read with interest. The general had caught the inexcusable habit of marrying a wife in each town wherein he was quartered, and was sent to the gallies for *trigintagamy*. They boasted a bishop too amongst the convicts at Toulon, a merry little fellow, that bore his fate gaily, and who still contrived to exercise a kind of spiritual supremacy over his unfortunate comrades.

The ingenuity and hardihood of these men is surprising. Despite the vigilance, the ramparts, the fetters, and the logs, they escape hourly and daily;—at what risk is manifest from the regulations, by which three cannon shots always announce the disappearance of a convict, serving to warn the peasants, and call them to earn the handsome reward given to whoever arrests one of the branded fugitives. They are easily recognised by the halt in one limb; as they are wont to drag after them that which has been accustomed to the bullet.

The only pursuits that seem to pervade the *bagne*, are those of *eating* and *dying*: with the exception of escape, all others are denied. And those who have given up the latter hope, confine their thoughts either to bettering their meagre fare of beans, or to getting rid of existence in the most advantageous way. It is remarkable and degrading to observe the utmost human ingenuity and industry employed, in order to procure a dish of potatoes fried in grease once in the week. Yet such is the luxury of a *forçat*, and he must labour for it harder than even an Hibernian peasant, or a poet of the same line.

The more philosophic, who scorn the luxury of potatoes, and with it the life that affords no other, meditate how best to get rid of existence; and this they effect almost ever in one way; viz., by killing their most obnoxious keeper, and thus earning the guillotine.

It is a frequent scene in the *bagne*, that of an executionr It occurs every week or fortnight. All the convicts are obliged to attend, for the purpose of striking them with terror, and working contrition and good behaviour in them. Alas! it is a huge mistake. For these days are of all other days of *fête* to them. Their countenances are marked by universal joy, and they shout congratulations, not condolences, to their comrade about to perish. Death to them is indeed an escape. Its ceremony is to them a marriage feast: and decapitation, what a *black job* was to Lord Portsmouth,—the only variety and excitement that could give a spur to their heavy and painful existence.

Speak as we may against the pains of death, this is worse, not only physically but morally; for it degrades humanity far lower than is conceiveable. The French have an idea that they can imitate the American mode of punishment by solitary confinement. This again will be still worse than the galleys; since religious consolation can alone redeem or ameliorate man in this state of durance; and as this makes no part of the French system, I cannot help thinking the *guillotine* more merciful, than either their *bagne* or their solitary cells.—*Monthly Magazine.*

THE SEALS.

Written at the suggestion of a Lover who inferred the decline of his mistress's affections from her changing the seals of her letters.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HUNCHBACK.

You've changed the seal—you've changed it thrice:
Your first implied you loved:
How welcome was the dear device,
A thousand kisses proved.

Your next was love—it spoke the flame,
Yet scarce so plain methought—
I kiss'd it, wishing it the same
Your first sweet letter brought

The second change, was change indeed—
To friendship—Judge my bliss—
And did I kiss that seal?—I did—
But 'twas a farewell kiss.

The third—nor love, nor friendship—There
Indeed love's dream should end—
As coldest stranger better far
Than lover turn'd to friend.

No kiss I gave that seal—no name—
Still dear—of thine it bore—
The signet, whence the impress came,
Perhaps a rival wore.

I smil'd to think 'twas so—'twas strange—
And have such cause to sigh—
How couldst thou—fairest creature—change?
O, wherefore could not I. *Monthly Mag.*

By a Parliamentary return it appears, that Kensington Palace cost the public in 1828, 2,412*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*; in 1829, 4,638*l.* 8*s.*; in 1830, 6,203*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.*; and in 1831, 3,921*l.* 15*s.* Hampton Court in 1828, cost 4,430*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*; in 1829, 5,964*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.*; in 1830, 4,144*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*; and in 1831, 3,994*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.*—*Times.*

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The Gatherer.

Dr. Johnson has remarked that the French are fond of Young's *Night Thoughts*, a fact which is hard to be accounted for, that a nation so celebrated for their gaiety should have a regard for an author treating on such serious subjects.

Wigs.—In the reign of Queen Anne, enormous full-bottomed wigs often cost twenty or thirty guineas each.

"*Capillary Attraction.*"—When Charles II. was espoused to the Infanta of Portugal, a fleet was sent over to Lisbon, with proper attendants to bring her hither, but her majesty being informed that there were some particular customs in Portugal, with relation to the ladies, which the king would not easily dispense with, the fleet was detained six or seven weeks, at a great expense, till *her majesty's hair grew.*

(Mr. Prince, with his Russia Oil, would have prospered under Royal Patronage in those days; and Mr. Rowland would not have needed immortality in Byron's verse: "incomparable *huile Macassar.*")

The King of Kippen.—When James V. of Scotland, travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of the principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballangiech. Ballangiech is a steep pass, which leads down behind the Castle of Stirling. Once, when he was feasting in Stirling, the king sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer were killed and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily, they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who had a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and, to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him that it belonged to King James, he answered insolently, that if James was king in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was king in Kippen, being the name of the district in which the Castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the king got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the king admittance, saying that "the Laird of Arnpryor was at dinner, and would not be disturbed." "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the king, "and tell him that the good man of Ballangiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard who called himself the good man of Ballangiech, at the gate, and said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the king was there in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behavour. But the king, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison, which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called King of Kippen.

W. G. C.

Remarkable Murder.—"Anno 1605: one William Calverly, of Calverly, in the county of York, esquire, murthered two of his own children at home at his own house, then stabbed his wife into the body, with full intent to have killed her, and then went out with intention to have killed his child, at nurse, but was prevented. He was pressed to death, at York, for this murther, because he stood mute, and would not plead."—*Old History.*

Law respecting Caps.—An old Law, enacted that every person above seven years of age, should wear on Sundays, and Holidays, a cap of wool, knitmade, thickened and dressed in England, by some of the trade of Cappers—under the forfeiture of three-farthings for every day's neglect; excepting *Maids, Ladies,* and *Gentlemen,* and every *Lord, Knight,* and Gentleman of *Twenty marks of land,* and their *heirs,* and such as had borne office of worship in any *City, Town,* or *Place,* and the Wardens of the London Companies.

T. Gill.

Splendid Biography.—Richard Neville, the Great Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, was well known in history by the appellation of the King Maker. His biographer says, "He was a man whose hospitality was so abundant, that the ordinary consumption of a breakfast, at his house in London, was six oxen; whose popularity was so great, that his absence was accounted as the absence of the sun from the hemisphere; whose service was so courted, that men of all

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degrees were proud to wear the badges of his livery; and whose authority was so potent, that kings were raised, or deposed, as suited his humour."

P. T. W.

Character of England by Henry the Seventh. — Henry the Seventh (whose breeding had been low and private) being once pressed by some of his council, to pursue his title to France, returned this answer: "That France was indeed a flourishing and gallant kingdom; but England, in his mind, was as fine a seat for a country gentleman as any that could be found in Europe." G. K.

The Plough.

"Look how the purple flower, which the *plough*
Hath shorn in sunder, languishing doth die." *Peachum.*

This implement was known to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and was invented at a very early period, being perhaps nearly coeval with the cultivation of the soil itself. Anciently, the tenants (in England) in some manors, were not allowed to have their rural implements sharpened by any but those whom the lord appointed; for which an acknowledgment was to be paid, called *agusa dura;* in some places *agusage*, a fee for sharpening plough-tackle, which some take to be the same with what was otherwise called *reillage*, from the ancient French *reille*, a *ploughshare.*

Ancient Fête at Gorhambury.—In the year 1577, Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Gorhambury, by Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, from Saturday, May the 18th, to the Wednesday following, at the expense of 577*l.* 6*s.* 7½*d.* besides fifteen bucks and two stags. Among the dainties of the feathered kind, enumerated in this entertainment, Mr. Nichols mentions herons, bitterns, godwites, dotterels, shovelers, curlews, and knots. Sir Nicholas Bacon was frequently visited by the queen, who dated many of her state papers from Gorhambury. P. T. W.

Adrian the Fourth. — Adrian the Fourth was the only Englishman who ever filled the Papal chair. His name was Nicholas Breakspeare, and he was born at Abbot's Langley, a village in Herts. Such was the unbounded pride of this pontiff, that when the Emperor Frederick the First went to Rome, in 1155, to receive the imperial diadem, the Pope, after many difficulties concerning the ceremonial of investiture, insisted that the emperor should prostrate himself before him, kiss his feet, hold his stirrup, and lead the white palfrey on which the holy father rode. Frederick did not submit to this humiliation without reluctance; and as he took hold of the stirrup, he observed that "he had not yet been taught the profession of a groom." In a letter to his old friend, John of Salisbury, he says that St. Peter's Chair was the most uneasy seat in the world, and that his crown seemed to be clapped burning on his head. Yet did this haughty Pope (according to Dr. Cave) allow his mother to be maintained by the alms of the church of Canterbury. P. T. W.

Quid pro quo. — A peasant of Burgundy, whom Louis XI. had taken some notice of, while Dauphin, appeared before him when he ascended the throne, and presented him with an extraordinary large radish; Louis received it with much goodwill, and handsomely repaid the peasant. The great man of the place, to whom the countryman related his good fortune, imagined that if he were to offer Louis something, he would, at any rate, make him a prince. Accordingly he went to court, and presented his finest horse to the king. Louis received his present as graciously as he had before taken the radish, and after he had sufficiently praised the horse, "See here," said he, taking the radish in his hand, "here is a radish, which, like your horse, is one of the rarest of its kind; I present it to you with many thanks." IOTA.

Muswell Hill derives its name from a famous well on the hill, where, formerly, the fraternity of St. John of Jerusalem, in Clerkenwell, had their dairy, with a large farm adjacent. Here they built a chapel for the benefit of some nuns, in which they fixed the image of our Lady of Muswell. These nuns had the sole management of the dairy: and it is singular, that the said well and farm do, at this time, belong to the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell. The water of this spring was then deemed a miraculous cure for scrofulous and cutaneous disorders. For that reason it was much resorted to; and, as tradition says, a king of Scotland made a pilgrimage hither, and was perfectly cured.

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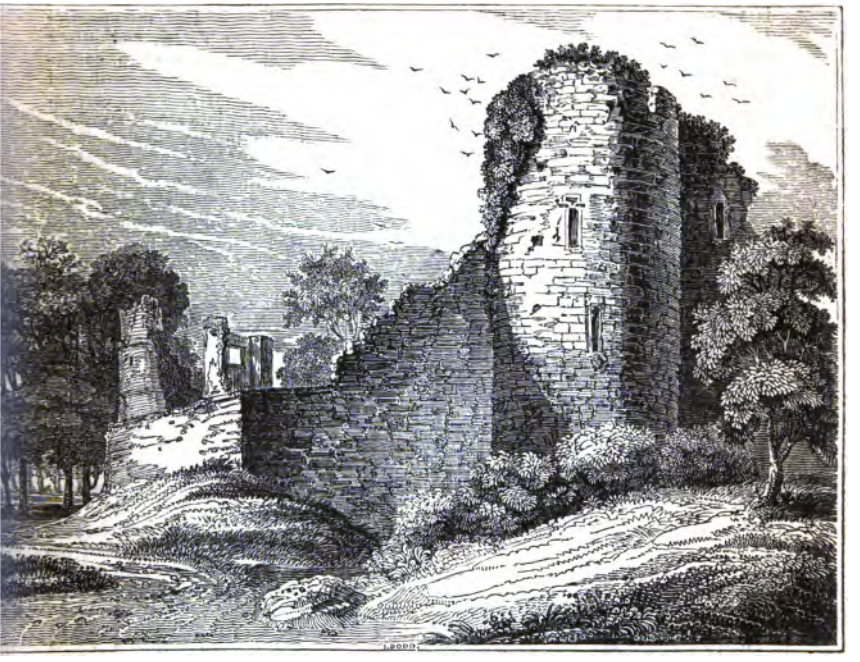
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 547.] SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1832. [Price 2d.



WILTON CASTLE.

Here is one of the ivy-mantled relics that lend even a charm to romantic nature on the banks of the Wye. Its shattered tower and crumbling wall, combine with her wild luxuriance, to form a scene of great picturesque beauty, though, as Gilpin observes, "the scene wants accompaniments to give it grandeur."

These ruins stand opposite to Ross, on the western bank of the Wye. The Castle was for several centuries the baronial residence of the Greys of the south, who derived from it their first title, and who became owners in the time of Edward the First. It may therefore be presumed to have been one of the strongholds, in the great struggles for feudal superiority with Wales, which were commenced by Edward, whose "active and splendid reign may be considered as an attempt to subject the whole island of Great Britain to his sway."* Or, in earlier times, being situated on the ancient barrier between England and Wales, it may have been a station of some importance, from its contiguity to Hereford, which city was destroyed by the Welsh, but rebuilt and fortified by Harold, who also strengthened the castle. The whole district is of antiquarian interest, since, at the period of the Roman invasion, Herefordshire was inhabited by the Silures, who also occupied the adjacent counties of Radnor, Monmouth, and Glamorgan, together with that part of Gloucestershire which lies westward of the Severn. The Silures, in conjunction with the Ordovices, or inhabitants of North Wales, retarded, for a considerable period, the progress of the Roman victors, whose grand object seems to have been the conquest of these nations, who had chosen the gallant Caractacus as their chieftain, and resolutely exhausted every effort in defence of the independence of their country.

The present demolished state of the

* Mackintosh's Hist. England, vol. i. p. 247.

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Castle is referred to the Royalist Governors of Hereford, by whose orders it was burnt to the bare walls during the reign of Charles I. in the absence of its then possessor, Sir J. Brydges.

The scenery of the WYE, at this point is thus described by tourists: "From Hereford to Ross, its features occasionally assume greater boldness; though more frequently their aspect is placid; but at the latter town wholly emerging from its state of repose," it resumes the brightness and rapidity of its primitive character, as it forms the admired curve which the churchyard of Ross commands. The celebrated spire of Ross church, peeping over a noble row of elms, here fronts the ruined Castle of Wilton, beneath the arches of whose bridge, the Wye flows through a charming succession of meadows, encircling at last the lofty and well-wooded hill, crowned with the majestic fragments of Gooderich Castle, and opposed by the waving eminences of the forest of Dean. The mighty pile, or peninsula, of Symonds' Rock succeeds," round which the river flows in a circuit of seven miles, though the opposite points of the isthmus are only one mile asunder. Shortly afterwards, the Wye quits the county, and enters Monmouthshire at the New Wear.

The Rev. Mr. Gilpin, in his charming little volume on Picturesque Beauty,* has a few appropriate observations: after passing Wilton—

"We met with nothing for some time during our voyage but grand, woody banks, one rising behind another; appearing and vanishing by turns, as we doubled the several capes. But though no particular objects characterized these different scenes, yet they afforded great variety of pleasing views, both as we wound round the several promontories, which discovered new beauties as each scene opened, and when we kept the same scene a longer time in view, stretching along some lengthened reach, where the river is formed into an irregular vista by hills shooting out beyond each other and going off in perspective."

We ought not to forget to mention Ross, and its association with one of the noblest works of GOD—honest John Kyrle, celebrated as the Man of Ross. Pope, during his visits at Holm-Lacey, in the vicinity, obtained sufficient knowledge of his beneficence, to render due homage to his worth in one of the brightest pages of the records of human character.

* Observations on the River Wye, &c. By William Gilpin, M. A.—Fifth Edition.

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS" —EGGS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

IN a paper on the *Superstitions of the Sea*, a few years ago,* I slightly alluded to the nautical belief that the appearance of the Stormy Petrel, and other marine birds at sea, was often considered to be the forerunner of peril and disaster; and as your excellent correspondent, *M. L. B.*, in a recent number, expresses a wish to know the origin of the *soubriquet* of *Mother Carey's Chickens*, which the former birds have obtained, I now give it with all the brevity which is consistent with so important a narration. It appears that a certain outward-bound Indiaman, called the *Tiger*, (but in what year I am unable to state,) had encountered one continued series of storms, during her whole passage; till on nearing the Cape of Good Hope, she was almost reduced to a wreck. Here, however, the winds and waves seemed bent on her destruction; in the midst of the storm, flocks of strange looking birds were seen hovering and wheeling in the air around the devoted ship, and one of the passengers, a woman called "Mother Carey," was observed by the glare of the lightning to laugh and smile when she looked at these foul-weather visitants; on which she was not only set down as a witch, but it was also thought that they were her familiars, whom she had invoked from the *Red Sea*; and "all hands" were seriously considering on the propriety of getting rid of the old beldam, (as is usual in such cases,) by setting her afloat, when she saved them the trouble, and at that moment jumped overboard, surrounded by flames; on which the birds vanished, the storm cleared away, and the tempest-tossed *Tiger* went peacefully on her course! Ever since the occurrence of this "astounding yarn," the birds have been called "Mother Carey's Chickens," and are considered by our sailors to be the most unlucky of all the feathered visitants at sea.

To turn by a not unnatural transition from *birds* to *eggs*, permit me to inform your Scottish correspondent, *S. S.* (see No. 536,) where he asserts that the plan of rubbing eggs with grease in order to preserve them, "is not so much as known in our own boasted land of stale eggs and bundlewood;" that the said *discovery* has long been known and practised in many parts of old England; and that the repeated experience of se-

* See *Mirror*, No. 295, vol. xi.

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veral friends warrants me in giving a decided negative to his assertion that eggs so prepared "*will keep any length of time perfectly fresh.*" If kept for a considerable period, though they do not become absolutely bad, yet they turn *very stale*. I happen to know something of Scotland, and was never before aware that the raw clime of our northern neighbours was so celebrated for its poultry. *M. L. B.* is certainly misinformed in speaking of the trade in *Scotch* eggs to *America*. The importation of eggs from the continent into England is very extensive: the duty in 1827 amounted at the rate of 10*d.* per 120, to 23,062*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.*; since which period there has, we believe, been an increase. The importation of eggs from Ireland is also very large. If *S. S.* resides in London, he may have occasion to sneer at "our boasted land of stale eggs;" but he should rather sneer at the preserved French eggs, with which the London dealers are principally supplied.

VYVYAN.

THE CURFEW BELL.

(To the Editor.)

IN addition to the remarks made by *Reginald*, in No. 543, and by *M. D.*, and *G. C.*, in No. 545 of *The Mirror*, let me add that the Curfew is rung every night at eight, in my native town, (Winchester,) and the bell, a large one, weighing 12 cwt., is appropriated for the purpose, (not belonging to a church) but affixed in the tower of the Guildhall, and used only for this occasion, or on an alarm of fire.

In that city the Curfew was first established under the command of the Conqueror, and the practice has continued to the present day. I have been assured by many old residents, that it formerly was the custom to ring the bell every morning at four o'clock, but the practice being found annoying to persons living near, the Corporation ordered it to be discontinued.

To such of your readers who, like myself, are fond of a solitary ramble along the sea shore by moonlight, I would say, go to Southampton or the Isle of Wight; take an evening walk from Itchen through the fields to Netley, thence to the Abbey and Fort ruins, under woods that for a considerable distance skirt the coast; or on the opposite side, through the Forest of Oaks, from Eling to Dibden, and onwards over the meadows to Hythe: there they may, in either, find ample food for reflection, connected with the Curfew Bell.

Seated on a fragment of the towers of Netley Abbey, whose pinnacles were so often hailed by seamen as well known landmarks, but whose Curfew has for centuries been quiet, the spectator may see before him the crumbling remains of a fort, erected hundreds of years ago. On the left is an expanse of water as far as the eye can reach, and in his front the celebrated New Forest,—

> Majestic woods of ever vigorous green,
> Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
> Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
> A boundless deep immensity of shade—

the scene of William's tyranny and atrocity, the spot where his children met their untimely end, and where may be seen the *tumuli* erected over the remains of the Britons who fell in defence of their country.

In the deep recesses of a wood in the south-east prospect, the eye may faintly distinguish the mouldering remains of the Abbey of Beaulieu, famed in days of yore for its Sanctuary, the name of which is now only recorded in history. Even the site of the tower is unknown, whose Curfew has long ceased to warn the seamen, or draw the deep curse from the forester.

There they may

> "On a plat of rising ground,
> Hear the far off Curfew sound,
> Over the wide watered shore,
> Swinging slow with sullen roar."

The Curfew is rung at Southampton, Downton, Ringwood, and many other towns in the west, every night at eight.

P. Q.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

SPANISH SCENERY.

THE following is from the delightful pencil of Washington Irving: it will be seen to bear all the polish of his best style:—

"Many are apt to picture Spain to their imaginations as a soft southern region, decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains, and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indescribably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds

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to this silence and loneliness, is the absence of singing-birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain-cliffs, and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries are met with in but few provinces in Spain, and in those chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man.

"In the interior provinces the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sunburnt, but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil. At length, he perceives some village on a steep hill, or rugged crag, with mouldering battlements and ruined watch-tower; a stronghold, in old times, against civil war, or Moorish inroad; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection, is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters.

"But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of its people; and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal, and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits.

"There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and of La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes, the eye catches sight here and there of a straggling herd of cattle attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long, slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or, beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste like a train of camels in the desert; or, a single herdsman, armed with blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus the country, the habits, the very looks of the people, have something of the Arabian character. The general insecurity of the country is evinced in the universal use of weapons. The herdsman in the field, the shepherd in the plain, has his musket and his knife. The wealthy villager rarely ventures to the market-town without his trabuco, and, perhaps, a servant on foot with a blunderbuss on his shoulder; and the most petty journey is undertaken with the preparation of a warlike enterprise.

"The dangers of the road produce also a mode of travelling, resembling, on a diminutive scale, the caravans of the east. The arrieros, or carriers, congregate in convoys, and set off in large and well-armed trains on appointed days; while additional travellers swell their number, and contribute to their strength. In this primitive way is the commerce of the country carried on. The muleteer is the general medium of traffic, and the legitimate traverser of the land, crossing the peninsula from the Pyrenees and the Asturias to the Alpuxarras, the Serrania de Ronda, and even to the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily: his alforjas of coarse cloth hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle, hanging at his saddle-bow, contains wine or water, for a supply across barren mountains and thirsty plains. A mule-cloth spread upon the ground, is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle is his pillow. His low, but clean-limbed and sinewy form betokens strength; his complexion is dark and sunburnt; his eye resolute, but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanour is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation: 'Dios guarde à usted!' 'Va usted con Dios, Caballero!' 'God guard you! God be with you, Cavalier!'

"As these men have often their whole fortune at stake upon the burthen of their mules, they have their weapons at hand, slung to their saddles, and ready to be snatched out for desperate defence. But their united numbers render them secure against petty bands of marauders, and the solitary bandolero, armed to the teeth, and mounted on his Andalusian steed, hovers about them, like a pirate about a merchant convoy, without daring to make an assault.

"The Spanish muleteer has an inexhaustible stock of songs and ballads, with which to beguile his incessant wayfaring. The airs are rude and simple, consisting of but few inflexions. These he chants forth with a loud voice, and long, drawling cadence, seated sideways on his mule, who seems to listen with

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infinite gravity, and to keep time, with his paces, to the tune. The couplets thus chanted, are often old traditional romances about the Moors, or some legend of a saint, or some love-ditty; or what is still more frequent, some ballad about a bold contrabandista, or hardy bandolero, for the smuggler and the robber are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain. Often the song of the muleteer is composed at the instant, and relates to some local scenes or some incident of the journey. This talent of singing and improvising is frequent in Spain, and is said to have been inherited from the Moors. There is something wildly pleasing in listening to these ditties among the rude and lonely scenes that they illustrate; accompanied, as they are, by the occasional jingle of the mule-bell.

"It has a most picturesque effect also to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain-pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules, breaking with their simple melody the stillness of the airy height; or, perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chanting, at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditionary ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the cragged defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky, sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms below you. As they approach, you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle-cloths, while, as they pass by, the ever-ready trabuco slung behind the packs and saddles, gives a hint of the insecurity of the road.

"The ancient kingdom of Granada, into which we are about to penetrate, is one of the most mountainous regions of Spain. Vast sierras, or chains of mountains, destitute of shrub or tree, and mottled with variegated marbles and granites, elevate their sun-burnt summits against a deep-blue sky; yet in their rugged bosoms lie engulfed the most verdant and fertile valley, where the desert and the garden strain for mastery, and the very rock is, as it were, compelled to yield the fig, the orange, and the citron, and to blossom with the myrtle and the rose.

"In the wild passes of these mountains the sight of walled towns and villages, built like eagles' nests among the cliffs, and surrounded by Moorish battlements, or of ruined watch-towers perched on lofty peaks, carries the mind back to the chivalric days of Christian and Moslem warfare, and to the romantic struggle for the conquest of Granada. In traversing these lofty sierras the traveller is often obliged to alight and lead his horse up and down the steep and jagged ascents and descents, resembling the broken steps of a staircase. Sometimes the road winds along dizzy precipices, without parapet to guard him from the gulfs below, and then will plunge down steep, and dark, and dangerous declivities. Sometimes it straggles through rugged barrancos, or ravines, worn by winter torrents, the obscure path of the contrabandista; while, ever and anon, the ominous cross, the monument of robbery and murder, erected on a mound of stones at some lonely part of the road, admonishes the traveller that he is among the haunts of banditti, perhaps at that very moment under the eye of some lurking bandolero. Sometimes, in winding through the narrow valleys, he is startled by a hoarse bellowing, and beholds above him on some green fold of the mountain side a herd of fierce Andalusian bulls, destined for the combat of the arena. There is something awful in the contemplation of these terrific animals, clothed with tremendous strength, and ranging their native pastures in untamed wildness, strangers almost to the face of man: they know no one but the solitary herdsman who attends upon them, and even he at times dares not venture to approach them. The low bellowing of these bulls, and their menacing aspect as they look down from their rocky height, give additional wildness to the savage scenery around."

(From *The Alhambra*, or *New Sketch Book*, to which we propose to return in a *Supplement* in a fortnight.)

Anecdote Gallery.

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT: A TALE.

A LANARKSHIRE minister (who died within the present century) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." He was *extremely covetous* and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion:—Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish, he became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full

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of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely. "Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot; "if ye like the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' orra (*superfluous*) pot wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use for ordinar, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it ower the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule." "Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow, on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off then he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that, if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot, in inverted fashion, upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was, at first, much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path, to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him, in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or, at least *into*, the dark as this. The concussion given to his person in descending caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new born child was enclosed by the filmy bag, with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favourite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patera*, being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes, to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach, in deafening reverberation, the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *death in the pot*.

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit, or exert, under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eye-

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sight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding, over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith, and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song,

"Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted;
Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted;
And a' the town neighbours were gathered about it;
And there was he, I trow."

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was accordingly, at his own request led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release; and, having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer. "Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer; "better a chap i' the chafts than die for want of breath." Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook-maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but, assuredly, the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C——.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

The Naturalist.

LOUDON'S MAGAZINE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SUNDRY and manifold are our obligations to this delightful Journal. From the Number (26) for the present month we glean the following:

The Gurnard and Sprat.

Mr. J. Couch, in an interesting paper on the fishes of Cornwall, has the following notes:

"Ray observes that the word gurnard, which may be regarded as the English term, is derived *a grunnitu*, from grunting like a hog. In this, however, I venture to think this eminent naturalist mistaken. Pengurn is the ancient Cornu-British name for these fishes, and signifies hard head; and its English translation is now sometimes given to the grey gurnard. From the Cornish word *gurn* (hard), I therefore derive the name, as descriptive of the head of these species. This is a common fish at all seasons; but in December and January it sometimes abounds to such a degree, that, as they are not much esteemed, I have known them sold at thirty for a penny. It keeps near the bottom commonly, at no great distance from land; but sometimes multitudes will mount together to the surface; and move along with the first dorsal fin above the water: they will even quit their native element, and spring to the distance of a yard; thus imitating the flying gurnard, though not to the same extent. In summer they are found basking in the sun, perhaps asleep, as they will at times display no signs of animation, until an attempt is made to seize them.

"In reference to some observations by Mr. Yarrell, in the *Zoological Journal*, relative to the distinction between the sprat and the young of the pilchard and herring, I can state that Cornish fishermen term the young of both the latter fishes sprats; but, how far this should go in determining the judgment of a naturalist will appear, when I add that I have never seen above one specimen of the genuine sprat in Cornwall, and that was brought me by a fisherman, to be informed what fish it was. In taking fish out of his net by night, he felt it to be neither a pilchard nor a herring, and supposed it something rare."

STRUCTURE OF BIRDS.

BIRDS may be said to constitute an isolated class of beings. They are distinguished by certain characters from all other animals: their classification does not pass into any other, and cannot, therefore, be consistently introduced into the supposed chain or gradation of natural bodies.

The skeleton or bony frame of birds is in general lighter than in quadrupeds. They have the largest bones of all ani-

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mals, in proportion to their weight; and their bones are more hollow than those of animals that do not fly: air-vessels also enable them to blow out the hollow parts of their bodies, when they wish to make their descent slower, rise more swiftly, or float in the air. The spine is immovable, but the neck has a greater number of bones, (never less than nine, and varying from that to twenty-four,) and consequently of joints, and more varied motion, than in quadrupeds. The breast-bone is very large, with a prominent keel down the middle, and is formed for the attachment of very strong muscles: the bones of the wings are analagous to those of the fore-legs in quadrupeds, but the termination is in three joints or fingers only, of which the exterior is very short. This will be better understood by the annexed

Skeleton of a Turkey.

The muscles that move the wings downwards, in many instances, are a sixth part of the weight of the whole body; whereas those of a man are not in proportion one hundredth part so large. The centre of gravity of their bodies is always below the insertion of their wings to prevent them falling on their backs, but near that point on which the body is, during flight, as it were, suspended. The positions assumed by the head and feet are frequently calculated to accomplish these ends, and give to the wings every assistance in continuing the progressive motion. The tail also is of great use, in regulating the rise and fall of birds and even their lateral movements. What are commonly called the legs are analogous to the hind legs in quadrupeds, and they terminate, in general, in four toes, three of which are usually directed forwards, and one backwards; but in some birds there are only two toes, in others three.

Birds exceed quadrupeds in the quantity of their respiration, for they have not only a double circulation, and an aerial respiration, but they respire also through other cavities beside the lungs, the air penetrating through the whole body, and bathing the branches of the aorta, or great artery of the body, as well as those of the pulmonary artery.

Birds are usually classed according to the forms of their bills and feet, from those parts being connected with their mode of life, food, &c. and influencing their total habit very materially.

THE RHINOCEROS BIRD.

THIS curious bird is of the order *Picæ*, or Pies, and of the genus *Buceros*, consisting of birds of rather large size, and distinguished by the disproportionate forms of their beaks, which are often still further remarkable for some kind of large prominence on the upper mandible. The most conspicuous species is the *Buceros Rhinoceros* of Linnæus, commonly called

The Rhinoceros Bird.

Its general size is that of a Turkey, but with a much more slenderly proportioned body Its colour is black, with the tail white, crossed by a black bar: the beak is of enormous size, of a lengthened, slightly curved, and pointed shape, and on the upper mandible, towards the base, is an extremely large process, equal in thickness to the bill itself, and turning upwards and backwards in the form of a thick, sharp-pointed horn, somewhat resembling the horn of the rhinoceros. The use of this strange proboscis is by some supposed to be that of enabling the bird more easily to tear out the entrails of its prey; but others affirm that it is not of a predaceous nature, feeding only on vegetable substances. This bird is principally found in the East Indian Islands. A remarkably fine specimen was preserved in the Leverian Museum.

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The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

A scene on the coast of Cornwall.

A SHORT time before my departure from the hamlet of Landwithiel,* I was awoke early one morning by the roaring of the wind in the huge old chimney of my room—the whole tenement, indeed, occasionally shook as a violent gust swept adown the valley, tossing the branches of the stout old tree before the door to and fro in a way that threatened at last to level them with the dust. The very briny scent of the atmosphere convinced me there was some sea running in the bay; and it was the more unexpected as we had had no tokens of a storm for several days previous. From the peninsular situation of this county, surrounded on almost every side with the restless ocean and exposed to the wide sweep of the Atlantic, it may be supposed that storms are of frequent occurrence. As on the present occasion, they often come with little or no warning; and the effects of a hurricane in the distant main, far outstripping the wind, sometimes rolls with tremendous fury towards our western shores, on which the sea is encroaching in every part.

Landwithiel was a wild little place. It was essentially a "fishing village." The people ploughed the deep, not the land; and the constant exposure—blow high, blow low—on the restless sea, endued its inhabitants, and the Cornish fishermen generally, with a fearlessness of danger and boldness of character almost unequalled in these islands. The lives and pursuits of the two great classes in this county—the maritime and mining population—are widely opposite to each other. The one class pass their existence on the stormy waters of the deep, whilst the other labour far below the surface of the earth; each being continually exposed to numberless perils and dangers.

When I descended below I found my host already astir; so after attending well to the inward man, I lost no time in starting towards the harbour. As I formerly described, this comes abruptly in sight round a sharp angle, at some elevation from the beach. On the upper part of the descent the road was flanked on each side with a row of cottages, the street being so steep that steps were formed in many parts to aid the progress of the passenger. This gave an air of singularity and wildness to the place, which was aided by the boldness of the surrounding scenery. The street bore all the marks of the occupation of the inhabitants—nets hanging to dry—strings of fish—an old oar—or a "fisher's wife" broiling fish for her husband's breakfast—met the eye on either side.

On clearing the street, I observed a larger throng on the old pier than was wont to gather there on ordinary occasions. There was obviously some unusual subject of interest agitated amongst them; so I turned from my course and joined the group.

A gale is an important event in a fishing town. Independent of the interest naturally felt for the various craft belonging to the place which may happen to be afloat, there may be wrecks or other marine casualties to excite the interest or cupidity of the observer.

There was a tremendous tumbling sea rolling into the little bay, when I drew towards the pier. At the further end was a group of persons in earnest conversation, whom I distinguished as the knowing ones and long-heads of the place; while their younger companions were engaged in parties walking briskly to and fro on the pier. A tier of boats had been carefully drawn up high and dry beyond the wreck left by the last spring tide. Four or five, however, were afloat, and lurching heavily alongside the pier, whither the tide had not long reached; the wind rattling amongst the masts, shrouds, and half-bent sails of some craft which had just run in for shelter from the impending storm. My recent adventure had made me pretty well acquainted with most of the persons around: and I learned that a *ground swell* had been observed along shore the preceding night. This phenomenon is generally occasioned by a storm in the Atlantic, with a westerly wind; and it affords to the old fishermen an almost certain indication of approaching foul weather.

"A stiff bit of a gale, this same, Master Charles," said an old tar, giving an energetic jerk to his trousers, "Ay, ay, old boy," he replied, "this wind is not blowing for nothing, you may take my word for it; but if the Jane and the Susan hove in sight I'd not mind a bit for all that; we've not a stick afloat but her."

"What! is Sam Clovelly† out this morning, Helston?" I anxiously inquired of the pilot, who was a manly, excellent sort of fellow. He had grown grey with service, and there was something in the steady eye and calm deci-

* See "Recollections of a Wanderer," *Mirror*, Nos. 430—475.

† See *Mirror*, No. 475. "Dawlish's Hole."

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sion of his look that marked him out as no common character.

"Yes, sir, we have no tidings of him yet, and the sky looking as black, yonder, as the face of a negro; but we'll hope that he's run out of harm's way before now."

As the morning waxed apace, the interest in the fate of the Jane and Susan became more evident amongst the bystanders. Every stick that came in sight cut out conversation; but many an eye was cast anxiously to windward in vain for poor Sam Clovelly and his brother Arthur, who had been out since the preceding night. Presently the two little orphan sisters of the missing men came upon the pier, and Helstone, the pilot, and some of the others anxiously endeavoured to cheer and console them.

"I'll be bound they've run for —— port long ago, darlings, so don't cry now, Jane; the old craft's stood many a stronger breeze than this; now, wipe your eyes, there. Poor things," he said, turning to me, as the children went farther on the pier, "their two brothers are the only friends they have got in the world, and if they are gone who is to take care of them? Their father, old Sam Clovelly, was lost—I recollect the time well—somewhere off Milford; leaving his wife, with two stiff tidy bits of lads, and likely to increase the family; well, sir, she took to her bed, with the shock, and never rose from it more, after giving birth to these two little girls, leaving poor Sam and Arthur to struggle on like a cutter in a heavy sea. But God Almighty never deserts the innocent, sir—you've seen that, I dare say? Sam's been a steady lad, and has prospered, and he and Arthur have never forgotten their mother's dying words, and have been very kind to their sisters; but, come what will, the orphans shall never want a friend as long as Charley Helston has a home or a bit of bread to offer them."

We now again reverted to the state of the day. As the gale swept on, numberless craft were running along the coast towards —— port, for shelter. A crack Fowey-man now making a board till she "eat out" of the wind a North-country-man right ahead—now with her helm-a-lea, and now careering along with a heavy following sea on either quarter—kept our attention on the alert. Presently a steamer came in sight bearing up across the bay towards —— Head. The white rush of steam from her safety-valves was well made out by the blackness of the windward horizon; and contrasted with the dense puffs of smoke from her funnel, which were instantly dispersed or carried in heavy patches to leeward. The glory of modern discoveries is unpopular with our coasting-seamen, and the mate of a coaster, who was watching her movements, observed that "we should not have a lad fit to hand a sail or man a yard soon with their cursed machinery."

As she passed on her course "cleaving blast and breaker right ahead," with her weather-wheel often spinning in the air, and as the sky darkened and the waves roared louder, I thought with deep interest on what might even now be the fate of those, without whose friendly aid I should have been lying on a rocky pillow and seaweed for my shroud, near Dawlish's Hole. The weather now became entitled to the formidable name of a storm, but some time had yet to elapse before darkness added its horrors to the scene of desolation.

Heavy masses of breakers were continually striking the pier-head with fearful crashes; now bursting over, amid seas of spray, with resistless impetuosity, drenching every one under its lee; now recoiling for a brief moment, as if to gather strength, leaving a smooth, hollow waste of oily sea—like the treacherous pauses of human passion,—and then returning with wilder haste and tenfold added fury to the onset. .

The morning was waning away. I left the pier, and bent my course away from Landwithiel.

The path I pursued led along the summit of the cliffs; oftentimes winding so close round the edge of a projecting acclivity, that it required a clear head and a steady foot, for one false step would have been instant destruction. The coast below me was justly entitled to take its place amongst the finest rock-scenery in the island; and exhibited in its grandest form, the peculiarly wild and picturesque nature of the coast of Cornwall. After working my way against a head-wind for three or four miles, I took shelter in Dawlish's Watch Tower, an old half-ruined building, which commanded an almost boundless look-out. Nearly right opposite to this station lay the Wolf-stone, an insular, and almost inaccessible rock, which rose in deep water about three-quarters of a mile from land. Whilst scanning with my glass the windward horizon, I accidentally rested on this islet, and I had not looked long before my gaze was rivetted to it. Two individuals I fancied were standing near a pole which was erected on the highest point. These lone and unusual tenants of the sea-birds' home

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were obviously, from their motions, much agitated. A heavy driving shower, for a few minutes, wrapped it in mist. When this cleared off, the black and dreary front of the Wolf-stone became dimly visible through the tumultuous assemblage of gigantic breakers, that were every instant grappling with the steep which defied them. Another minute's observation and I was running at my utmost speed back to Landwithiel. The captives could be no other than Sam and Arthur Clovelly.

My arrival caused universal stir and interest in Landwithiel. The Dasher, the best sea-boat in the harbour was instantly manned, with directions to pull to Carn Cove, almost opposite the rock, whither the rest of the men rapidly proceeded along the heights. Helston and myself also went thither to consult in the first instance, as to the best plan for relief; for no boat could live, in such a day as this, within some distance of the rock.

The anxious group gathered on the edge of the cliff; and while a white flag was running up a boat's mast which we had erected on the tower, we cheered loudly and repeatedly to assure the distant captives that aid was nigh.

"It is Sam—God be praised," sang out Helston, who was steadily looking out through his glass—and every one crowded around. "And is Arthur there too, Charles?"—"Yes, I see.—Death! I thought that wave would sweep over all. Now they wave their neckcloths—they beckon us to use haste. High water is drawing fast on, and what man ever lived on the Wolfstone in a spring flood. They wave again; sing away there, my lads, cheerily!" and a tumultuous shout of human voices again mingled with the blast.

Almost every eye was now cast out for the Dasher, and she was seen pulling with great difficulty—for a handkerchief of canvass would have been madness—towards the shelter of a projecting mass of rock, in Carne Cove, in the comparatively smooth water behind which, Helston and myself were enabled with some difficulty to get aboard. It was a moment of some excitement. Accustomed from childhood fearlessly to brave an element they might truly call their own, the gallant little crew steadily seated themselves, and taking off their hats manfully answered the encouraging cheers from aloft. The men now shipped their oars, and all having been made snug, I seated myself in the sternsheets, near Helston, who had taken the helm. There was something fine in his weather-beaten countenance, and grey hair streaming in the breeze, as he steadily scanned the dark masses of the distant Wolf-stone—he was a true seaman.

The Dasher was a boat that would live in almost any weather on this coast, head to wind; but when she was put about, there was no little danger of her being pooped in a heavy following sea. Ours was now the former case, and as the crew put her through the contending sea, which at every stroke hit our bows and soaked us with spray, I anxiously consulted with Helston on the best means of shipping the captives on making the Wolf-stone. Keeping his eye fixed on the rock, which was grimly visible on our larboard bow, he shook his head as the portentous darkness of the sky again claimed our attention. "If we had been delayed a quarter of an hour longer they would have been food for fishes;" I remarked, "but it will be close run; our men are doing all that strength and skill can do, but it avails little when opposed to such a power as this."

"Never fear, sir, we shall do yet—you are not so cool as I—how should you? when I have braved the storms of nearly sixty winters:—but the Wolfstone's a spot, I will frankly confess, with which I had rather make acquaintance with a clearer sky and a flowing sheet, than on such a night as this. Just give a look-out a-head, sir," he added, as we were mounting a heavy sea, "and tell me how things are aloft on the rock."

However formidable this dreary steep might have appeared at a distance, now we were drawing near to it, the wildness and sublimity of the scene surpassed my calculations. The fugitives, who by their gestures were urging us onward, had been driven for shelter to a hollow on the leeward side of the rock, which indeed was almost the only spot that now afforded an asylum from danger. The waves as they came rolling onwards with aggravated force from the main, ever and anon burst against the isle with terrific violence, now breaking into gigantic masses, then driven in columns of sparkling spray to a vast height in the air, and now closing on every side around their victims. The isle, indeed, appeared to be menaced with total annihilation.

As we could now distinguish both the brothers, we instinctively cheered them on drawing towards the landward side of the rock. They were compelled every minute to crouch and cling to the cliff

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under which they had taken shelter, as a huge wave burst below their feet, and struck them in its upward violence. The Wolf-stone could no longer raise its head in dominion over the main. The surf ran so high immediately around it, that to approach at all closely would only have ended in the destruction of every soul. We, therefore, hailed them as we stood under its lee, and found that in consequence of their having remained almost all night on this dreary spot, drenched with wet, and chilled with cold, any effort to swim through the surf would probably be fatal in their exhausted state. What then remained to be done? We had ropes on board which would be of infinite service, could we only devise means to convey them to the rock. At this juncture, the services of my old Newfoundlander, Retriever, came forcibly to my mind. The poor animal had refused to be separated from me when we embarked, and lay at my feet in the boat. On his exertions therefore depended the lives of our friends. He soon understood the task he was to perform, and in another second was dashing onwards through the waves. An affecting scene now took place between the brothers, as to who should first avail himself of the approaching aid. A gigantic rush of tide, which almost swept entirely over the rock, told them, however, that time was precious. But Sam was firm. The younger brother then plunged forward and was soon drawn safely on board. He informed us, as Retriever again swam away with the rope, that he feared his brother was much more exhausted than himself. With breathless interest, therefore, we watched Sam tie the rope round his body, and enter the water. The violence of the gale, at this instant, compelled us to stand further off the rock; indeed, within a few minutes we foresaw that its presence would only be indicated by a low black mass indistinctly seen, amidst the boiling and restless waves of the ocean; an appearance, I was told, which it only presents in the most violent storms. Poor Sam, now seen, now lost, amid the foaming ridges of the sea, came gradually along till within about forty paces from the boat, when it was evident his strength had failed him. An arm was shot into the air, then his head and shoulders rose rapidly, and there was a sudden blank in the waters. "Pull away, my lads, for your lives," we shouted, "or he is gone!"

* * * *

"It was a hard run thing, I reckon, sirs," said Mr. Habbakuk Sheepshanks, who was rather top-heavy that evening, to a numerous party who were assembled round his capacious hearth at the 'Ship-aground,' "but all's well, they say, that ends well, so we'll even drink the health of the brothers in a glass of the free genu-ine Cognac" "What is that you say!" said the exciseman.....

VYVYAN.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LONDON AND THE PROVINCES COMPARED.

IT is the nature of prosperous communities, and the fashion of modern times, to centralize too much their numbers and their powers. But the question of distribution and proportion is almost as important in politics as that of production itself. Money and manure are not the only things which are the better for being spread. London and the country would both be gainers by transplanting bodily, a hundred miles off, some dozens of its streets—inhabitants and all. There are whole counties which we should like to colonize with the surplus talent of the metropolis. That surplus talent comprises scores of men, waiting on Providence, feeding on foolish speculations, hanging on the skirts of some frivolous circle, doing nothing there, or worse than nothing, spoiling and wasting daily, who, planted out into a sphere of more favourable opportunities, are capable of being a blessing to a neighbourhood. However, it is not a case for violent measures. We do not propose that London should be compressed into *London proper*,—within the bills of mortality; or that its clubs should be called out on country service. Patriots, philosophers, and diners out, rusticating by royal proclamation, and under the *surveillance* of the police, would not come with a temper very suitable to our purpose. An experiment of that sort was made under more likely circumstance, and failed;—as all experiments must, which seek to remove the symptoms, instead of trying to act upon the cause. It was in vain that James I. pulled down the new houses as fast as they were built; and that Charles I. ordered home the country gentlemen.

Although there seems something artificial, and almost monstrous, in the actual size of London, the means which have led to this result are altogether natural. Indeed, whatever forcing has been at any time used, or prejudice for-

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tered, has told the other way. Nothing has existed which can be called a court or courtiers for the last two hundred years; and a sort of feudal feeling still keeps our squires faithful to their halls. Two exceptions only can be set down to our institutions. The distinction of local courts obliges the English Bar to reside near Westminster; and the duration of a modern session substitutes a house for the family of a Member of Parliament, in the place of lodgings for himself. Under these circumstances, as "the wen" has not been produced, so is it not likely to be dispersed by any direct legislative application. To say the truth, the grievance, in our opinion, is not in the *absolute*, but in the *relative* amount of the wealth, intelligence, and virtue, squeezed together on those marvellous square miles upon which the capital stands. We do not grudge it the pretty country which is hid under its basement stories, any more than the social activity and happiness which live along its crowded streets. We serve ejectments upon nobody. The only question is, whether some would not do well to move of themselves. Among the hopes and objects by whose influence 1,200,000 human beings are collected on the same spot, a certain proportion will be found, which have not been at all,—and more still, which have not been very judiciously or magnanimously, considered. There are many in the higher classes of its inhabitants especially, who, we suspect, on examining into their principles and habits, will have some difficulty in satisfying themselves that they have not chosen ill for their real happiness; and, for all real usefulness, a great deal worse. But the mistaken notion which most strips the country of its natural guardians, is the fallacy, on the part of young and sanguine dispositions, of believing that the motives and sphere of individual action rise in proportion to the apparent magnitude of the scene. These are the absentees most to be regretted. In the single line of professional practice, and in its most successful instances, that may be the case. But in taking ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and in every other of the varied departments of social duty, the sphere of useful action, however nominally extended, will be found to be strictly and substantially reduced.

There can be as little fear that London will ever want any of the elements of an enlightened and well-constituted community, as that it will not be large enough. It is very different with the provinces. The capital offers so many real, and still more, so many plausible attractions to all that is active and refined, as well as to all that is idle and selfish in human nature, that a long list of supernumaries and expectants is sure, in every case, always to be at hand. It is the lottery into which the credulous are eager to put in;—it is the theatre on whose stage ambition and vanity are impatient to appear;—it is the land of Cockayne, in whose crowded mazes the selfish escape from every duty, and reduce their intercourse with their fellow-creatures to the sympathies of visiting and of shopping. It is the seat also of liberal society, and independent existence, among the friends and occupations of one's choice. Lord Falkland, the love of his age, admitted, that quitting London was the only thing which he was not sufficiently master of himself ever to manage without a struggle. In this state of things, it is plain that nobody can be of such consequence there but that he is easily spared. The death of a town wit is handsomely celebrated, if it furnishes five minutes' conversation for the table where he dined the day before. He is replaced with the same regularity and indifference as fresh snuff is put into a snuff-box, or fresh flowers are set out upon the epergne. Nobody misses him. The machine goes on without perceiving that the blue-bottle or the gnat has fallen from its wheel.

The vastness and multiplicity and complexity of the organization by which the movements of the capital proceed, as it were mechanically, do not act merely by diminishing the general importance of individuals to the system. Except in the case of very happy, and universal, and flowing natures, or under the influence of accidental counteractions, a personal risk, between extreme vagueness and extreme narrowness of character, is incurred by the individual himself. In respect of employment, the division of intellectual labour is so complete, that most persons in such a situation are tempted to do their own piece of work, and no more;—to rest satisfied with manufacturing the pin's head which happens to have fallen to their share. Does a London life tend to quicken the moral pulse and expand the heart? The forms of society are thrown into too large a scale, and its pace is too rapid, to afford an opportunity for the sort of intercourse by which alone a real acquaintance with, understanding of, and affection for, each other can be obtained. No means exist of getting there at any thing further than talents in men, and beauty or accomplishments in women.

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Qualities which can be exhibited as a show are discovered and appreciated accordingly. But wisdom and virtue, which are to the mind what breath is to the body, have no part assigned or assignable to them on such a stage. A man may pass a life in London without an occasion arising by which his neighbours can learn whether he is an honest fellow or a rogue. The consequence is, that a good deal of such a man's moral nature gets imperfectly developed, and dies away. The appropriate object is not brought sufficiently close and home to him to stimulate and call forth his latent powers. Charity is perhaps better off than most. By a satisfactory compromise, it falls into the hands of a mendicity society. But there are other virtues which do not admit of being compounded for, and their burden transferred to a committee, for two guineas a-year. In these cases the moral tax is too often evaded altogether. We are well aware that men of pleasure are far from being the only persons who have turned into a maxim of life the sentence which the Duke of Buckingham passed upon the dog which barked after him, —"Would to God you were married and settled in the country!" It is evident that the word *provincial* is often felt, by characters of a higher strain and object, to imply an imputation or admission of mediocrity. Now, greatly as nations differ, it is generally admitted that all capitals are pretty much alike. It follows therefore, that the characteristic spirit and principle of a nation do not appear there to most advantage. Enow worthy representatives of that spirit and principle are doubtless there; but they are there too much as though they were not. It is an atmosphere which no individual powers can penetrate, and where it needs more than an ordinary sun to make itself felt or seen. We are satisfied that, on a just estimate of the whole case, the provinces, as distinguished from the metropolis, would be found in many instances, perhaps in most, to be the home which a wise lover of himself, and a sincere lover of his kind, would do well to fix in;—not indeed as the scene of a brilliant or sybarite existence, but as the post of that salutary influence which sinks deepest; and of that usefulness and happiness which last the longest; as most visibly incorporated with, and represented by, our fellow-beings.—*Edinburgh Review.*

INFANCY.

(From the Feuilles d'Automne of Victor Hugo, translated in the Foreign Quarterly Review.)

In the dusky court,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow,
Of his mother's bed:
Softly he reposes,
And his lids of roses,
Closed to earth, uncloses
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,
Fresh from the fairy land,
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand;
Suns are gleaming there,
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In their charming hand.

O, enchanting vision,
Lo, a rill up-springs,
And, from out its bosom
Comes a voice that sings.
Lovelier there appear
Sire and sisters dear,
While his mother near,
Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision
Yet his eyes behold;
Roses all, and lilies,
Every path enfold;
Lakes in shadow sleeping,
Silver fishes leaping,
And the waters creeping,
Through the reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,
Slumber peacefully;
Thy young soul yet knows not
What thy lot may be.
Like dead leaves that sweep
Down the stormy deep,
Thou art borne in sleep,
What is all to thee?

Thou canst slumber by the way;
Thou hast learnt to borrow
Naught from study, naught from care;
The cold hand of sorrow,
On thy brow unwrinkled yet,
Where young truth and candour sit,
Ne'er with rugged nail hath writ
That sad word, "To-morrow."

Innocent, thou sleepest—
See the heavenly band,
Who foreknow the trials
That for man are planned;
Seeing him unarmed,
Unfearing, un-alarmed,
With their tears have warmed
His unconscious hand.

Angels, hovering o'er him,
Kiss him where he lies.
Hark, he sees them weeping,
"Gabriel," he cries;
"Hush," the angel says,
On his lip he lays
One finger, one displays
His native skies.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

The following exhibits but a lamentable picture of the "milk and honey" of this favoured land:

"The morals of the colony of New South Wales are of an exceedingly depraved description. It is so far from being a country where men begin a new life and enter upon a fresh course with

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resolutions of amendment, that the testimony of all respectable men examined on the subject unites in asserting that the habits of the freed men, even of those who have acquired property and have families, are of the most dissipated character. Of the emancipists, to whom grants of land have been made and who are often wealthy, very few, not more it is said than half a dozen, can be selected whose lives are not of a vicious description, who do not indulge in dishonest practices of one sort or another, and who have not risen to wealth by fostering and practising some species of villany. These men procure convicts to be assigned to them, who become members of the families, and assist them in carrying on their various frauds. In Sydney the grog shops are very numerous, and grog shops are receiving houses. A constant trade in stolen goods is going on between Sydney and the remotest parts of the colony, and even between Sydney and this country. The convicts in remote settlements have no means generally of indulging in licentiousness, but they see constantly before them the *freed* labourer who has, and they burn to enjoy similar privileges: and should their place of occupation be too remote from a theatre of indulgence, they get a week of holiday at Sydney, where they arrive in numbers, and, for the time they stay, wallow in every species of debauchery. In such a state of society the public standard of morality must necessarily fall to a very low degree. The leaven spreads from the corrupted part into the whole mass. Just as the slang of London thieves is become the classical language of Sydney, so do necessarily a familiarity with crime, hatred to law, and contempt for virtue, make their way into the minds and hearts of those who are untainted with actual crime. So far from a reformation being even begun in New South Wales, it would seem that roguery had been carried a degree beyond even the perfection it has reached here. Property is very insecure in Sydney, and the most extraordinary robberies take place. Mr. James Walker, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, says 'the colony has a curious effect upon the most practised thieves in this country; one of the most experienced thieves in London has *something to learn* when he comes out there; probably he would be robbed the first night he came into his hut." This was the answer given by an experienced settler to the question, whether he thought any considerable degree of reformation took place among the convicts residing at a distance from Sydney. It is nearly impossible that it should be otherwise. The master can only punish his servant by travelling with him some twenty or thirty miles to a police magistrate, by which he loses his own time, the labour of his servant, perhaps for months, if he is condemned to a road gang, and after his retura has little advantage from his services. Unwillingness to work for a master who has been the cause of his punishment is a difficult feeling to counteract. The convict has the game in his own hands: he either does no work, wounds himself, falls sick, or perhaps, and it is not uncommon, spoils either the materials entrusted to him, or the tools which have been put into his hands.

"Mr. Busby, when asked respecting the prevalence of bush-rangers, who are escaped convicts and others who have taken to the bush, says, in his Evidence (5th Aug. 1831,) that within the last twelve months, or two years, bush-rangers have been so numerous that it was scarcely possible to travel a hundred miles on the road without being stopped: there was scarcely a newspaper, in which there were not two or three instances of persons, of every rank, being stopped. It was quite an unusual thing formerly—but of late there has been a regular system of highway robbery. The laws that have been enacted to put down this horrible state of things, will serve for an index of the condition of the colony. They do away with every appearance of personal liberty. 'One act empowered magistrates to issue a warrant, authorizing constables to enter or break into any house, within their district or county, by day or night, at their own discretion; and to seize any person they might suspect to be highway robbers or burglars; or any individual in the colony, without any warrant or authority, may take another into custody, on the mere suspicion that he is a convict illegally at large: if it appear to the magistrate that he had a just or probable cause for suspicion, he is justified in doing so. The onus of proving that he is not a convict illegally at large, is thrown upon the suspected person, and if that is not established to the satisfaction of the magistrate, he is liable to be retained in custody, or sent to Sydney to be examined and dealt with.'

"The number of executions in New South Wales in the year 1830 exceeded the whole number of executions in England and Wales, in the same year;

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which, taking the proportion of the populations of the countries, makes capital punishments upwards of three hundred and twenty-five times as frequent as in the mother country. This horrid fact is pretty well, of itself, an answer to all argument drawn from the idea of Reformation. But direct testimony is abundant. Major M'Arthur, the son of one of the wealthiest and most extensive settlers in the colony, and to whom it owes so much for its present progress in production and commerce, states, 'It is painful to know that those whose sentences have expired, or to whom pardons have been granted, seldom or ever incline to reform, even when they have acquired property. Intoxication and fraud are habitual to them; and hardly six persons can be named throughout the colony, who, being educated men, and having been transported for felonies, have afterwards become sober, moral, and industrious members of the community. Crime is of constant occurrence, and so completely organized, that cattle are carried off from the settlers in large numbers, and slaughtered for the traders in Sydney, who contract with the commissariat. It is not, therefore, the vicious habits alone of the town which are to be dreaded, but the effects that are communicated and felt throughout the country. The agricultural labourer is encouraged to plunder his master, by finding a ready sale for the property he steals, and whenever his occupations call him to the towns, he sees and yields himself to the vicious habits around him. He returns intoxicated and unsettled to his employer's farm, and incites his comrades to the same sensual indulgences, with equal disregard of the risk and the consequences. To these causes the present vitiated and disorganized state of the convicts in New South Wales is chiefly attributable; and the extent of the evil may be in some degree estimated, when it is stated *that the expense of the police establishment amounts to more* than 20,000*l.* per annum for a population of 40,000 souls."

Foreign Quarterly Review.

The Gatherer.

Premiers.—The following list of premiers, from the accession of George III. to 1832, with the number of peers created during their respective premierships, may be acceptable at the present period:—Lord Chatham, 9; Lord Bute, 9; George Grenville, 4; Lord Rockingham, 4; Duke of Grafton, none; Lord North, 27; Lord Shelburn, none; Mr. Fox, 7; Mr. Pitt, 90; Mr. Addington, 24; Lord Grenville, 3; Duke of Portland, 4; Mr. Perceval, none; Lord Liverpool, 50; Mr. Canning, 7; Lord Goderich, 6; Duke of Wellington, 2; and Earl Grey, 25.—W. G. C.

Peers.—Number of peers (in the present peerage) created by each sovereign, from the reign of Henry III. (1264) to the accession of his present majesty:—Henry III., 2; Edward I., 7; Edward II., 6; Edward III., 1; Henry VI., 5; Henry VII., 1; Henry VIII., 6; Edward VI., 2; Mary, 2; Elizabeth, 8; James I., 15; Charles I., 10; Charles II., 16; James II., 1; William III., 7; Anne, 14; George I., 15; George II., 20; George III., 145; George IV., 46.

W. G. C.

Theatrical Property in France.—A dramatic author in France is entitled, every night that his play is performed, to a fixed sum per act, viz. 10 francs, for Paris; 5 francs for the large theatres in the country; 3 francs for the second-rate provincial theatres; and 2 francs for the third-rate. A bureau is established by government, to receive the contributions, and any manager neglecting to make a return, is punished by a heavy fine; the amount of which goes to the author. The advantages arising from this system are also enjoyed by the widow and children of the author. It is calculated that the author of the *Ecole des Viellards*, derives nightly, from the performance of that piece, in Paris, and the provinces, about 500 francs. Scribe, a successful *vaudeville* writer, is in receipt of a handsome income; and Merle was able, from the contributions upon his pieces, to open the Port St. Martin Theatre, upon a liberal scale, and thus to lay the foundation of a brilliant fortune. T. GILL.

A Magdalene.—A French bishop preaching, exclaimed, "A Magdalene is present, she is looking at me, I will not mention her name, but I will throw my book at her." He then raised his arm as if to put his threat into execution, when all the women in the church ducked their heads. "What," said he, "all Magdalenes." SWAINE.

Unwelcome Title.—Charles Incledon, the vocalist, being asked if he had ever read Murray's *Sermons to Asses*, replied, "he had not, he did not like the book, the title was too personal."

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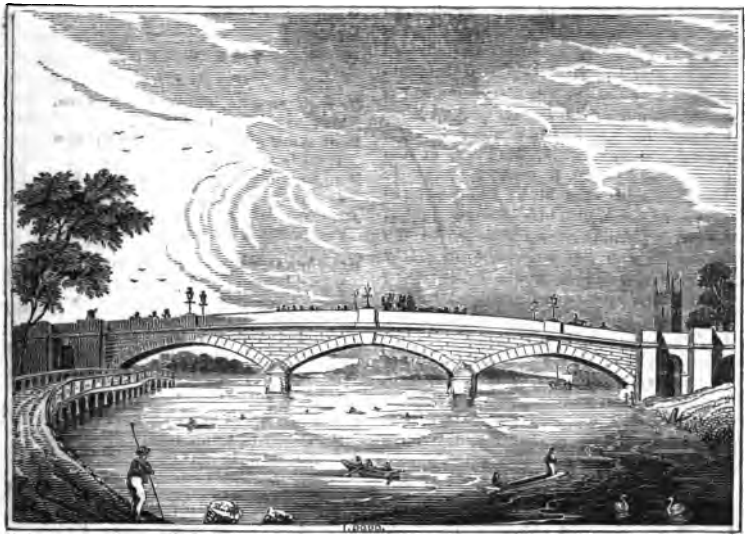
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 548.] SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1832. [PRICE 2*d*.



STAINES NEW BRIDGE.

THIS handsome structure has lately been completed, and was opened on Easter Monday last, April 24, by their Majesties and the Court passing over with suitable ceremony. This was a gala day for Staines and its vicinity; for, independently of the enthusiasm awakened by the visit of the popular Sovereign, the completion of so useful and ornamental a fabric must have been an occasion of no ordinary interest to every inhabitant of the district.

The *programme*, as the French would say, of the day's *fête* has been so recently given in the "chronicles of the times," that we need not repeat it. A few descriptive particulars of the Bridge, from *The Times* Journal, may be found to possess a more permanent value:—

"It consists of three very flat segmental arches of granite. The middle arch of 74 feet span, and the two side arches of 66 feet each; besides two side arches of 10 feet each for the towing-paths, and six brick arches of 20 feet span each, two on the Surrey side, and four on the Middlesex side, to allow the floods to pass off. The whole is surmounted by a plain, bold cornice, and block parapet of granite, with pedestal for the lamps, and a neat toll-house. The approaches to the Bridge on either side form gentle curves of easy ascent. The cost of the Bridge and approaches has been about 41,000*l*. The appearance of the whole is very light and elegant. This is owing chiefly to the slight dimensions of the piers, which are smaller in proportion to the span of the arches they support than those of any other bridge in England; but this slight appearance does not, we understand, detract in any degree from their strength, or from the durability of the superincumbent structure."

From the same authority we gather this circumstantial account of the Bridges erected at Staines from the year 1262:

"The first erection mentioned in the archives of Staines, was a wooden bridge, said to have been erected in the year 1262; it was constructed of piles of oak driven into the bed of the river and covered with planks. We hear of no new erection from that period down to the year 1794; but from that year to the present, there have been not less than four new bridges in succession, and

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on nearly the same site. In the year 1794 and 1795, a new bridge, of three semicircular arches of stone, from the design of the celebrated Paul Sandby, was erected, but, from some defect in its construction, it lasted only five years, when it was replaced by a very elegant bridge of one arch, of 180 feet span, of cast iron, from the design of Mr. Thomas Wilson, the architect of the celebrated bridge over the river Weir, at Sunderland. The design was attributed to the noted author of the *Rights of Man;* but the arch designed by him was cast in the year 1790, by Messrs. Walkers, at Rotherham, whence it was brought to London, and erected at the bowling-green of the Yorkshire Stingo public-house, where it was exhibited to the public; Paine not being able to defray the expense, the arch was taken down and carried back to Rotherham; part of it was afterwards used in the Sunderland bridge, and part, it is supposed, in the Staines bridge. This last, like its immediate predecessor, was not destined to last long, for it had scarcely been opened one month, when it was found necessary to close it to the public, the arch having sunk in a very alarming degree. His late Majesty King George the Third was said to have been among the last to pass over it. In this emergency the late Mr. Rennie was consulted, who pronounced the bridge altogether dangerous, in consequence of the weakness of the abutments. No alternative remained but to remove the iron bridge entirely, and patch up the old wooden bridge until a new one of wood was built. That bridge, which is the present old bridge, continued to stand, with various repairs and alterations, until the year 1828, when, in consequence of the decay of the piles, and the continual heavy expenses required to uphold it, the Commissioners determined to build a new one of more durable materials. Messrs. Rennie were therefore applied to for designs, and a bill was brought into Parliament to authorize the Commissioners to raise funds. The works were commenced in the spring of 1829, and on the 14th of September following the first stone was laid by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence (their present Majesties). Since then, the works have been carried on to their present completion under the direction of Mr. G. Rennie and Mr. Brown, the superintendents, and Messrs. Jolliffe and Banks, the contractors."

The Engraving is from a Sketch by our obliging Windsor Correspondent: it was taken from the old bridge, whence the spectator enjoys a delightful view of Windsor Castle, through the centre arch of the new fabric.

By the way, we noticed the project of this new stone bridge, in connexion with our Engraving of the new church at Staines, in vol. xii. of *The Mirror*, August 30, 1828.

THE WRECK.

(For the Mirror.)

No more, no more, o'er the dark blue sea,
Will the gallant vessel bound,
Fearless and proud as the warrior's plume
At the trumpet's startling sound;
No more will her banner assert its claim
To empire on the foam,
And the sailors cheer as the thunder rolls
From the guns of their wave-girt home!

Her white sails gleam'd like the sunny dawn
On the brow of the sapphire sky,
And her thunder echoed along the cliffs,
Awaking the seamew's cry;
Oh! it was glorious to see her glide
Triumphantly over the sea,
With her blue flag fluttering in the wind,
The symbol of victory.

But she lies forlorn in the breakers now,
Her stately masts are gone,
And cold are the hearts of the dauntless crew
That yielded their swords to none;
The gun is hush'd in her lofty sides,
And the flute on her silent deck;
Alas! that a queenly form like hers
Should ever have been a wreck!

Thus Hope's illusions droop away
From the heart which their beauty won,
And leave it forlorn as the gallant ship,
Ere its summer of life is begun.
It is peopled with lovely images,
As o'er the sea it glides,
But wreck'd is its deep idolatry
On the dark and stormy tides.

Deal. G. R. C.

THE ARBALEST OF ROBIN HOOD.

(To the Editor.)

In No. 538, of *The Mirror*, is described an elegant Cross-bow, and a desire expressed for information where such things are *now* to be seen. I have lived many years in Yorkshire, and have seen several kinds of these bows at *Kirklees Hall*, the seat of Sir George Armitage, a few miles from Huddersfield. Amongst those bows I saw one, at least six feet long; but some of them were not more than two or three feet in length. There were also a variety of weapons of war, with helmets, and some curious boots, which buttoned on the leg from top to the bottom, and had wooden soles. They were then kept in an attic on the top of the leads over the hall. Many

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of these relics are said to have belonged to the famous "Robin Hood," who lies buried in the park; the remains of the ancient grave-stone having been surrounded with a handsome iron railing, by the late Sir George Armitage; in the wall is an old inscription on brass; it is situated in a very gloomy place. Not far distant from his grave are the remains of a Nunnery, and a burial-ground, with tombs in it; but I could find no date, either in the house or on these tombs. One of the tombs has this inscription round its edge:

"Sweet Jesus of Nazareth, show mercy to Elizabeth Stainton, late Prioress of this place."

If an intelligent person were to call at the Hall, he would be able to gather much information of an authentic nature respecting Robin Hood.*

JOHN BATEMAN.

SONGS,

Found in the Album of a Della Cruscan Poet.

(For the Mirror.)

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

Thou winged gem, whose starlike splendour
Gleams on the bosom of the rose,
I love thy light when skies are tender,
And winds are wandering to repose.
The Grecian lute, the Moorish song,
And Crockford's home, with all that's in it,
May challenge fame from many a throng,
But thou, *alone*, fair bird, canst win it!

I've often watch'd thy plumage glancing
So evanescent in thy bower,
And heard thy silver voice entrancing
Soothe me, as music soothes the flower.
Although diminutive as me,
Thy song is sweeter, who can doubt it?
So, as I cannot sing like thee,
I'll break my lute, and live without it.

G. R. C.

THE SKYLARK.

BY L. E. L.

Thou minstrel of the sunny air,
Thy vocal fount is rich with song,
And fragrant breezes softly bear
Its silver melody along.

I love to hear thy liquid note
When bees are humming on the rose,
And in their sapphire ocean float
The stars prophetic of repose.

Thou feel'st the sunny influence
Like Memnon's fabled lyre of old,
And wanderest in the beam intense
Which turns the liquid air to gold.

The spirit's bright imaginings
Ne'er soar'd to loftier spheres than thee,
And if I had thy fairy wings,
Afar from earthly haunts I'd flee.

Insipid are the weekly themes
Of * * * * * *'s imbecile review,
Whose page with adulation teems,
And makes me "beautifully blue."

But cockney praise is ebbing fast,
And Sappho's lute has lost its power,
And surely my career is past
Like Summer's brightest, loveliest flower.

Arcades ambo, Moore and me
Are Della Crusca's sweetest doves,
And ours too is the poetry
Which meditative beauty loves.

Sweet bird, farewell! and be it thine
To thrill the blue air with thy song;
But fame will wreathe this brow of mine,
If *I* am right, and *Pope* is wrong.

G. R. C.

* We hope this note may meet the eye of some of our Yorkshire correspondents.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN AMERICA.

(In a Letter from a Correspondent at Cincinnati.)

THIS town is far superior to our late place of sojourn, Pittsburgh, being spacious and clean, with handsome houses and wood for fuel. Pittsburgh, on the contrary, is dirty and confined, abounding in iron works burning coal, which gives forth a denser smoke than English coal. The houses in this place, when we visited it in 1818, were mostly of wood; these have been in general removed on wheels drawn by oxen and horses, and placed in the suburbs, whence they are now removing once more. Here are four markets well supplied with the necessaries, and even the luxuries, of life, including almost everything you can think of, and many things which you have never thought of. Apple butter, for instance, is one of the latter, and is made by stewing apples in new cider, after it has been boiled down to one-third of its bulk. It is sold at 6¼ cts. per quart, and is very delicious. The fruits of this country are abundant: apples are excellent, and in profusion; peaches are plentiful in most seasons, but sometimes totally fail; grapes grow wild and *tame*, i. e. cultivated or imported; cherries are not very good, and dearer than at Pittsburgh; pears, strawberries, and raspberries are not so choice as with you; quinces are plentiful and fine; wild plums perfume the whole house, like jessamine or mignionette, and are excellent for pies and tarts. The persimon is a fruit to which you are a stranger; it may be ranked with the plums, but has four stones, and is not fit to eat till bitten by the frost, when its austere and astringent taste disappears, and it becomes nearly transparent, and as rich and sweet as

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Guava jelly. The May-apple, or Mandrake, a wild fruit, is a favourite with our young folks; it grows on a single-steemed plant, usually one foot high, and is about the size of a plum, but with seeds, and in taste resembling a highly flavoured pear. The custard-apple, or paw-paw, is my favourite, and my boys go with me into the woods to gather them when ripe. In the summer, water melons, musk melons, nutmeg melons, and Cantaloupes may be seen in large heaps in the market, or in carts or wagons, at 6¼ to 25 and 50 cts. each, some weighing 40 lbs.

Egg-plants, which you have seen as curiosities, are here brought to market; some of them of purple colour, are as large as a child's carpet-ball: they are sliced and fried in butter, and I am told have the flavour of fried oysters. Cucumbers are unfortunately superabundant, and the free use of them induces a variety of diseases which are attributed to the climate. Squashes, cimolins, and cushas, are gourds which are mashed up with butter like turnips; pumpkins of this country are very sweet, and make delicious pies, or rather cheesecakes; cranberries are brought from a distance, and pine-apples are not very expensive, being brought up the river from Bermuda.

Among the natural curiosities of the country, are the Stone Mountain in Carolina, which may rank in antiquity with Stonehenge. It is remarkable for a circular wall of stone of great thickness, probably built by a people distinct from the present race of Indians, who are quite incapable of erecting any building except a wigwam, or a pile of loose stones over a grave. Next is the Kentucky Cavern, or as it is called, on account of its magnitude, the Mammoth Cave. I have an account before me of its being explored by a party in 1826, who penetrated into this gloomy, though spacious, hollow for *fifteen miles*, and were prevented from proceeding from extreme fatigue; they found the names of persons written at the farthest part. There are numbers of rooms as they are called, which are yet unexplored. In one of these, a few miles from the entrance, there was discovered many years since, a female figure sitting with a mat wrapped round her shoulders; she was quite dried to a mummy, and has for many years been exhibited in a caravan, through the United States.

The river Ohio is here a quarter of a mile wide, and, as there is no bridge, the traffic into Kentucky is accommodated with steam ferry boats. Newport and Covington opposite, are pretty objects to look at from this side, but will not bear a nearer inspection. *Big Bone Lick*, where abundance of Mammoth bones have been discovered, is not far hence. Mr. Bullock of the London Museum is here, and has at the Lick discovered many rare specimens of bones, amongst which is a mammoth's head, with evidence of its having been furnished with a trunk, and of course having been an elephant of immense size. He has also found hoofs of horses with their bones in a fossil state, proving that the horse has been indigenous. The horses in this town being a mixture from those of South America, where they are wild—are of various colours. Some are brown and white, like pointer dogs, others are spotted like Danish dogs, and some with curled hair. I saw one which was white as far as the fore-quarter, and the rest sorel.

An eye-witness has just related to me the following, which lately occured in New Harmony:

A snake about two feet long, was seen to enter the hole inhabited by a crawfish,* from which he soon retreated, followed by the rightful tenant, who stopped in defensive attitude at the mouth of his habitation, raising his claws in defiance. The snake turned quickly round, and seized the head of the crawfish, as if to swallow him; but the crawfish soon put an end to the conflict by clasping the snake's neck with his claws, and severing the head completely from his body. This may appear marvellous; but Audubon tells a story of a rattle-snake chasing and overtaking a squirrel, which folks in America doubt.

* Is not this a species of land-crab?—Ed. M.

Spirit of Discovery.

POTTERY.*

(Continued from page 284.)

China.

The name China, by which the ware that I am about to describe is known in England, shows sufficiently the country from which we have received it. The term porcelain, which is applied to it on the continent of Europe, is Italian; *porcellana* being in that language the name of those univalve shells forming the genus *cypræa* of the conchologist, which have a high arched back like that of the hog (*porco*, Ital.), and are remarkable for the white, smooth, vitreous glossiness of the surface about the mouth of the shell, and

* By Mr. A. Aikin, in Trans. Soc. Arts.

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sometimes, as in the common cowry (*Cypræa moneta*), over the whole surface.

The introduction of the Chinese porcelain soon excited a strong desire in the various countries of Europe to imitate it; but as the establishment of experimental manufactories for this purpose required the expenditure of considerable sums, and at a risk beyond the means of private persons, it is chiefly to the munificence of the sovereigns of Europe that the public are indebted for the first steps made in this interesting art. In Germany, chemists and mineralogists were set to work; the latter to seek for the most appropriate raw materials, and the former to purify and to combine them in the most advantageous proportions. The French government adopted the very sensible plan of instructing some of the Jesuit missionaries, who at that time had penetrated to the court of China, and into most of the provinces of that empire, to collect on the spot specimens of the materials employed by the Chinese themselves, together with the particulars of the process. The precise result thus obtained is not known; for as a considerable rivalry existed between the different royal manufactories of this ware, the most valuable information would of course be kept as secret as possible.

Of the European manufactories of porcelain, that established at Miessen, near Dresden, by Augustus Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, in the early part of the 17th century, was the first that aspired to a competition with the Chinese. In compactness of texture and infusibility it was reckoned perfect a hundred years ago. It is not quite so white as some of the French and English porcelains, but is inferior to none in its painting, gilding, and other decorations.

The French royal manufactory at Sevrès, near Paris, has been for several years in a gradually advancing state, with regard to the whiteness, compactness, and infusibility of the body, the elegance of the forms, the brilliancy of the colours, the elaborateness of the drawing, and the superb enrichments of the gilding. The private manufactories of porcelain in France imitate and approach more or less near to the royal establishment.

At Berlin and at Vienna are royal porcelain manufactories in high esteem, as well as in some of the smaller states of Germany.

British Porcelain.

The first manufactories of porcelain in England were those at Bow, and at Chelsea, near London. In these, however, nothing but soft porcelain was made. This was a mixture of white clay and fine white sand from Alum bay, in the Isle of Wight, to which such a proportion of pounded glass was added as, without causing the ware to soften so as to lose its form, would give it when exposed to a full red heat a semi-transparency resembling that of the fine porcelain of China. The Chelsea ware, besides bearing a very imperfect similarity in body to the Chinese, admitted only of a very fusible lead glaze; and in the taste of its patterns, and in the style of their execution, stood as low perhaps as any on the list. The china works at Derby come, I believe, the next in date; then those of Worcester, established in 1751: and the most modern are those of Coalport, in Shropshire; of the neighbourhood of Newcastle, in Staffordshire, and in other parts of that county.

The porcelain clay used at present in all the English works is obtained in Cornwall, by pounding and washing over the gray disintegrated granite which occurs in several parts of that county: by this means the quartz and mica are got rid of, and the clay resulting from the decomposition of the felspar is procured in the form of a white, somewhat gritty powder. This clay is not fusible by the highest heat of our furnaces, though the felspar, from the decomposition of which it is derived, forms a spongy milk-white glass, or enamel, at a low white heat. But felspar, when decomposed by the percolation of water, while it forms a constituent of granite, loses the potash, which is one of its ingredients to the amount of about 15 per cent, and with it the fusibility that this latter substance imparts.

The siliceous ingredient is calcined flint; and in some of the porcelain works, (particularly, I believe, those at Worcester,) the soapstone from the Lizard-point, in Cornwall, is employed. These are all the avowed materials; but there is little doubt that the alkalies, or alkaline earths, either pure or in combination, are also used, in order to dispose the other ingredients to assume that state of semi-fusion characteristic of porcelain.

(The principal processes are) the grinding and due mixture of the ingredients, in order to obtain a mass sufficiently plastic; the forming this mass on the wheel; the subsequent drying of the ware; the first firing, by which it is brought to the state of biscuit; the

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application of the firmer colours occasionally on the surface of the biscuit; the dipping the biscuit in the glaze; the second firing, by which the glaze is vitrified; the pencilling in of the more tender colours on the surface of the glaze; and the third and last firing that is given to the porcelain.

It is not for me to determine which of our English porcelains is the best; probably, indeed, one will be found superior in hardness, another in whiteness, a third in the thinness and evenness of the glaze, a fourth in the form of the articles, a fifth in the design, and a sixth in the colours. In hardness and infusibility, they are probably all inferior to the Dresden and to the Sevrès porcelain; for pieces in biscuit and in white glaze, from both these manufactories, are imported in considerable quantities, in order to be painted and finished here. But it is equally certain, that the last ten years have seen the commencement, and, in part, the completion, of such improvements in this fabric, as will probably place the English porcelains on an equality with the best of the continental European ones.

Advantage has recently been taken of the semi-transparency of porcelain biscuit to form it into plates, and to delineate upon it some very beautiful copies of landscapes and other drawings, by so adapting the various thicknesses of the plate as to produce, when held between the eye and the light, the effects of light and shadow in common drawings. The invention originated in the ingenuity of our French neighbours.

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Reader.

IMPROVEMENT OF LANCASHIRE.

THE west of England has considerably the advantage over the eastern side of the island. One way or another nature did much more for it. It is true, that the eastern side was civilized much earlier; yet human ingenuity and industry have of late years been much more successfully employed in turning the gifts of nature to the best possible account. Ireland and America are customers, for whom, though they were long in coming, it was worth while to wait. After all, Lancashire is the most remarkable and characteristic feature in the comparison. From being among the most backward parts of England, this county has *worked* its way into the front rank. The contrast between its condition up to the middle of the last century, and the astonishing spectacle which it exhibits at present, belongs to the transformation which a hundred years create in a newly settled country like America, far more than to the gradual improvements and changes of an old English county.

It would be curious to analyze the concurrent causes, and marshal the successive steps, by which Lancashire has advanced;—not only succeeding in appropriating to itself a leading interest in the creative inventions of Watt and Arkwright, but connecting its name in honourable alliance with literature and science. The very circumstances from which a contrary presumption would originally have been drawn, have (singularly enough) principally contributed to its extraordinary progress. Lancashire owes the canals, by which the commercial thoroughfare of that end of England has been turned from the Humber to the Mersey, to the enterprise of a *Peer*. It owes the docks, which have about them almost a Roman presentiment of future greatness, to the spirit of a *Corporation*. It owes the taste and accomplishments, by which the character of its wealth has been raised above the drudgery and fanaticism of money-getting, almost entirely to the zeal of a few *Dissenters*. The name of Governor Clinton is not so pre-eminently united with the canal policy of America, as is the name of the Duke of Bridgewater with the canals of England. He staked his last shilling on the chance of thus cutting out an inland north-west passage to the Atlantic. The corporation of Liverpool, by an enlightened application of their vast resources, have accelerated, consolidated, and secured the realization of every expectation and contingency which fortune threw in their way. They have hastened, not to say, anticipated, events. There can be as little doubt of the effect which the light radiating from the assemblage of Priestley, Wakefield, Aikin, &c. at Warrington; from the presence of Percival, Henry, Ferriar, and Dalton, at Manchester; and from that of Roscoe and Currie at Liverpool, spread over their circle. The literary attainments and cultivation of the manufacturers and merchants of Lancashire, as a body, seem otherwise likely long to have lagged behind their general powers of understanding, and their real station in society.—*Edinburgh Review.*

ENNUI OF FASHION.

IT must be owned that five years form an awful lapse in human life:—a lapse whose hours and minutes leave no

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where a trace more sharp and injurious than on the minds and countenances of individuals involved in the buzzing, stinging gnatswarms of fashionable life. Elsewhere, existence marches with a more dignified step, and the scenes pictured among the records of our memory assume a grander aspect; they lie in masses,—their shadows are broader,—their lights more brilliantly thrown out. But reminiscences of a life of ton are as vexatious as they are frivolous. The season of 1829 differs from that of 1830, only inasmuch as its quadrilles are varied with galoppes as well as waltzes, and danced at Lady A.'s and Lady B.'s,—instead of the Duchess of D.'s, and Countess E.'s. The Duchess is dead,—the Countess ruined;—but no matter!—there are still plenty of balls to be had. "Another and another still succeeds!" Since young ladies *will* grow up to be presented, lady-mothers and aunts *must* continue to project breakfasts, water parties, and galas, whereby to throw them in the way of flirtation, courtship, and marriage. Mischief, in her most smiling mask, sits like the beautiful witch in Thalaba at an everlasting spinning-wheel, weaving a mingled yarn of sin and sorrow for the daughters of Fashion. Although the cauldron of Hecate and her priestesses has vanished from the heath at Forres, it bubbles in nightly incantations among the elm-trees of Grosvenor Square; and Hopper and Hellway, Puckle and Straddling, now croak forth their chorus of rejoicing where golden lamps swing blazing over the écarté tables, and the soft strains of the Mazurka enervate the atmosphere of the gorgeous temples of May Fair.

Never yet was there a woman *really* improved in attraction by mingling with the motley throng of the *beau monde*. She may learn to dress better, to step more gracefully; her head may assume a more elegant turn, her conversation become more polished, her air more distinguished;—but in point of *attraction* she acquires nothing. Her simplicity of mind departs;—her generous, confiding impulses of character are lost;—she is no longer inclined to interpret favourably of men and things,—she listens without believing,—sees without admiring; has suffered persecution without learning mercy;—and been taught to mistrust the candour of others by the forfeiture of her own. The freshness of her disposition has vanished with the freshness of her complexion; hard lines are perceptible in her very soul, and crowsfeet contract her very fancy. No longer pure and fair as the statue of alabaster, her beauty, like that of some painted waxen effigy, is tawdry and meretricious. It is not alone the rouge upon the cheek and the false tresses adorning the forehead, which repel the ardour of admiration; it is the artificiality of mind with which such efforts are connected that breaks the spell of beauty.

From the Fair of May Fair.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE

Is situate on the romantic coast of Northumberland, "over against" an obscure town of the same name. It stands upon a basalt rock, of a triangular shape, high, rugged, and abrupt on the land side; flanked by the German Ocean, and strong natural rampires of sand, matted together with sea rushes on the east; and only accessible to an enemy on the south-east, which is guarded by a deep, dry ditch, and a series of towers in the wall, on each side of the gateway. Nature has mantled the rock with lichens of various rich tints: its beetling brow is 150 feet above the level of the sea, upon a stratum of mouldering rock, apparently scorched with violent heat, and having beneath it a close flinty sandstone. Its crown is girt with walls and towers, which on the land side have been nearly all repaired. The outer gateway stands between two fine old towers, with time-worn heads; twelve paces within it is a second gate, which is machicolated, and has a portcullis; and, within this, on the left hand, on a lofty point of rock, is a very ancient round tower of great strength; commanding a pass subject to every annoyance from the besieged. This fort is believed to be of Saxon origin. The keep stands on the area of the rock, having an open space around it. It is square, and of that kind of building which prevailed from the Conquest till about the time of our second Henry. It had no chimney; but fires had been made in the middle of a large room, which was lighted by a window near its top, three feet square. All the other rooms were lighted by slit or loop holes, six inches broad. The walls are of small stones, from a quarry at Sunderland on the sea, three miles distant: within them is a draw well, discovered in 1770, in clearing the cellar from sand and rubbish; its depth is 145 feet, cut through solid rock, of which seventy-five feet are of whinstone. The remains of a chapel were discovered here, under a prodigious mass of land, in the year 1773; its architecture was pure Saxon, and the ancient font being found, was

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(Bamborough Castle before the general repairs.)

preserved in the keep. The chapel has been rebuilt on the old foundations.

The founder of the Castle is stated by Matthew of Westminster to have been Ida, King of Northumberland. Sir Walter Scott sings

> Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they here,
> King Ida's castle, huge and square,
> From its tall rock look grimly down,
> And on the swelling ocean frown.*

It was destroyed by the Danes in 993; but about the time of the Conquest was in good repair. In 1095, it was in the possession of Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, when it was besieged, and, after much difficulty, taken by William II. The castle lost the greatest part of its beauty in a siege after the battle of Hexham. Camden tells us "from that time it has suffered by time and winds, which throw up incredible quantities of sand from the sea upon its walls, through the windows which are open." Sir John Forster was governor of it in Elizabeth's reign; and his grandson John obtained a grant of it and the manor from James the First. His descendant, Thomas, forfeited it in 1715; but his maternal uncle, Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham, purchased his estates, and bequeathed them to charitable purposes in 1720. The sunken rocks and shifting sands of this coast had long been a terror to the mariners, but under his lordship's will, Dr. Sharp, then archdeacon of Durham, fitted up the keep of the Castle, for the reception of suffering seamen, and of property which might be rescued from the fury of the ocean. Regulations were also adopted, both to prevent accidents on the coast, and to alleviate misfortunes when they had occurred. A nine pounder, placed at the bottom of the great tower, gives signals to ships in distress, and in case of a wreck, announces the same to the Custom House officers and their servants, who hasten to prevent the wreck being plundered. In addition to this, during a storm, horsemen patrol the coast, and rewards are paid for the earliest intelligence of vessels in distress. A flag is always hoisted when any ship is seen in distress on the Fern Islands or Staples; or a rocket thrown up at night, which gives notice to the Holy Island fishermen, who can put off to the spot when no boat from the main can get over the breakers. Life-boats have likewise been added to the establishment. The vast increase of the residuary rents of the Castle estates also enables the trustees to support within its walls two free-schools, a library, infirmary, thirty beds for shipwrecked sailors, and a granary, whence poor persons are supplied with provisions at the first price.† Altogether, the establishment of Bamborough merits the epithet of "princely," which it has received from the historians of the county. Its philanthropic endowment has not been suffered to decay with the romance of olden time, but the charitable intentions of the testator are fulfilled, so as to maintain a lasting record of his active benevolence. Such magnificence may be said to eclipse all the glitter and gleam of chivalry, and make them appear but as idle dreams.

A boundless view of the ocean presents itself from the towers of Bamborough Castle, studded with small islands, having the Coquet Island on the south, and the Holy Island on the north.

* Marmion.

† See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 415.—One of the best features of the establishment is the gratuitous circulation of the library for twenty miles round; the books being lent to any householder of good report residing within twenty miles of the castle.

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Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ORIGIN OF EPSOM RACES.

In a pleasant little volume modestly entitled *Some Particulars relating to the History of Epsom*, the following facts are collected with much diligence. At the present season, they may be acceptable to our readers.

"When these races first commenced, we have not been able with certainty to trace. Few writers, who mention the district, do more than simply state the fact, that horse races are annually held at Epsom.

"Whether they were at first periodical or occasional, we will not presume to determine, though the latter is, we think, the most probable.

"Races, it is generally agreed, took their origin from, if they did not give birth to, the Olympic games. The first information we have of their existence in this country is in the reign of Henry II. At that time, and for many ages afterwards, the sport must have been merely a rude pastime, perhaps as destitute of the science of the present system, as of the vices, which are too generally engendered by it.

"There can be no doubt, that Epsom downs (or as they are frequently, though erroneously written in old writings, Banstead downs) early became the spot, upon which the lovers of racing indulged their fancy. And, perhaps, the known partiality of King James I., for this species of diversion, will justify us in ascribing their commencement to the period when he resided at the palace of Nonsuch.

"The following extract from Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, will shew, that during the troubles of his unfortunate successor, Charles I., races upon Epsom downs, were viewed as no uncommon occurrence.—'Soon after the meeting, which was held at Guildford, 18th May, 1648, to address the two Houses of Parliament, that the King, their only lawful sovereign, might be restored to his due honors, and might come to his parliament for a personal treaty, &c.—a meeting of the royalists was held on Banstead (Epsom) downs, under the pretence of a horse race, and six hundred horses were collected and marched to Reigate.'

"King James had imbibed a predilection for horse races, before he ascended the English throne; they were in high estimation in Scotland during his minority, previously to which, the English parliament seem to have turned their attention to the subject.

"We find, that in the time of Henry VII. and his successors, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, several acts of parliament were made to prevent the exportation of horses to Scotland, and other parts.

"There is an entry in the Lord's Journal, June 15th, 1540—'At length, the bill is read this day, for encouraging the breed of horses, of a larger stature, and despatched with unanimous consent, and without a dissenting voice.'

"The great men of Elizabeth's reign, appear to have been fully disposed to profit by the example and injunctions of her father. Italian masters were invited over; the art of managing horses became an universal accomplishment, among the nobility and gentry of England; but most of the professors, both of equitation and farriery, were foreigners.

"Horses were not yet kept exclusively for the purpose of running races, but gentlemen matched their hunters or hacknies, and usually rode the race themselves.

"The most fashionable trial, however, of the speed and goodness of their horses, was hunting red herrings, or 'the train scent,' as it was then called, from the body of some animal, which had been previously drawn across hedge and ditch. Here the scent was certain and strong, and the hounds would run upon it to the end, with their utmost speed. The matched horses followed these hounds, and to be in with them, was generally accounted a very satisfactory proof of goodness.

"Markham, and that celebrated riding master, Michael Baret, describe, also, another mode of running matches across the country in those days denominated the wild goose chase; an imitation of which has continued in occasional use, to the present time, under the name of steeple hunting; that is to say, two horsemen, drunk or sober, in or out of their wits, fix upon a steeple or some other conspicuous distant object, to which they make a straight cut over hedge, ditch, and gate. We think our readers will do any thing but smile, at this rational pastime for reasonable creatures.

"The wild goose chase, however, at last became more regular and better conducted. It was prescribed, that after the horse had run twelve score yards, he was to be followed wherever he went by the others, within a certain distance agreed upon, as twice or thrice his length. A horse being left behind

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twelve score, or any limited number of yards, was deemed beaten, and lost the match.

"These rude and barbarous modes of horse-racing gave way, in the reign of James I., to the more scientific, accurate, and satisfactory trials, of the horses carrying stated weights, over measured and even ground.

"That monarch, as has before been intimated, brought with him from Scotland, a strong predilection for the turf, which must have prevailed to a considerable degree in that country, for we find, that during his reign there, and before his accession to the crown of England, it was deemed necessary to restrain, by an express law, the passion of the Scots for horse-racing, and laying large bets on the events.

"The reign of James I. may be fairly stated, as the period when horse-racing first became a general and national amusement. The races appear to have been at that time conducted nearly in the same style, as to essentials, as in the present day.

"They were then called bell courses, the prize being a silver bell; the winner was said to bear or carry the bell.

"Regular prizes were now run for in various parts of England. The king and his court, frequently attended races at Croydon and Enfield, in the vicinity of London.

"The first match, upon record, in this country, was one against time, which occurred in the year 1604, when John Lepton,* a groom, in the service of King James I., undertook to ride five times between London and York, from Monday morning until Saturday night, and actually performed the task within five days.

"At this period, much attention was paid to the pedigrees of horses, for the purpose of enhancing their reputation and worth. The training discipline, in all its variety of regular food, clothing, physic, airing, and gallops, was in full use; and the weights that race horses had to carry were adjusted; the most usual of which were ten stone.

"We find that, soon after the accession of Charles I., an ordinance was issued, enjoining the substitution of bits or curbs, instead of snaffles, which had probably been of late introduction in the army. Not long afterwards, the king granted a special licence to William Smith and others, to import into this kingdom, horses, mares and geldings; further enjoining them to provide coach horses of the height of fourteen hands and above, and not less than three, nor exceeding seven years of age.

"During the civil wars, amusements of the turf were partially suspended, but not forgotten; for we find that Mr. Place, stud-master to Cromwell, was proprietor of the famous horse, White Turk, (the sire of Wormwood and Commoner) and of several capital brood mares, one of which, a great favourite, he concealed in a vault, during the search after Cromwell's effects, at the time of the Restoration, from which circumstance, she took the name of the Coffin Mare, and is designated as such in various pedigrees.

"King Charles II., soon after his restoration, re-established the races at Newmarket, which had been instituted by James I. He divided them into regular meetings, and substituted, both there and at other places, silver cups or bowls, of the value of one hundred pounds, for the royal gift of the ancient bells, which were in consequence generally dropped, both in name and effect.

"William III., though not fond of the turf, paid much attention to the breed of horses for martial service; and in his reign some of the most celebrated stallions were imported.

"George, Prince of Denmark, was a great amateur of horse-racing. He obtained from his royal consort, Queen Anne, grants of royal plates for several places, among which Epsom is, however, not mentioned.

"King George I. is not handed down to us as a sporting character; but towards the latter end of his reign, the change of the royal plates into purses of hundred guineas each took place.

"In the 13th year of the reign of King George II., an act, cap. 19. was passed, 'to restrain and prevent the excessive increase of horse races.'

"By this act, after reciting 'that the great number of horse races for small plates, prizes, or sums of money had contributed very much to the encouragement of idleness, to the impoverishment of many of the meaner sort of the subjects of this kingdom, and to the prejudice of the breed of strong and useful horses;' it was enacted that no person should, thenceforth, enter and start more than one horse, mare or gelding, for one and the same plate, prize, or sum of money. And that no plate, or prize of a less value than 50*l.* should be run for, under the penalty of 200*l.*

"It was also by the same act further enacted, that at every such race, for a plate or prize of the value of 50*l.* and

* This should be John Lenton, and the year 1603.—See *Mirror*, vol. xvii. p. 181.

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upwards, each horse, if five years old, should carry ten stone; if six years old, eleven stone; and if seven years old, twelve stone. And that the owner of any horse, carrying less than the specified weight, should forfeit his horse, and pay the penalty of 200*l.*

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE FAIR OF MAY FAIR.

The volumes of sketches of fashionable life with this quaint title will serve to amuse a few inveterate novel-readers; while occasional pages may induce others to take up the thread of the narrative. The flying follies of high life, or rather, we think, of affected ton, are hit off with truth and vigour, and there is a pleasantry in the writer's style which is an acceptable relief to the dulness of common-place details. We shall endeavour to detach a scene or two, one, as a specimen of "the art of ingeniously tormenting," and the incipient waywardness of a newly-married pair.

"From the first months of his domestication with his wife at Wellwood Abbey, Sir Henry Wellwood had intended, had *longed*, to commence his little system of tender remonstrance; but the slightest insinuation of a difference of opinion was sufficient to fan the embers of Henrietta's distemperature into a conflagration. The blaze was not strong, indeed; for the lady had always been accustomed to find a fit of wilfulness, or of affected despondency, more available and becoming than one of hasty anger. But she was tolerably expert in those piquant flippancies of speech which harass the enemy like a straggling fire; and could contrive, when it suited her purpose, to make herself as disagreeable as if her face had not been that of a cherub, or her voice seraphic.

"'A woman,' quoth La Bruyère, 'must be charming indeed, whose husband does not repent, ten times a day, that he is a married man.' Sir Henry Wellwood would have scoffed at the axiom. The 'idol of his soul' was still an idol; although, like the votaries of old, he had managed to discover that it was not wholly formed of precious metals; that its feet were of clay! He still fancied himself the happiest of mortals; particularly when Henrietta, in her best looks and spirits, was riding by his side through the Wellwood plantations, listening to the project of his intended improvements;—or seated in her boudoir sketching designs and modelling plans for his two new lodges. Sometimes after dinner she would busy herself with her guitar, and insist on his attempting a second to her Italian notturno; sometimes she persuaded him to lend her his arm towards the village, to assist in executing that easy work of benevolence, the deplenishment of her silken purse. At such moments she was indeed enchanting;—and the fascinated Wellwood was quite willing to echo the chorus of Mrs. Delafield's visiters, that he had 'drawn a prize.'

"But the sands of life are not formed exclusively of diamond sparks. Flint and granite mingle in the contents of the hour-glass; and Sir Henry often found himself required to listen to fractious complaints of old Roddington's innovations, of Lawford's negligence—of roses that would not blow at the gardener's bidding,—of London booksellers, who would not send down the new novels in proper time,—of old women who refused to be cured of their rheumatism, and young ones who declined becoming scholars at her platting school. His own misdemeanours, too, were frequent and unpardonable. He had a knack of carrying off the very volume she was reading,—of losing *her* place, and leaving his own marked by leaving the unfortunate book sprawling upon its face on the table, like a drunkard on the ground. He often kept her waiting five minutes for her ride, or twenty for dinner; would stop and detain her, in their walks, while he corrected the practical blunders of some superannuated hedger and ditcher; had a trick of whipping off the thistle-tops while driving her in the garden chair, to the immiaent indignation of her ponies; was sometimes seen to nod after dinner, when the morning's run had been a good one; and had an opinion of his own in politics, which precisely reversed those of Lady Mandeville and her coterie.—In a word, he was often very 'tiresome!' and whenever the fair Henrietta was excited into pronouncing that sentence on his proceedings, it was a signal for ill-humour for the remainder of the day; or rather till the spoiled child would condescend to be coaxed into a more satisfactory mood of mind."

But we are more struck with the appalling fidelity of the following scene in a tale named *the Divorcee*. The heroine, Amelia, is married in early life to a Mr.

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Allanby, "a man with 10,000*l.* per annum, and a grey pigtail:" the match turns out a miserable one: Amelia's dishonour by Vavasor Kendal, her divorce, and Mr. Allanby's death are told in a few pages—the guilty pair, Vavasor and Amelia, flee to Paris, and we are introduced to this faithful picture of Parisian vice:—

"The infirmity of Amelia's health served at least to release her from those forced efforts of gaiety which had recoiled so heavily on her feelings. Her day for vivacity was gone.—In an atmosphere whose buoyancy is exhausted, the feather falls as heavily as the plummet.

"But instead of commiserating the languor and feebleness extending from the physical to the moral existence of the invalid, Vavasor only made her dulness an excuse for flying to the relief of society more congenial with his own tendency to vice and folly. Lady Emlyn who in London was the leader of a coterie devoted to the excitements of high-play,—a coterie that felt privileged to inveigh with horror against 'gambling,' because its members ventured their thousands on games where cunning tempers the fortuities of chance,—on the manœuvres of écarté and whist instead of the dare-all risks of hazard and rouge-et-noir,—had now removed her card-table from Grosvenor-square to a splendid hotel in the Rue Rivoli; where she had the honour of assembling, twice a week, a larger proportion of the idle and licentious of the exclusive caste, than could be found in any other suite of drawing-rooms in civilized Europe. Her *salon* was in fact crowded with busy ranks of those swindlers of distinction who, in opposition to their brethren of lower pretensions, (the chevaliers d'industrie), ought surely to be termed the chevaliers de la paresse. Among these, the brilliant air and lively effrontery of Captain Kendal secured him a warm acceptance; and by frequenting the circle of Lady Emlyn, he had not only the gratification of escaping from the insipid mediocrity of the home his vices had created, but acquired the power of indulging in others which were now still dearer to his heart.

"Vavasor Kendal was an expert player. Like other frigid egotists, his head and heart were always at leisure; and his successes had been the means, on more than one occasion, of extending his means of disgraceful enjoyment. At least, however, his career lay on the verge of a precipice; for playing at a stake beyond the limit of his fortune, a single faltering step might at any hour precipitate him into an abyss of shame and ruin. Amelia was often tempted to doubt whether she had more cause to dread that intoxication of triumph, which induced him to still further excesses, or the reverses tending to aggravate the violence of temper to which she was an habitual victim. The fluctuating fortunes of the gamester,—his losses or gains,—were equally a source of suffering to herself. But the Carnival was drawing to a close; she soon began ardently to wish that his sister might grow weary of the increasing dulness of the French capital, and migrate among other swallows of the season, in search of new pleasures.

"Long had she been in expectation of an announcement to this effect, when one night,—a cold cheerless night in March,—Vavasor exceeded even his ordinary period of absence. The habitually dissolute of Paris rarely keep late hours. Vice does not form with *them*, as with the English *roue*, an occasional excess, but is consistent and regular in its habits. Captain Kendal usually returned home between two and three; and Amelia was accustomed to sit up, and by her own services lighten the labours of their scanty establishment. It was *she*, the invalid, who was careful to keep up light and fire for the tyrant of the domestic hearth.

"But on this occasion two o'clock came,—three, four, five o'clock,—and no Vavasor. Hour after hour she listened to the chime of the gaudy timepiece decorating their shabby apartment; and while the night advanced, in all its chilly, lonely, comfortless protraction, shivered as she added new logs to the dying embers, and as she hoped or despaired of his return, alternately replaced the veilleuse by candles, the candles by a veilleuse. She had already assumed her night-apparel; and after wandering like an unquiet spirit from her own apartment to the sitting-room and back again, a thousand, thousand times,—after reclining her exhausted frame and throbbing head against the door of the ante-room, in the trust of catching the sound of his well-known step upon the stairs, she threw herself down on the sofa for a moment's respite. But in a few minutes she started up again.—Surely that was *his* voice, which reached her from some passenger in the street below, some passenger humming an air from the new Opera, according to Vavasor's custom, when returning flushed with the excitement of success? Again and hurriedly did she prepare for his

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reception,—again place his chair by the fire, his slippers beside it; and stand with a beating heart and suspended breath, to await the entrance of the truant. But, no! it was *not* him. The wanderer had hastened onwards to some happier home. The street was quiet again. She would take a book and strive to beguile the tediousness of suspense.

"Dreary indeed is that hour of the twenty-four which may be said to afford the true division between night and day; when even the latest watcher has retired to rest, while the earliest artisans scarcely yet rouse themselves for the renewal of their struggle with existence;—when even the studious, the sorrowing, and the dissipated, close their overwearied eyes;—and when those who 'do lack, and suffer hunger,' enjoy that Heaven-vouchsafed stupor affording the only interim to their consciousness of want and woe. The winds whistle more shrilly in the stillness of that lonely hour. Man and beast are in their lair, and unearthly things alone seem stirring;—the good genius glides with a holy and hallowing influence through the tranquil dwelling of virtue; the demon grins and gibbers in the deserted but reeking chambers of the vicious. Even sorrow has phantoms of its own; and when Amelia found herself a lonely watcher in the stillness of night, the kind voice of old Allanby,—the voice that was wont of yore to bid her speak her bosom's wish that it might be granted,—often seemed creeping into the inmost cell of her ear. She could fancy him close beside her,—taunting her,—touching her,—till, starting from her seat, she strove to shake off the hideous delusion. Sometimes the soft cordial tones of her mother,—her mother, who was in the grave,—seemed again dispensing those lessons of virtue of which her own life had afforded so pure an example: sometimes the playful caresses of her boys seemed to grow warm upon her lips—around her neck. Yes! she could hear them, see them:—little Charles, who, in his very babyhood, had been accustomed to uplift his tiny arm in championship of his own dear mother;—Digby, the soft, tender, loving infant, whose every look was a smile, whose every action an endearment!—And now they appeared to pass before her as strangers; changed—matured—enlightened;—without one word of fondness—one gesture of recognition!

"From such meditations, how horrible to start up amid the dreariness of night, nor find a human heart unto which to appeal for comfort,—a human voice from which to claim reply in annihilation of the spell that transfixed her mind. The cold cheerless room, the flickering light, the desolation that was around her, struck more heavily than ever on her heart. 'Oh! that this were an omen!' she cried, with clasping hands, as she listened to the howling of the wind upon the lofty staircase leading to their remote apartments. Drawing closer over her bosom the wrapper by which she attempted to exclude the piercing night-air, Amelia smiled at the thought of the chilliness of the grave,—of the grave, where the heart beats not, and the fixed glassy eye is incapable of tears.

"'I shall lie among the multitudes of a strange country,' faltered she; 'there will be no one to point out with officious finger to my sons, the dishonoured resting-place of their mother,—their *divorced* mother! Vavasor will be freed from his bondage—free to choose anew, and commence a more auspicious career. But for me he might have been a different being. It is *I* who have hardened his heart and seared his mind. And oh! may Heaven in its mercy touch them,—that he may deal gently with me during the last short remnant of our union!'

"A harsh sound interrupted her contemplations;—the grating of his key in the outer door,—of his step in the anteroom. Mechanically she rose, and advanced to meet the truant who had kept her watching,—who had so *often* kept her watching,—so often been forgiven. A momentary glimpse of his countenance convinced her that he was in no mood even to wish for indulgence. His brow was black—his eyes red and glaring. After a terrified pause, she tendered him her assistance to unclasp his cloak; but with a deadly execration he rejected the offer.

"'Are the servants up?' said he sullenly.

"'Not yet.'

"'So much the better! I must be off before they are on the move.'

"'Off? Vavasor!—for the love of Heaven—'

"'Be still! Do not harass me with your nonsense. I was a fool to come here at all; only it may be necessary for you to know explicitly to what you may trust for the future.'

"Amelia sank stupefied into a chair.

"'In one word, I am a ruined man. To-night's losses have made me as hopeless as I ought to have been long ago. I have lost—but no matter!—I know I played like a fool. What is to be expected from a miserable dog like

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me, who has thrown away his prospects, and is harassed with all sorts of cares and annoyances?—No matter!—To-morrow the thing will be blown; and before my creditors get wind of the business I shall be half way to Brussels.'

"'To Brussels?' faltered Amelia.

"'Of course it is out of the question hampering myself with companions of any kind at such a moment. Besides, my sister has only afforded me the means of getting out of the scrape, on condition that *you* return to England to your family. I have no longer the power of maintaining you; but if you are inclined to co-operate in the only plan that can save us both from starving, Sophia will secure you an allowance of fifty or sixty pounds a year.'

"Amelia was silent.

"If not, you must take your chance; for I can do nothing further for you. For Heaven's sake don't treat me with a scene; for I have only a few minutes to pack up my property! The fiacre is waiting; there is not a moment to lose. Well, Amelia! what do you say?—I want an answer. Do you, or do you not choose to go to England?'

"Amelia made an affirmative movement;—she could not utter a syllable. And Vavasor instantly passed into his own room to make his preparations for immediate flight.—She never knew in what manner he took his last leave of her. When the servants proceeded to their occupations on the following morning, they found her insensible on the ground; but when restored to consciousness, the continued absence of her husband and a note of five hundred franks which he had deposited in her work-box for the purpose of enabling her to quit Paris, served to prove that the dreadful impression on her mind was not a mere delusion of the night. Alas! she was soon compelled to admit that she had looked upon him for the last time."

THE CABINET ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1831

Is a well-arranged digest of the history of the past year, in a more concise and compact form than such matters are chronicled in that woolly work—the Annual Register. The Parliamentary Summary is brief but satisfactory, and the Occurrences are copious enough for the most gossipping reader. The volume has been produced in truly good style, is, in all respects, cheap, and deserves encouragement.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSEL.

"The Russel family (say Britton and Brayley,) may date the era of their greatness to a violent storm, which happened about the year 1500, on the coast of Dorset; a county which appears to have been the birthplace of their ancestors, one of whom was Constable of Corfe Castle, in the year 1221. Philip, Archduke of Austria, son of the Emperor Maximilian, being on a voyage to Spain, was obliged by the fury of a sudden tempest, to take refuge in the harbour of Weymouth. He was received on shore, and accommodated by Sir Thomas Trenchard, who invited his relation, *Mr. John Russel*, to wait upon the Archduke. Philip was so much pleased with the polite manners and cultivated talents of Mr. Russel, who was conversant with both the French and German languages, that on arriving at court, he recommended him to the notice of Henry VII., who immediately sent for him to his palace, where he remained in great favour till the king's death. In the estimation of Henry VIII. he rose still higher; by that monarch he was made Lord Warden of the Stannaries, Lord Admiral of England and Ireland, Knight of the Garter, and Lord Privy Seal, and on the 9th of March, 1538, created Baron Russel, of Cheneys, in the county of Bucks, which estate he afterwards acquired by marriage. At the Coronation of Edward VI. he officiated as Lord High Steward, and two years afterwards, in the year 1549, was created Earl of Bedford. He died in 1554, and was buried at Cheneys, where many of his descendants have also been interred," &c. &c.

"Henry VII. (says Pennant,) often resided at Baynard Castle, and from hence made several of his solemn processions. Here, in 1505, he lodged Philip of Austria,* the matrimonial King of Castille, tempest-driven into his dominions, and showed him the pomp and glory of his capital." P. T. W.

COVENTRY CHARITY.

(For the Mirror.)

Bablake Hospital, in the city of Coventry, was originally founded in 1506, by Thomas Bond, Mayor. Part of this hospital furnishes a residence for a number of boys, who are educated and

* There is an old (full-length) engraving of this personage, and I am in the possession of one.

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clothed in blue, through the *justice* and benevolence of Thomas Wheatley, Mayor, in 1556, whose servant, sent to Spain by him to purchase some barrels of steel gads, brought home through an unaccountable mistake, a number of casks filled with ingots of silver and cochineal, which were offered for sale in an open fair, as the articles alluded to, and bought as such. This worthy ironmonger and card-maker made every possible effort to discover the person who sold them, but without success. He then honourably converted the profits to this charity, to which he added part of his own property. P. T. W.

CURIOUS PARLIAMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

ACTON BURNEL, is a village in Shropshire, about three miles from Great Wenlock, where a Parliament was held in the reign of Edward I., 1284. Many of the Welsh nobles who had taken up arms were pardoned by this Parliament, and the famous act, entitled *Statutum de Mercatoribus*, was passed here, by which debtors in London, York, and Bristol, were obliged to appear before the different Mayors, and agree upon a certain day of payment, otherwise an execution was issued against their goods. The Lords sat in the castle, and the Commons in a large barn, the remains of which are still to be seen.

P. T. W.

FOUR LEARNED SISTERS.

(For the Mirror.)

SIR ANTHONY COOKE, who was preceptor to King Edward VI., and great grandson to Sir Thomas Cooke, Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1462, was particularly fortunate in his four daughters, who were all eminent for their great literary attainments.

Mildred, the eldest, married William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. She was learned in the Greek tongue, and wrote a letter in that language to the University of Cambridge.

Anne, the second, was the second wife of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, and mother of the great Lord St. Alban's. She was greatly skilled in Greek, Latin, and Italian, and had the honour of being appointed governess to King Edward VI.

Elizabeth, the third, was first the wife of Sir Thomas Hobby, ambassador to France, and afterwards, of John, Lord Russel, son and heir of Francis Russel, Earl of Bedford. Such was her progress in the learned languages, that she gained the applause of the most eminent scholars of the age, and for the tombs of both her husbands, she wrote epitaphs in Greek, Latin, and English.

Catherine, the fourth, who was the wife of Sir Henry Killegrew, was famous for her knowledge in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, and her skill in poetry. She was buried in the chancel of the church of St. Thomas Apostle, in Vintry Ward, London, where there is an elegant monument erected to her memory, with an inscription composed by herself. Sir Anthony Cooke lived at Gidea Hall, near Romford, in Essex, and had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth here, in the year 1568. Mary de Medicis, mother of Queen Henrietta Maria, was also entertained in this mansion, the night before her arrival in London.

P. T. W.

PARISH REGISTERS OF ST. BRIDE'S.

AT the great fire of London, nearly all the churches and records were consumed, wherefore scarcely any registers are to be found in the city of an earlier date than the above period. In searching the muniments preserved in St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street, for a history of that parish, Mr. Elmes, the architect, discovered a few days since, that, although the church was destroyed, the records were left uninjured. He has accordingly brought to light a series of vestry books from 1653, embracing regular accounts and entries of the calamitous fire, and the proceedings of the parish authorities during that eventful period, till the re-opening of the church for public worship; together with register books of baptisms, burials, &c. from 1587, nearly eighty years before the fire, continued without interruption to the present day. One of them is a complete record of every meeting of the Committee for rebuilding the present splendid church, from its commencement to its completion, containing many curious items relative to contracts with the workmen, their prices, &c.; meetings with Sir Christopher Wren, Mr. Hooke, and other eminent persons, and the arrangement entered into for accommodating the parishioners with pews and seats after the completion of the church. There are also adjudications of property, settlements of boundaries, and many other interesting documents of that eventful period.

From the *Globe* journal.—(Mr. Elmes

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will be recollected as the author of a valuable Life of Sir Christopher Wren, published a few years since in quarto, and of several practical works on architecture. We are happy to learn that a kindred enthusiasm to that shown in this great biographical labour, has led him to undertake the history of one of the proudest monuments of Wren's genius—the church of St. Bride. Mr. Elmes may therefore be considered peculiarly fortunate in his discovery of these relics, and his work will be looked for with additional curiosity.)

The Gatherer.

Oriental Apologue.—A blind man having contracted a violent passion for a certain female, married her, contrary to the advice of all his friends, who told him that she was exceedingly ugly. A celebrated physician at length undertook to restore him to sight. The blind man, however, refused his assistance. "If I should recover my sight," said he, "I should be deprived of the love I have for my wife, which alone renders me happy." "Man of God," replied the physician, "tell me which is of most consequence to a rational being, the attainment of happiness or the attainment of truth?" S. H.

Honour.—William the Third having insisted on Lord H——n's giving him his *honour* not to fight a man who had given him a box on the ear, his lordship was obliged seemingly to comply; but as soon as he was out of the king's presence he fought the man. The king was, at first, highly incensed at his breaking his word with him, and asked him how he came to do so, when he had just given him his honour. "Sire," replied his lordship, "you were in the wrong to take such a pledge, for at the time I gave it you, I had no honour to give." S. H.

Doll's Eyes.—Insignificant as may appear this petty article of commerce, it is well known to keep in employ several thousand hands, and goes to show the vast importance of trifles to a country of decided commercialists. Mr. Osler, an intelligent manufacturer of Birmingham, gave the following statement before the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1824. "Eighteen years ago, on my first journey to London, a respectable looking man in the city asked me if I could supply him with doll's eyes, and I was foolish enough to feel half offended; I thought it derogatory to my new dignity as a manufacturer, to make doll's eyes. He took me into a room quite as wide, and twice the length of this, (one of the large rooms for Committees in the House of Commons,) and we had just room to walk between the stacks, from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said these are only the legs and arms, the trunks are below, but I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes; and as the article appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment, and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order, and on returning to the Tavistock Hotel I found it amounted to upwards of five hundred pounds." SWAINE.

Eggs.—The duty paid on eggs imported at Ramsgate within the last three months, exceeds the sum of 2,000*l.*—(*Morning Herald.*) The rate of duty is, as stated in our last, 10*d.* on every 120 eggs.

The Druids and the Mistletoe.—Pliny, in his *Natural History*, tells us, "The Druids held nothing so sacred as the mistletoe of the oak, as this is very scarce and rarely to be found, when any of it is discovered, they go with great pomp and ceremony on a certain day to gather it. When they have got everything in readiness under the oak, both for the sacrifice and the banquet, which they make on this great festival, they begin by tying two white bulls to it by the horns, then one of the Druids, clothed in white, mounts the tree, and with a knife of gold, cuts the mistletoe, which is received in a white sagum; this done, they proceed to their sacrifices and feastings." This festival is said to have been kept as near as the age of the moon permitted to the 10th of March, which was their New Year's Day. The common mistletoe was the golden bough of Virgil, and was Æneas's passport to the infernal regions. P. T. W.

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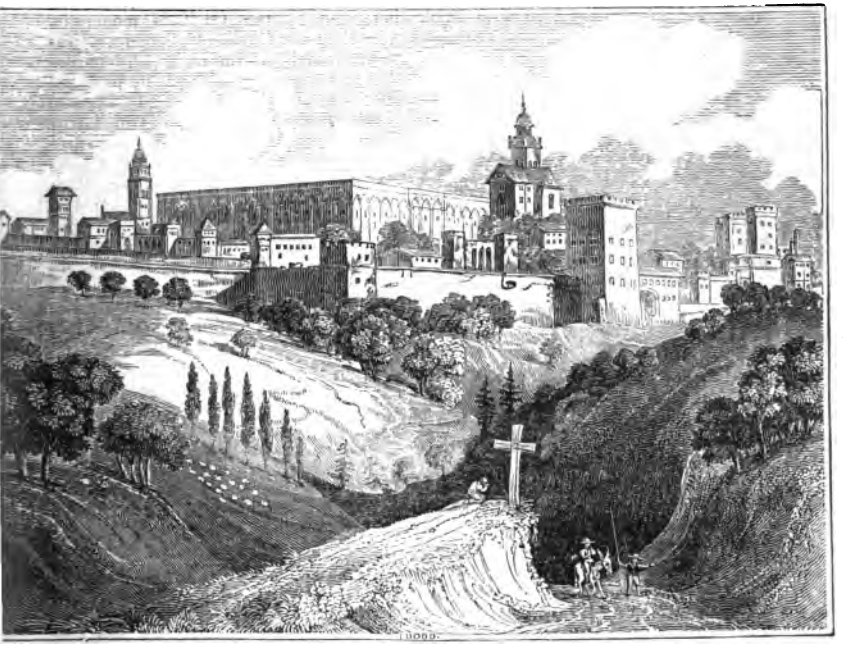
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 549.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [PRICE 2*d.*

THE ALHAMBRA, IN SPAIN.



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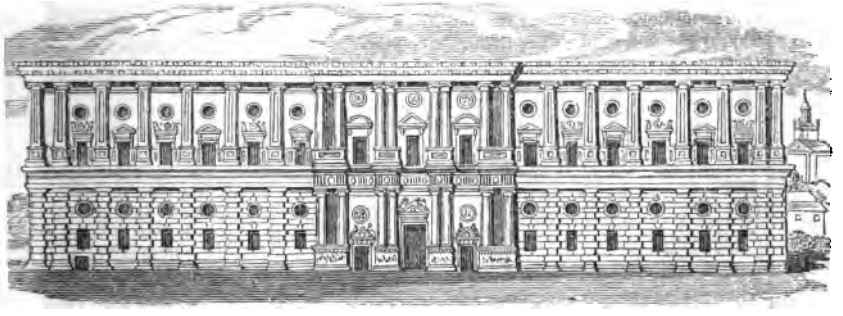

Palace of Charles V., see page 340.

ACCUMULATED novelties from Books published within the past month have led to the publication of the present Supplement. Although its contents have not been drawn from works of unfettered fancy, it is hoped they will be found to blend the real with the imaginative in such a degree as to render their knowledge not the less useful for its being amusive. The Engravings are perhaps as appropriate as attractive; since they illustrate, and the artists hope not unworthily, the *New Sketch Book* of WASHINGTON IRVING.

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THE ALHAMBRA.

By Geoffrey Crayon, author of the Sketch Book, &c.

WHAT! Washington Irving, or, as the title-page will have it, Geoffrey Crayon, in SPAIN, wandering up and down the deserted halls of the Alhambra, and weaving its legendary lore with thick coming fancies into sketches of enchanting interest. The origin of the work, (the *New Sketch Book*,) as it has been inappropriately styled, is told in the dedication to David Wilkie, Esq., R. A. Mr. Irving and the great artist just named were fellow travellers on the continent a few years since. In their rambles about some of the old cities of Spain, they were more than once struck with scenes and incidents which reminded them of passages in the "Arabian Nights." The painter urged Mr. Irving to write something that should illustrate those peculiarities, "something in the Haroun Alrasched style" that should have a dash of that Arabian spice which pervades every thing in Spain. The author set to work, *con amore*, and has produced two goodly volumes, with a few "Arabesque" sketches and tales founded on popular traditions. His *study* was THE ALHAMBRA, which must have inspired him for his task. To quote his own words: "how many legends and traditions, true and fabulous; how many songs and romances, Spanish and Arabian, of love and war, and chivalry, are associated with this romantic pile." The Governor of the Alhambra gave Mr. Irving and his companion, permission to occupy his vacant apartments in the Moorish Palace. "My companion," says the author, "was soon summoned away by the duties of his station; but I remained for several months, spell-bound in the old enchanted pile."

Such is the plan or frame of the work before us. It has induced us to select the Embellishments on the annexed page; and their description, from so graceful a pencil as that of the author, will, we hope, bespeak the favour of the reader.

"The Alhambra is an ancient fortress or castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, where they held dominion over this their boasted terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The palace occupies but a portion of the fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a lofty hill that overlooks the city, and forms a spur of the Sierra Nevada, or snowy mountain.

"In the time of the Moors, the fortress was capable of containing an army of forty thousand men within its precincts, and served occasionally as a stronghold of the sovereigns against their rebellious subjects. After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the Alhambra continued a royal demesne, and was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. The Emperor Charles V. began a sumptuous palace within its walls, but was deterred from completing it by repeated shocks of earthquakes. The last royal residents were Philip V. and his beautiful queen Elizabetta of Parma, early in the eighteenth century. Great preparations were made for their reception. The palace and gardens were placed in a state of repair, and a new suite of apartments erected, and decorated by artists brought from Italy. The sojourn of the sovereigns was transient, and after their departure the palace once more became desolate. Still the place was maintained with some military state. The governor held it immediately from the crown, its jurisdiction extended down into the suburbs of the city, and was independent of the captain general of Granada. A considerable garrison was kept up, the governor had his apartments in the front of the old Moorish palace, and never descended into Granada without some military parade. The fortress, in fact, was a little town of itself, having several streets of houses within its walls, together with a Franciscan convent and a parochial church.

"The desertion of the court, however, was a fatal blow to the Alhambra. Its beautiful halls became desolate, and some of them fell to ruin; the gardens were destroyed, and the fountains ceased to play. By degrees the dwellings became filled up with a loose and lawless population; contrabandistas, who availed themselves of its independent jurisdiction to carry on a wide and daring course of smuggling, and thieves and rogues of all sorts, who made this their place of refuge from whence they might depredate upon Granada and its vicinity. The strong arm of government at length interfered: the whole community was thoroughly sifted; none were suffered to remain but such as were of honest character, and had legitimate right to a residence; the greater part of the houses were demolished and a mere hamlet left, with the parochial church and the Franciscan convent. During the recent troubles in Spain, when Granada was in the hands of the French, the Alhambra was garrisoned by their troops, and the palace was occasionally

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inhabited by the French commander. With that enlightened taste which has ever distinguished the French nation in their conquests, this monument of Moorish elegance and grandeur was rescued from the absolute ruin and desolation that were overwhelming it. The roofs were repaired, the saloons and galleries protected from the weather, the gardens cultivated, the water courses restored, the fountains once more made to throw up their sparkling showers; and Spain may thank her invaders for having preserved to her the most beautiful and interesting of her historical monuments.

"On the departure of the French they blew up several towers of the outer wall, and left the fortifications scarcely tenable. Since that time the military importance of the post is at an end. The garrison is a handful of invalid soldiers, whose principal duty is to guard some of the outer towers, which serve occasionally as a prison of state; and the governor, abandoning the lofty hill of the Alhambra, resides in the centre of Granada, for the more convenient dispatch of his official duties.

Interior of the Alhambra.

"The Alhambra has been so often and so minutely described by travellers, that a mere sketch will, probably, be sufficient for the reader to refresh his recollection; I will give, therefore, a brief account of our visit to it the morning after our arrival in Granada.

"Leaving our posada of La Espada, we traversed the renowned square of the Vivarrambla, once the scene of Moorish jousts and tournaments, now a crowded market-place. From thence we proceeded along the Zacatin, the main street of what, in the time of the Moors, was the Great Bazaar, where the small shops and narrow allies still retain the Oriental character. Crossing an open place in front of the palace of the captain-general, we ascended a confined and winding street, the name of which reminded us of the chivalric days of Granada. It is called the Calle, or street of the Gomeres, from a Moorish family famous in chronicle and song. This street led up to a massive gateway of Grecian architecture, built by Charles V. forming the entrance to the domains of the Alhambra.

"At the gate were two or three ragged and superannuated soldiers, dozing on a stone bench, the successors of the Zegris and the Abencerrages; while a tall meagre varlet, whose rusty-brown cloak was evidently intended to conceal the ragged state of his nether garments, was lounging in the sunshine and gossiping with an ancient sentinel on duty. He joined us as we entered the gate, and offered his services to show us the fortress.

"I have a traveller's dislike to officious ciceroni, and did not altogether like the garb of the applicant.

"'You are well acquainted with the place, I presume?'

"'Ninguno mas; pues Senor, soy hijo de la Alhambra.'—(Nobody better; in fact, Sir, I am a son of the Alhambra!)

"The common Spaniards have certainly a most poetical way of expressing themselves. 'A son of the Alhambra!' the appellation caught me at once; the very tattered garb of my new acquaintance assumed a dignity in my eyes. It was emblematic of the fortunes of the place, and befitted the progeny of a ruin.

"I put some farther questions to him, and found that his title was legitimate. His family had lived in the fortress from generation to generation ever since the time of the conquest. His name was Mateo Ximenes. 'Then, perhaps,' said I, 'you may be a descendant from the great Cardinal Ximenes?'—'Dios Sabe! God knows, Senor! It may be so. We are the oldest family in the Alhambra,—*Christianos Viejos*, old Christians, without any taint of Moor or Jew. I know we belong to some great family or other, but I forget whom. My father knows all about it: he has the coat-of-arms hanging up in his cottage, up in the fortress.' There is not any Spaniard, however poor, but has some claim to high pedigree. The first title of this ragged worthy, however, had completely captivated me, so I gladly accepted the services of the 'son of the Alhambra.'

"We now found ourselves in a deep narrow ravine, filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue, and various footpaths winding through it, bordered with stone seats, and ornamented with fountains. To our left, we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right, on the opposite side of the ravine, we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These, we were told, were the Torres Vermejos, or vermilion towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to the Alhambra: some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others, by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower,

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forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. Within the barbican was another group of veteran invalids, one mounting guard at the portal, while the rest, wrapped in their tattered cloaks, slept on the stone benches. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem domination, for the immediate trial of petty causes: a custom common to the Oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the Sacred Scriptures.

"The great vestibule or porch of the gate, is formed by an immense Arabian arch, of the horse-shoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the key-stone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the key-stone of the portal, is sculptured, in like manner, a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mahometan symbols, affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key of faith; the latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the Cross. A different explanation, however, was given by the legitimate son of the Alhambra, and one more in unison with the notions of the common people, who attach something of mystery and magic to every thing Moorish, and have all kind of superstitions connected with this old Moslem fortress.

"According to Mateo, it was a tradition handed down from the oldest inhabitants, and which he had from his father and grandfather, that the hand and key were magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. The Moorish King who built it was a great magician, or, as some believed, had sold himself to the devil, and had laid the whole fortress under a magic spell. By this means it had remained standing for several hundred years, in defiance of storms and earthquakes, while almost all other buildings of the Moors had fallen to ruin, and disappeared. This spell, the tradition went on to say, would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces, and all the treasures buried beneath it by the Moors would be revealed.

"Notwithstanding this ominous prediction, we ventured to pass through the spell-bound gateway, feeling some little assurance against magic art in the protection of the Virgin, a statue of whom we observed above the portal.

"After passing through the barbican, we ascended a narrow lane, winding between walls, and came on an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Plaza de los Algibes, or Place of the Cisterns, from great reservoirs which undermine it, cut in the living rock by the Moors for the supply of the fortress. Here, also, is a well of immense depth, furnishing the purest and coldest of water; another monument of the delicate taste of the Moors, who were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity.

"In front of this esplanade is the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., intended, it is said, to eclipse the residence of the Moslem kings. With all its grandeur and architectural merit, it appeared to us like an arrogant intrusion, and, passing by it, we entered a simple, unostentatious portal, opening into the interior of the Moorish palace.

"The transition was almost magical: it seemed as if we were at once transported into other times and another realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. We found ourselves in a great court, paved with white marble, and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles: it is called the Court of the Alberca. In the centre was an immense basin or fish-pond, a hundred and thirty feet in length by thirty in breadth, stocked with gold-fish and bordered by hedges of roses. At the upper end of this court rose the great Tower of Comares.

"From the lower end we passed through a Moorish archway into the renowned Court of Lions. There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this, for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; and the twelve lions, which support them, cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filagree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur; bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When one looks upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet,

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though no less baneful, pilferrings of the tasteful traveller: it is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm.

"On one side of the court, a portal, richly adorned, opens into a lofty hall, paved with white marble, and called the Hall of the Two Sisters. A cupola, or lantern, admits a tempered light from above, and a free circulation of air. The lower part of the walls is encrusted with beautiful Moorish tiles, on some of which are emblazoned the escutcheons of the Moorish monarchs: the upper part is faced with the fine stucco-work invented at Damascus, consisting of large plates, cast in moulds, and artfully joined, so as to have the appearance of having been laboriously sculptured by the hand into light relievos and fanciful arabesques, intermingled with texts of the Koran, and poetical inscriptions in Arabian and Cufic character. These decorations of the walls and cupolas are richly gilded, and the interstices pencilled with lapis-lazuli, and other brilliant and enduring colours. On each side of the hall are recesses for ottomans and couches. Above the inner porch is a balcony, which communicated with the women's apartments. The latticed 'jalousies' still remain, from whence the dark-eyed beauties of the haram might gaze unseen upon the entertainments of the hall below.

"It is impossible to contemplate this once favourite abode of Oriental manners without feeling the early associations of Arabian romance, and almost expecting to see the white arm of some mysterious princess beckoning from the balcony, or some dark eye sparkling through the lattice. The abode of beauty is here, as if it had been inhabited but yesterday; but where are the Zoraydas and Lindaraxas?

"On the opposite side of the Court of Lions, is the Hall of the Abencerrages; so called from the gallant cavaliers of that illustrious line who were here perfidiously massacred. There are some who doubt the whole truth of this story; but our humble attendant Mateo pointed out the very wicket of the portal through which they are said to have been introduced, one by one, and the white marble fountain in the centre of the hall where they were beheaded. He showed us also certain broad ruddy stains in the pavement, traces of their blood, which, according to popular belief, can never be effaced. Finding we listened to him with easy faith, he added, that there was often heard at night, in the Court of Lions, a low, confused sound, resembling the murmuring of a multitude; with now and then a faint tinkling, like the distant clank of chains: These noises are probably produced by the bubbling currents and tinkling falls of water, conducted under the pavement, through pipes and channels, to supply the fountains; but, according to the legend of the son of the Alhambra, they are made by the spirits of the murdered Abencerrages, who nightly haunt the scene of their suffering, and invoke the vengeance of Heaven on their destroyer.

"From the Court of Lions we retraced our steps through the Court of the Alberca, or Great Fishpool; crossing which we proceeded to the Tower of Comares, so called from the name of the Arabian architect. It is of massive strength and lofty height, domineering over the rest of the edifice, and overhanging the steep hill-side, which descends abruptly to the banks of the Darro. A Moorish archway admitted us into a vast and lofty hall, which occupies the interior of the tower, and was the grand audience chamber of the Moslem monarchs, thence called the Hall of Ambassadors. It still bears the traces of past magnificence. The walls are richly stuccoed and decorated with arabesques; the vaulted ceiling of cedar-wood, almost lost in obscurity, from its height, still gleams with rich gilding, and the brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil. On three sides of the saloon are deep windows cut through the immense thickness of the walls, the balconies of which look down upon the verdant valley of the Darro, the streets and convents of the Albaycin, and command a prospect of the distant Vega.

"I might go on to describe minutely the other delightful apartments of this side of the palace; the Tocador, or toilet of the queen, an open belvidere, on the summit of a tower, where the Moorish sultanas enjoyed the pure breezes from the mountain, and the prospect of the surrounding paradise; the secluded little patio, or garden of Lindaraxa, with its alabaster fountain, its thickets of roses and myrtles, of citrons and oranges; the cool halls and grottoes of the baths, where the glare and heat of day are tempered into a soft mysterious light, and a pervading freshness.

"While the city below pants with the noontide heat, and the parched vega trembles to the eye, the delicate airs from the Sierra Nevada, play through these lofty halls, bringing with them the sweetness of the surrounding gardens. Every thing invites to that indolent repose, the bliss of southern climes; and while the half-shut eye looks out from

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shaded baloonies upon the glittering landscape, the ear is lulled by the rustling of groves, and the murmur of running streams." Here we must end.

The Sketches bear the very perfection of romance in their titles. Yes, expectant reader, think of the Alhambra by Moonlight—A Ramble among the Hills—Legend of the Arabian Atrologer—The Tower of Las Infantas—Legends of the three beautiful Princesses—The Pilgrim of Love—The Rose of the Alhambra,—the two discreet Statues, &c. &c. What hours of spell-bound delight do these two volumes lock up, yet we hope but for a short season, from all who would vary "life's dull round" with romantic lore.

Natural History.

THE remarkably attractive Number of the *Magazine of Natural History* for the present month enables us to checker our sheet with a page or two of facts which will be interesting to every inquiring mind.

Hail at Lausanne.

"At Lausanne, on the 14th of July, 1831, about 8 P. M., we witnessed one of those hail-storms which, every summer, cause such ravages in the south of Europe. A great proportion of the hailstones were as big as hen's eggs, and some even bigger: seven nearly filled a common dinner plate. They were mostly oval or globular; but one piece, brought to us after the storm, was flat and square, full 2 in. long, as many broad, and three quarters of an inch thick, with several projecting knobs of ice as big as large hazel nuts. This mass exactly resembled a piece of uniformly transparent ice, but the oval and globular masses had the same conformation as has often been described in these hailstones, and on which Volta founded his ingenious but untenable theory of their formation. In the centre of each was a small, white, opaque nucleus, the size of a pea, and evidently one of the hailstones usually seen in England, to which the French give the name of *grésil*, confining the term *gréle* to the larger masses of ice now under our observation. This nucleus of *gresil* was enclosed in a coat about half an inch thick of ice considerably more transparent than it, but still somewhat opaque, as though of snow melted and then frozen again, and externally the rest of the mass was of ice perfectly transparent, and as compact and hard as possible, resounding like a pebble, and not breaking when thrown on the floor. The inhabitants of Lausanne, aware that the cinereous and puffed up appearance of the clouds charged with this tremendous aerial artillery portended more than a mere thunder-storm, had adopted the precaution of closing their Venetian shutters; but such windows as were deprived of this protection had almost every pane broken: and much damage was done to the tiles of all the houses, and to the gardens and vineyards; but less than might have been expected, owing to the short duration of the storm, which did not last longer than seven or eight minutes, and to the circumstance of the hailstones not being very numerous."—(W. Spence.)

Cedar Wood.

"The *cedar* has been recommended, among other woods, for the purpose of constructing drawers for cabinets of insects. Let the inexperienced collector be warned that this is, perhaps, the *very worst* wood that can be employed for the purpose; a strong effluvia, or sometimes a resinous gum, exudes from the wood of the cedar, which is apt to settle in blotches on the wings of the specimens, especially of the more delicate Lepidóptera, and entirely discharges the colour. The Rev. Mr. Bree once had a whole collection of lepidopterous insects utterly spoiled from having been deposited in cedar drawers; and he has understood, also, that the insects in the British Museum, collected, he believes, chiefly by Dr. Leach, have been greatly injured from the same cause. Possibly, however, cedar wood, after it has been thoroughly well seasoned, may be less liable to produce these injurious effects."

Habits of the Common Snake in Captivity.

A Staffordshire Correspondent writes thus familiarly:

"This has been a remarkably good season, both for vegetables and animals. It has been a singular time for adders, snakes, and lizards: I never saw so many as I have seen this year in all my life. I have been trying, a great part of this summer, to domesticate a common snake, and make it familiar with me and my children; but all to no purpose, notwithstanding I favoured it with my most particular attention. It was a most beautiful creature, only 2 ft. 7 in. long. I did not know how long it had been without food when I caught it; but I presented it with frogs, toads, worms, beetles, spiders, mice, and every other delicacy of the season. I also tried to charm it with music, and my children

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stroked and caressed it; but all in vain: it would be no more familiar with any of us than if we had been the greatest strangers to it, or even its greatest enemies. I kept it in an old barrel, out of doors, for the first three weeks: during that time, I can aver, it ate nothing; but, after a very wet night, it seemed to suffer from the cold. I then put it into a glass vessel, and set it on the parlour chimney-piece, covering the vessel with a piece of silk gauze. I caught two live mice, and put them in to it; but they would sooner have died of hunger than the snake would have eaten them: they sat shivering on its back, while it lay coiled up as round as a ball of worstep. I gave the mice some boiled potatoes, which they eat: but the snake would eat neither the mice nor the potatoes. My children frequently took it out in their hands, to show it to their schoolfellows; but my wife, and some others, could not bear the sight of it. I one day took it in my hand, and opened its mouth with a penknife, to show a gentleman how different it was from that of the adder, which I had dead by me: its teeth being no more formidable or terrific than the teeth of a trout or eel; while the mouth of the adder had two fangs, like the claws of a cat, attached to the roof of the mouth, no way connected with its jaw-teeth. While examining the snake in this manner, it began to smell most horridly, and filled the room with an abominable odour; I also felt, or thought I felt, a kind of prickly numbness in the hand I held it in, and did so for some weeks afterwards. In struggling for its liberty, it twisted itself round my arm, and discharged its excrements on my coat-sleeve, which seemed nothing more than milk, or like the chalkings of a woodcock. It made its escape from me several times by boring a hole through the gauze; I had lost it for some days at one time, when at length it was observed peeping out of a mouse-hole behind one of the cellar steps. Whether it had caught any beetles or spiders in the cellar, I cannot say; but it looked as fierce as a hawk, and hissed and shook its tongue, as in open defiance. I could not think of hurting it by smoking it out with tobacco or brimstone; but called it my fiery dragon which guarded my ale cellar. At length I caught it, coiled up on one of the steps. I put it again into an American flour barrel; but it happened not to be the same as he had been in, and I observed a nail protruding through the staves about half way up. This, I suppose, he had made use of to help his escape; for he was missing one morning about ten o'clock: I had seen him at nine o'clock; so I thought he could not be far off. I looked about for him for half an hour, when I gave up the hunt in despair. However, at one o'clock, as the men were going from dinner, one of them observed the rogue hiding himself under a stone, fifty yards from the house. 'Dang my buttons,' said he, 'if here is not master's snake. He came back and told my wife, who told him to go and kill it. It happened to be *washing-day*: the washerwoman gave him a pailful of scalding soapsuds to throw on it; but whether he was most afraid of me or of the snake is still a question: however, the washerwoman brought it home with the tongs, and dropped it into the dolly-tub. It dashed round the tub with the velocity of lightning; my daughter, seeing its agony, snatched it out of the scalding liquid, but too late: it died in a few minutes. I was not at all angry with my wife: I had had my whim, and she had had hers. I had got all the knowledge I wanted to get; I had learned that it was of no use for a human being, who requires food three times a day, to domesticate an animal which can live weeks and months without food: for, as the saying is, 'Hunger will tame any thing;' and without hunger you can tame nothing. I have also learned that the serpent, instead of being the emblem of wisdom, should have been an emblem of stupidity."

"The stench emitted by the common snake, when molested, is superlatively noisome; and is given off so powerfully and copiously, that it infects the air around to a diameter of several yards. This I witnessed on observing a bitch dog kill a rather large snake; in which act two points beside the odour effused were notable. The coils of the snake formed, as it were, a circular wall; and in the circular space between it, the snake sunk its head, as if for protection. The dog's efforts were to catch and crush the head; and, shrivelling up her fleshy lips, 'which all the while ran froth,' she kept thrusting the points of her jaws into the circular pit aforesaid, and catching at and fracturing the head. During the progress of these acts, she, every few seconds, snorted, and shook off the froth, of which she seemed sedulously careful to free herself, and barked at the conquered snake. The dog was a most determined vermin-killer, and in rats, &c., quite an accomplished one; but snakes did not often come in her way."—*J. D.*

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CURIOUS FACTS IN VEGETATION.

(From Part xiv. of *Knowledge for the People, or the Plain Why and Because.*)

Why is it improper to consider the turnip a real bulb?

Because it is an intermediate stem which swells into a bulbous form. Turnips have not been cultivated in England, in fields, more than a century; but this agricultural practice now yields an annual return which probably exceeds the interest of our national debt.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Why is the Cauliflower so named?

Because of its origin from *caulis*, the stalk of a herb. Colewort is of a similar origin.

Why are the stems of the Cabbage tribe considered wholesome food?

Because their acrid flavour is dispersed among an abundance of mucilage. Cabbages were commonly used among the ancients, and Cato wrote volumes on their nature. The Indians had so much veneration for them, that they swore by cabbages, and were therein as superstitious as the Egyptians, who gave divine honours to leeks and onions, for the great benefits which they said they received from them.—*Lemery on Food.*

Why do Cabbages emit a strong animal odour?

Because they contain a great quantity of azote or nitrogen, one of the ultimate elements of animal matter, and strongly characterized in the destructive distillation of horn, hoofs, or bones.

Why do not the leaves of the Cabbage remain wet, after being immersed in water, and again taken out of it?

Because they are powdered with a slight layer of resinous matter, similar to that which covers certain fruits, and, in particular, plums and grapes. Their sea-green colour is also attributed to this resinous layer.

Why is Quassia so called?

Because it was named in honour of a negro, Quassia, a drunken doctor, who discovered the virtue of the wood in curing malignant fevers.

Why is the Ice plant so called?

Because its stem is covered with soft tubercles, or excrescences, which have a crystalline appearance.

Why do the leaves of some trees fall very early?

Because they are articulated to the branch; that is, they do not unite with it by the whole of their base, but are simply fixed to it by a kind of contraction or articulation; as in the maple and horse chestnut.

Why do leaves fall at the approach of winter?

Because a separation takes place, either in the foot-stalk, or more usually at its base, and the dying part quits the vigorous one, which is promoted by the weight of the leaf itself, or the action of the gales that blow in autumn on its expanded form. M. Richard explains the cause more philosophically: "Although the fall of the leaves generally takes place at the approach of winter, cold is not to be considered as the principal cause of this phenomenon. It is much more natural to attribute it to the cessation of vegetation, and the want of nourishment which the leaves experience at that season, when the course of the sap is interrupted. The vessels of the leaf contract, dry up, and soon after, that organ is detached from the twig on which it had been developed."

Why do some trees, as the Oak, the Beech, and the Hornbeam, retain their leaves to a late period of autumn?

Because the life of the twigs on which they grow is not sufficiently vigorous to throw them off, after the brown colour indicates that they are dead.

Why have some plants been termed the Poor Man's Weather-glass?

Because they shut up their flowers against the approach of rain. Linnæus, however, thinks, that flowers lose their fine sensibility, after the anthers have performed their office, or when deprived of them artificially. Sir James Smith also observes, that some species are sometimes exhausted by continued wet; "and it is evident that very sudden thunder showers often take such flowers by surprise, the previous state of the atmosphere not having been such as to give them due warning."

Many flowers have a regular time of opening and shutting. We have already mentioned the Marigold; the goat's-beard is vulgarly called "John go-to-bed at noon," from its closing at mid-day; and at the Cape of Good Hope there is a "four o'clock flower," because it invariably closes at that time. The common daisy is, however, a readier example, its name being a compound of day's and eye—Day's-eye, in which way, indeed, it is written by Ben Johnson. It regularly shuts after sun-set, to expand again with the morning light. Thus,—

> The little dazie, that at evening closes.
> *Spenser.*

By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titian goes to bed.—*G. Withers.*

Leyden sings of moist or rainy weather foretold by daisies. Thus we may examine a whole field, and not find a daisy open, except such as have their flowering nearly over, and have in consequence lost their sensibility.

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The daisy is one of the pet flowers of the poets. Chaucer is ecstatic in its praise, and calls it his "owne hartes' rest;" Burns, "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower;" and Wordsworth, in beautiful and touching simplicity, has addressed several poems to "the poet's darling."

Appended to Richard's valuable "Elements," is the *Horologium Floræ*, (time-piece of Flora,) or a table of the hours at which certain plants expand and shut, at Upsal, 60 deg. north latitude. The earliest Meadow Salsafy opens from 3 to 4 A. M.; and closes from 9 to 10 A. M. The latest A. M. is the *Mesembryanthemum Modiflorum*, (used in the manufacture of Maroquin leather,) which opens 10 to 11 A. M., and closes at 12 P. M. The latest opening P. M. is the *Cactus Grandiflorus*, 9 to 10 P. M., and closing at 12 P. M., thus remaining open only two or three hours. Other flowers, we may add, are so peculiarly delicate, as scarcely to bear the contact of the atmosphere.

Forster, in his "Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena," notices several prognostics of the weather by plants. Thus, Chickweed has been said to be an excellent weather-guide. When the flower expands freely, no rain need be feared for a long time. In showery days the flower appears half concealed, and this state may be regarded as indicative of showery weather; when it is entirely shut, we may expect a rainy day. If the flowers of the Siberian sowthistle remain open all night, we may expect rain next day. Before showers, the trefoil contracts its leaves. Lord Bacon observes, that the trefoil has its stalk more erect against rain. He also mentions a small red flower, growing in stubble-fields, called by the country people *wincopipe*, which, if it opens in the morning, assures us of a fine day.

Travels.

Pen and Pencil Sketches of India, being the Journal of a Tour in India. By Captain Mundy.

These are two very amusing volumes of scenes and situations full of stirring interest, as their criticships would say—for example the four extracts immediately following:

Palankeen Travelling and a Sortie of Tigers.

"To those unitiated into the mysteries of Indian travelling, the prospect of a journey of six hundred miles, night and day, in a hot climate, inclosed in a sort of coffin-like receptacle, carried on the shoulders of men, is somewhat alarming; but to one more accustomed to that method of locomotion, the palankeen would, perhaps, prove less fatiguing and harassing, for a long journey, than any other conveyance.

"The horizontal or reclining position is naturally the most easy to the body; and the exhaustion consequent upon a journey in the heat of the day, generally secures to the traveller as much sleep during the cooller hours of the night, as the frequent interruptions of the bearers at the several stages will allow him to enjoy. I had laid in a good store of tea, sugar, and biscuits, a novel, some powder and shot, a gun, and a sword, and plenty of blankets, as a defence against the coldness of the night. Our baggage consisted of a dozen boxes (patarras) appended to bamboos, and carried by men: these, with two torch-bearers (mussalgees) to each palankeen, completed our cavalcade.

"Nov. 24th, 7 A. M., reached Hazarebaug, a small station, about two hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta. It is a healthy spot; the earth sandy and rocky, presenting a strong contrast to the loomy and alluvial soil of Southern Bengal. From Rogonnâthpore to Hazarebaug the road runs through an almost uninterrupted jungle, swarming with wild beasts. At this place we met with a hospitable friend, who stored our palankeens with provisions, after giving us a capital breakfast.

"At eleven o'clock at night we entered the famous pass of Dunghye. The road bears the appearance of a deep sandy ravine; the banks are rocky and woody, and in many places quite overhung by the forest-trees. We had accomplished about half the defile, when I was suddenly and rudely awakened from a dozing sleep by the shock of my palankeen coming to the ground, and by the most discordant shouts and screams. I jumped out to ascertain the cause of the uproar, and found, on inquiry, that a foraging party of tigers—probably speculating upon picking up a straggling bearer—had sprung off the rocks, and dashed across the road, bounding between my palankeen and that of Colonel D., who was scarcely ten yards a-head. The bearers of both palankeens were all huddled together, bellowing like bedlamites, and the mussalgees waving their torches most vehemently. On mustering our forces, we discovered that two of our patarra-bearers were missing, and fearing that the tigers might pick them up, we disputched four men with spare torches to bring them on. Meanwhile

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my friend and myself, having brought our palankeens together, armed ourselves with patience and a pair of pistols to await the result. The whole incident, with the time and scene, was highly interesting and wild, with just enough of the awful to give an additional piquancy. The night was dark and stormy, and the wind roared among the trees above our heads: the torches cast a red and flickering light on the rocks in our immediate neighbourhood, and just showed us enough of the depths of the forest to make the back ground more gloomy and unfathomable. The distant halloos of the men who were gone in search of their comrades, came faintly and wildly upon the breeze; and the occasional shots that we fired rang through the rocky jungle with an almost interminable echo. In about three quarters of an hour our bearers joined us, together with the two patarra-bearers. These latter, hearing the vociferations of our men, and guessing the cause, had quietly placed their boxes on the ground, about a mile in the rear of us, and seating themselves on their heels, had determined not to proceed until the break of day.

"All being reported present, we resumed our journey, the men screaming chorus to scare our unwelcome visiters, whom I several times fancied I heard rustling among the brushwood on the road side, as though they were moving on our flanks in order to cut off any straggler who might drop astern. I never saw bearers go more expeditiously, or in more compact order, every man fearing to be the last in the cavalcade.* A sheet would have covered the whole party! The tigers, if they had calculated upon one of our number for their evening meal, must have gone supperless to their lair, for we mustered all our twenty-four men in the morning. A dâk hurkarah (post messenger) had been carried off in the same spot two days before, probably by the same family of tigers, which according to the bearer's account, consisted of two old ones, and three cubs.

Wild Beast Fights.

"Early in the morning, the whole party, including ladies, eager for the novel spectacle, mounted elephants, and repaired to the private gate of the royal palace, where the King met the Commander-in-Chief, and conducted him and his company to a palace in the park, in one of the courts of which the arena for the combats was prepared. In the centre was erected a gigantic cage of strong bamboos, about fifty feet high, and of like diameter, and roofed with rope network. Sundry smaller cells, communicating by sliding doors with the main theatre, were tenanted by every species of the savagest inhabitants of the forest. In the large cage, crowded together, and presenting a formidable front of broad, shaggy foreheads well armed with horns, stood a group of buffaloes sternly awaiting the conflict, with their rear scientifically appuyé against the bamboos. The trap-doors being lifted, two tigers, and the same number of bears and leopards, rushed into the centre. The buffaloes instantly commenced hostilities, and made complete shuttlecocks of the bears, who, however, finally escaped by climbing up the bamboos beyond the reach of their horned antagonists. The tigers, one of which was a beautiful animal, fared scarcely better; indeed, the odds were much against them, there being five buffaloes. They appeared, however to be no match for these powerful creatures, even single-handed, and showed little disposition to be the assaulters. The larger tiger was much gored in the head, and in return took a mouthful of his enemy's dewlap, but was finally (as the fancy would describe it) 'bored to the ropes and floored.' The leopards seemed throughout the conflict sedulously to avoid a breach of the peace.

"A rhinoceros was next let loose in open courtyard, and the attendants attempted to induce him to pick a quarrel with a tiger who was chained to a ring. The rhinoceros appeared, however, to consider a fettered foe as quite beneath his enmity; and having once approached the tiger, and quietly surveyed him, as he writhed and growled, expecting the attack, turned suddenly round and trotted awkwardly off to the yard gate, where he capsized a palankeen which was carrying away a lady fatigued with the sight of these unfeminine sports.

"A buffalo and tiger were the next combatants: they attacked furiously, the tiger springing at the first onset on the other's head, and tearing his neck severely; but he was quickly dismounted, and thrown with such violence as nearly to break his back, and quite to disable him from renewing the combat.

"A small elephant was next impelled to attack a leopard. The battle was short and decisive; the former falling on his knees, and thrusting his blunted tusks nearly through his antagonist.

"On our return from the beast fight a breakfast awaited us at the royal pa-

* It is said, that a tiger lying in wait for a string of passengers usually selects the last of the party.

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lace; and the white tablecloth being removed, quails, trained for the purpose, were placed upon the green cloth, and fought most gamely, after the manner of the English cockpit. This is an amusement much in fashion among the natives of rank, and they bet large sums on their birds, as they lounge luxuriously round, smoking their houkahs.

Hunting with Leopards.

"The leopards are each accommodated with a flat-topped cart, without sides, drawn by two bullocks, and each animal has two attendants. They are loosely bound by a collar and rope to the back of the vehicle, and are also held by the keeper by a strap round the loins. A leathern hood covers their eyes. The antelopes being excessively timid and wild, the best way to enjoy the sport is to sit on the cart alongside the driver; for the vehicle being built like the hackeries of the peasants, to the sight of which the deer are accustomed, it is not difficult, by skilful management, to approach within two hundred yards of the game. On this occasion we had three chetahs in the field, and we proceeded towards the spot where the herd had been seen, in a line, with an interval of about one hundred yards between each cart. On emerging from a cotton-field, we came in sight of four antelopes, and my driver managed to get within one hundred yards of them ere they took alarm. The chetah was quickly unhooded, and loosed from his bonds; and as soon as he viewed the deer he dropped quietly off the cart, on the *opposite* side to that on which they stood, and approached them at a slow, crouching canter, masking himself by every bush and inequality of ground which lay in in his way. As soon, however, as they began to show alarm, he quickened his pace, and was in the midst of the herd in a few bounds.

"He singled out a doe, and ran it close for about two hundred yards, when he reached it with a blow of his paw, rolled it over, and in an instant was sucking the life-blood from its throat.

"One of the other chetahs was slipped at the same time, but after making four or five desperate bounds, by which he nearly reached his prey, suddenly gave up the pursuit, and came growling sulkily back to his cart.

"As soon as the deer is pulled down, a keeper runs up, hoods the chetah cuts the victim's throat, and receiving some of the blood in a wooden ladle, thrusts it under the leopard's nose. The antelope is then dragged away, and placed in a receptacle under the hackery, whilst the chetah is rewarded with a leg for his pains."*

An Alligator in the Ganges.

"A beautiful specimen of an alligator's head was here given by Mr. Alexander to Lord Combermere. He was rather a distinguished monster, having carried off at different occasions, six or eight brace of men from an indigo factory in the neighbourhood. A native, who had long laid wait for him, at length succeeded in slaying him with poisoned arrows. One of these notoriously ghaut-frequenting alligators is well nigh as rich a prize to the poor native who is fortunate enough to capture him, as a Spanish galleon is to a British frigate; for on ripping open his stomach, and overhauling its freight, it is not unfrequently found to contain 'a choice assortment' —as the Calcutta advertisers have it— 'of gold, silver, or brass bangles and anklets, which have not been so expeditiously digested as their fair owners, victims of the monster's voracity. A little fat Brahminee child, 'farci au ris,' must be a tempting and tender *bonne bouche* to these river gourmands. Horrific legends such as the above, together with a great deal of valuable advice on the subject, were quite thrown away upon me; for ninety degrees of Fahrenheit, and the enticing blueness of the water generally betrayed me into a plunge every evening during my Gangetic voyage."

Nocturnal Bathing.

"On the occasion of a grand nocturnal bathing ceremony, held at the great tank called the Indra Damân, I went with a party of three or four others to witness the spectacle. The walls surrounding the pool and a cluster of picturesque pavilions in its centre were brilliantly lighted up with hundreds of cheraugs, or small oil-lamps, casting a flickering lustre upon the heads and shoulders of about five hundred men, women, and children, who were ducking and praying, *à corps perdu*, in the water. As I glanced over the figures nearest to me, I discovered floating among the indifferent bathers two dead bodies, which had either been drowned in the confusion, or had purposely come to die on the edge of the sacred tank; the cool and apathetic survivors taking not the slightest notice of their soulless neighbours."

King John at the Cape.

"The largest house in Simon's Town,

* A pair of fine Chetahs, or Hunting Leopards, may be seen in the Gardens of the Zoological Society.—Ed. M.

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and, indeed, the greater part of the town itself, belongs to an Englishman of the name of Osbond, who, however, is more generally known by the dignified title of 'King John.' He was carpenter on board the sixty-gun ship Sceptre, which was wrecked off this coast some years ago. Like Juan, he escaped the sea, and like Juan he found a Haidee. Being well-favoured and sharp-witted, he won the heart and the hand of a wealthy Dutch widow, whose dollars he afterwards, in some bold but successful speculations, turned to good account. He is said to have laid out ten thousand pounds on these—to every one but himself — *inhospita littora*. King John is much respected."

Population of Cape Town.

"The variety of nations, and the numerous shades of complexion among the people in the streets of Cape Town, are very striking to a stranger. First may be remarked the substantial Dutchman, with his pretty, smiling, round-faced, and particularly well-dressed daughter: then the knot of 'Qui hi's,' sent to the Cape, per doctor's certificate, to husband their threadbare constitutions, and lavish their rupees: next the obsequious, smirking, money-making China-man, with his poking shoulders, and whip-like pig-tail: then the stout, squat Hottentots—who resemble the Dutch in but one characteristic!—and half castes of every intermediate tint between black and white. These are well relieved and contrasted by the tall, warlike figures and splendid costume of his Majesty's 72nd Highlanders, who, with the 98th regiment, form the garrison of Cape Town."

Visit to the Residence of Napoleon at St. Helena.

"We soon came in sight of the level plateau of the Longwood estate, the residence of the late emperor, and six miles from Plantation House. Here the country gradually assumes a more desolate and a wilder look; and the English visiter arrives at the unfortunate and unwelcome conclusion, that the best part of the island was not given to the illustrious captive. One cannot avoid agreeing with Sir W. Scott, that Plantation House should have been accorded to him, in spite of the detering reasons of its vicinity to the sea, and its sequestered situation. Longwood, however, has better roads, more space for riding or driving, and in summer must have been much cooler than the less sheltered parts of the isle. As we turned through the lodges the old house appeared at the end of an avenue of scrubby and weather-worn trees. It bears the exterior of a respectable farmhouse, but is now fast running to decay. On entering a dirty courtyard, and quitting our horses, we were shown by some idlers into a square building, which once contained the bed-room, sitting-room, and bath of the *Empereur des François*. The partitions and floorings are now thrown down, and torn up, and the apartments occupied for six years by the hero before whom kings, emperors, and popes had quailed, are now tenanted by cart-horses!

"Passing on with a groan, I entered a small chamber, with two windows looking towards the north. Between these windows are the marks of a fixed sofa: on that couch Napoleon died. The apartment is now occupied by a threshing machine; 'No bad emblem of its former tenant!' said a sacrilegious wag. Hence we were conducted onwards to a large room, which formerly contained a billiard-table, and whose front looks out upon a little latticed veranda, where the imperial peripatetic—I cannot style him philosopher—enjoyed the luxury of six paces to and fro,—his favourite promenade. The white-washed walls are scored with names of every nation; and the paper of the ceiling has been torn off in strips as holy relics. Many couplets, chiefly French, extolling and lamenting the departed hero, adorn or disfigure (according to their qualities) the plaster walls. The only lines that I can recall to mind—few are worth it—are the following, written over the door, and signed '* * * * * *, Officier de la Garde Impériale.'

'Du grand Napoléon le nom toujours cité
Ira de bouche en bouche à la postérité!'

The writer doubtless possessed more spirit as a sabreur than as a poet.

"'The emperor's once well-kept garden,

'And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,'

is now overgrown and choked with weeds. At the end of a walk still exists a small mound, on which it is said the hero of Lodi, Marengo, and Austerlitz, amused himself by erecting a mock battery. The little chunamed tank, in which he fed some fresh-water fish, is quite dried up; and the mud wall, through a hole in which he reconnoitered passers-by, is, like the great owner, returned to earth!"

Captain Mundy's volumes are illustrated chiefly with sketches of Indian

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sports from the master-hand of Landseer; and for spirit of execution they deserve to rank among the finest productions of this distinguished artist.

Recent French Literature.

A NOVEL picture of Paris has lately appeared with the taking title of *the Hundred and One*. Its origin, as well as its subject, is interesting. It is a voluntary association of almost all the literary talent of France, for the benefit of an enterprising bookseller, "whose affairs have, it seems, fallen into the sere, since the commercial embarrassments following on the Revolution. A hundred and one authors of all ranks and political opinions, philosophers, academicians, journalists, deputies, poets, artists, have combined in this work to pass in review before us the humours, follies and opinions of the French capital, painted in colours gay or grave, sketchy or elaborate, according to the manner or mood of the artist. A very amusing work, suitable to all tastes, is the result, and, by aid of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, we are enabled to present the reader with a specimen sketch by Leon Guzlan, an author of some celebrity in this species of writing.*

VISIT TO THE MORGUE, AT PARIS.

(The Morgue, we should premise, is an establishment in Paris for the reception of all persons found dead in the City or its environs. Thither it is the duty of the police to convey the bodies, where they are exposed in a hall open to the public for a stated time,† when, if not identified, and claimed, they are interred in the neighbouring cemetery.)

"After describing the exterior, the *Salle de l' Exposition*, which is the only portion of the building, of course, with which the public are acquainted, the writer conducts us into the inner recesses of this house of death, the apartments of the superintendant.

"M. Perrin, is a little old man, who coughs incessantly. When I explained to him the object of my visit, he very politely offered to show me all the details of his administration, regretting much, as he said, that there was not so much variety as could be desired. 'But I will show you what I have—be pleased to walk up.'

"As we were climbing the narrow stairs, and he was informing me that his establishment was connected both with the prefecture and the police, with the one on account of the local expenses, with the other from its connexion with the public health, we were obliged to stand close against the wall to allow a troop of young girls to pass, well dressed, gay, but shivering with the cold, which blew from the river through the chink which lighted the stair.

"'These are four of my daughters. I have eight children. François, the keeper, has had four, and he has had the good fortune to get them all married. François is a kind father.'

"'So,' said I, 'twelve children then have been born in the Morgue. Dreams of joy, and conjugal endearments, and parental delights, have been experienced in this chamber of death. Marriage with its orange flowers, baptism with its black robed sponsors, the communion and the embroidered veil, love, religion, virtue, have had their home here as elsewhere. God has sown the seeds of happiness every where.'

"'Papa, we are going to a distribution of prizes. My sisters are sure to get a prize. Don't weary, we will be back in good time.'

"'Go, my children,'—and all four embraced him.

"I thought of the body of the little Norman in the dreary room beneath, and of the mother who even now, perhaps, was anxiously looking for her from the window.

"'This is the apartment of François.' François did the honours with the activity of a man who is not ashamed of his establishment. His room is comfortably furnished; two modern pendules mounted on bronze, a wardrobe with a Medusa's head, a high bed, and a handsome rose-coloured curtain. If the room was not overburdened with furniture, if there was not much of luxury, yet, to those not early accustomed to superfluities, it might even seem gay. It represented the tastes, opinions, and habits of its master. Vases of flowers threw a green reflection on the curtains, for François is fond of flowers. Among his gallery of portraits were those of Augereau and Kleber, both in long coats, leaning on immense sabres, with peruques and powder. Napoleon is there three times.

"'Look at these jars,' said François, 'these are sweetmeats of my wife's making; she excels in sweetmeats.' I read upon them, 'gooseberries of 1831.' We left François's apartment

* Several specimens have been ably translated in the *Athenæum*.

† The bodies are stripped, and placed on sloping slabs of marble; above each are hung the clothes of the deceased.

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which forms the right wing of the Morgue, while the clerk's house is on the left, and entered the cabinet of administration of M. Perrin.

"If François is fond of flowers, M. Perrin has the same penchant for hydraulics and the camera obscura; he draws, he makes jets from the Seine, by an ingenious piece of machinery of his own invention; while he was retouching his syphon, I asked permission to turn over the register, where suicides are ranged in two columns.

"The fatal 'unknown' was the prevailing designation; 'brought here at three in the morning, skull fractured, *unknown*;' 'brought at twelve at night, drowned under the Pont des Arts, cards in his pocket, *unknown*;'—'young woman, pregnant, crushed by a fiacre at the corner of the Rue Mandar, *unknown*;'—'new born child found dead of cold, at the gate of an hotel, *unknown*.'

"I said to M. Perrin that he must weary here very much occasionally during the long nights of winter.

"'No,' replied he good humouredly, 'the children sing, we all work, François and I play at draughts or piquet; the worst of it is, we are sometimes interrupted; a knock comes, we must go down, get a stone ready, undress the new comer and register him: that spoils the game; we forget to mark the points.'

"'And this is the way you generally spend your evenings?'—'Always, except when François has to go to Vaugirard at four o'clock: then he must go to bed earlier. Perhaps you do not know that our burying ground is at Vaugirard: as that burying ground is not much in fashion, we have been allowed to retain our privilege of having a fosse to ourselves.'

"'I understand,—it is a fief of the Morgue.'

"'You saw that chariot below near the entrance gate, in which the children were hiding themselves at play,—that is our hearse.'

"'And rich or poor, all must make use of your conveyance? If for instance a suicide is recognised, his relations or friends may reclaim him, take him home, and bestow the rites of sepulture on him at his own house?'

"'No, the Morgue does not give back what has been once deposited here. It allows the funeral ceremonies to be as pompous as they will, but they must all set out from hence; one end of the procession perhaps is at Notre Dame, while the other is starting from the Morgue. The Archbishop of Paris may be there; but François's place is fixed. It is the first.'

"'And the priests of Notre Dame, do they never make any difficulty about administering the funeral rites to your dead?'

"'Never!'

"'Not even to the suicides?'

"'There are no suicides for Notre Dame: one is drowned by accident, another killed by the bursting of a gun, a third has fallen from a scaffold. I invent the excuse, and the conscience of the priest accepts it. That's enough.'

"So, thought I! Notre Dame, which formerly witnessed the execution at the stake of sorcerors, alchymists, and gipsies on the Grande Place, has now no word of reprobation for the carcass of the suicide, once allowed to rot on the ground, or be devoured by birds. She asks not here what was his faith. The priest says mildly, 'Peace be with you.'

"We walked down, and François opened the first room, that which contains the dresses; habits of all shapes, all dimensions, hideously jumbled together; gaiters pinned to a sleeve, a shawl shading the neck of a coat; dresses of peasants, workmen, carters and brewers' frocks, women's gowns, all faded, discoloured, shapeless, flap against each other in the current of air which entered through the windows. There is something here appalling in the sight and sound of these objects, soulless, bodyless, yet moving as if they had life, and presenting the form without the flesh. Your eye rests on a handkerchief, the property of some poor labourer, suddenly seized with the idea of suicide, after some day that he has wanted work.

"François, who followed the direction of my eyes to see what impression the picture produced on me sighed heavily.

"'Does it move you too,' said I? 'Are you discontented with your lot.—Unhappy?'

"'Not exactly! But, Sir, formerly, you must know, the dresses, after being six months exhibited, became a perquisite of ours; we sold them. Now they talk of taking the dresses from us.'

"I reassured François as to the intention of government, and assured him there was no talk of taking away the dresses.

"The second room, that which adjoins the public exhibition room, is appropriated for the dissection of those, the mode of whose death appears to the police to be suspicious. Its only furniture is a marble table, on which the dissections take place, and a shelf on

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which are placed several bottles of chlorate. This room is immediately above the room of M. Perrin. The dissecting table above just answers to the girls' piano below.

"In this room, which I crossed rapidly to avoid as much as possible the sight of a body extended on the plank, I saw the little girl, who had been stifled the night before in the diligence; she was a lovely child. The other figure was frightfully disfigured; scarcely even would his mother have recognised him.

"There remained only the public room; it is narrow, ill aired; ten or twelve black and sloping stones receive the suicides, who are placed on it almost in a state of nudity; the places are seldom all occupied, except perhaps during a revolution. Then it is that the Morgue is recruited; two more days of glory and immortality in July, and the plague had been in Paris.

"'It is true,' said M. Perrin, 'we worked hard during the three days, and we were allowed the use of two assistants. Corpses every where, within, without, at the gate, on the bank.'——

"'And your girls?'

"'During these days they did not leave their apartment, nor looked out to the street, nor to the river; besides, you are mistaken if you think the spectacle would have terrified them. Brought up here, they will walk at night without a light in front of the glass, which divides the corpses from the public, without trembling; we become accustomed to any thing.'

"Methought I heard the poor children, so familiar with the idea of death, so accustomed to this domestic spectacle of their existence, asking innocently of the strangers whom they visited,—as one would ask where is your garden, your kitchen, or your cabinet,—'where do *you* keep your dead here?'

"These were all the facts I could gather with regard to the establishment. I was opening the glass door to breathe the fresh air again, when the entrance of the crowd drove me back into the interior; they were following a bier, on which lay a body, from which the water dripped in a long stream. From one of the hands which were closely clenched, the keeper detached a strip of coloured linen, and a fragment of lace. 'Ah!' said he, 'let me look, 'tis she!'

"'Who is it?'

"'The nurse who was here this morning; the nurse of the little Norman girl. Good! they may be buried together.' And M. Perrin put on his spectacles, opened his register, and wrote in his best current-hand—*unknown!*"

Poetry.

The Maid of Elvar. By Allan Cunningham.

THIS is one of the most gratifying "appearances" in the literature of the day. It reminds us that however the poet's harp may have remained unstrung, it has not lost its vigour or sweetness—its depth of feeling, or its melody of tone, and these too are ably sustained through nearly 600 stanzas in an exquisitely embellished narrative. The poem is "a song of other times;" the story is one of chivalrous love; the hero is a young warrior and poet; the Maid of Elvar offers a garland of gold for the best song in honour of one of his victories; "minstrels meet and sing, but the song of Eustace, though on another theme, is reckoned the best; the Maid hangs the gold chain round his neck, and retires, admiring the young stranger;" and thereby hangs the tale. As our limits will not allow us to detach a scene or incident, we must be content, for the present, with culling a few of the choicest flowers of the song.

CIVIL WAR.

Woe, woe was ours. Chief drew his sword on chief:
Religion with her relique and her brand,
Made strife between our bosom-bones, and grief
And lawless joy abounded in the land;
Our glass of glory sank nigh its last sand;
Rank with its treason, priesthood with its craft,
Turned Scotland's war-lance to a willow-wand.
"But war arose in Scotland—civil war;
Serf warred with chief, and father warred with son,
The church too warred with all: her evil star
That rules o'er sinking realms shone like the sun—
Her lights waxed dim and died out one by one—
Woe o'er the land hung like a funeral pall:
The sword the bold could brave, the coward shun,
But famine followed fast and fell on all—
Pale lips cried oft for food which came not at their call.

RURAL PEACE.

Much mirth was theirs—war was no wonder then;
Dread fled with danger, and the cottage cocks,
The shepherd's war-pipe, called the sons of men
When morning's wheel threw bright dew from its spokes,
To pastures green to lead again their flocks;
The horn of harvest followed with its call;
Fast moved the sickle, and swift rose the shocks,
Behind the reapers like a golden wall—
Gravely the farmer smiled, by turns approving all.

The ripe corn waved in lone Dalgonar glen,
That, with its bosom basking in the sun,
Lies like a bird; the hum of working men
Joins with the sound of streams that southward run,

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With fragrant holms atween; then mix in one
Beside a church, and round two ancient towers
Form a deep fosse. Here sire is heired by son,
And war comes never; ancle deep in flowers
In summer walk its dames among the sunny bowers.

He rose, and homeward by the slumbering stream
Walked with the morn-dew glistening on his shoon.
The sun was up, and his outbursting beam
Touched tower and tree and pasture hills aboon;
The stars were quenched, and vanished was the moon;
Loud lowed the herds and the glad partridge' cry
Made corn-fields musical as groves at noon;
Birds left the perch, bee following bee hummed by,
And gladness reigned on earth and brightness claimed the sky.

MINSTRELSY.

I sing of days in which brave deeds of arms
And deeds of song went hand in hand: our kings
Heroic feelings had and owned the charms
Of minstrel lore—they loved the magic strings
More than the sceptre; still their kingdom rings
With their gay musings and their harpings high.
To noble deeds fair poesie lends wings;
She lifts them up from grovelling earth to sky,
And bids them sit in light, and live and never die.

FAME.

Fame, fame—thou warrior's wish, thou poet's thought,
Thou bright delusion; like the rainbow thou
Glitterest, yet none may touch thee, thing of naught,
Star-high with heaven's own brightness on thy brow,
Blazoned and glorious I beheld thee grow—
Vision, begone,—for I am none of thine.
Of all that fills my heart and fancy now,
From dull oblivion not one word or line
Wilt thou touch with thy light and render it divine.

Even be it so. I sing not for thy smiles—
I sing to keep down sighs and ease the smart
Of care and sadness, and the daily toils
Which crush my soul and trample on my heart.
Far mightier spirits of the inspired art
Are mute and nameless, and the muse in grief
Calls from the eastern to the western airt,
On tale, tradition, ballad, song, and chief
On thee, to give their names one passage bright and brief.

She calls in vain; like to a shooting star
Their storied rhymes shone brightly in their birth,
And shot a dazzling lustre near and far:
Then darkened, died, as all things else on earth.

EVENING.

The sun
Behind the mountain's summit slowly sank;
Crows came in clouds down from the moorlands dun,
And darkened all the pine-trees, rank on rank;
The homeward milch-cows at the fountains drank:
Swains dropt the sickle, hinds unloosed the car—
The twin hares sported on the clover-bank,
And with the shepherd o'er the upland far,
Came out the round pale moon, and star succeeding star.

Star followed star, though yet day's golden light
Upon the hills and headlands faintly stream'd;
To their own pine the twin-doves took their flight;
From crag and cliff the clamorous seamews screamed,
In glade and glen the cottage windows gleam'd;
Larks left the cloud, for flight the grey owl sat:
The founts and lakes up silver radiance steamed;
Winging his twilight journey, hummed the gnat—
The drowsy beetle droned, and skimmed the wavering bat.

THE MAID'S FIRST LOVE.

The maiden heard a light foot on the floor,
And side-long looked, and there before her stood
Young Eustace Græme: far from the pasture moor
He came: the fragrance of the dale and wood
Was scenting all his garments green and good.
A sudden flush when he the maiden saw,
Burned through his temples, kindled up his blood—
His stifling breath waxed nigh too tight to draw,
He bowed, and silent stood in wonderment and awe.

The father smiled, the mother smiled. Now why
Are her eyes downcast and his white brow glowing?
Say, have they vowed while heaven was witness by
With all her radiant lights like fountains flowing,
To love while water runs and woods are growing,
And stars glowed conscious of the compact pure?
They never woo'd, nor, love for love bestowing,
Met with the moonshine in the green-wood bow'r,
Nor looked and sighed, and looked and drank love by the hour.

Yet they have met. Though not fools of the flock,
On whom love like the tiger gives one bound,
And then the heart is rent—a thunderstroke
That makes men dust before they hear the sound—
A shaft that leaves dark venom in the wound—
A frost that all the buds of manhood nips—
A sea of passion in which true love's drowned—
A demon strangling virtue in his grips—
A day when reason's son is quenched in dread eclipse.

True gentle love is like the summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush—
And falls unseen until its bright drops strew
With odours, herb and flower, and bank, and bush.
O love, when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unspotted thing!
His first breathed word and her half conscious blush,
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring—
The first hour of true love is worth our worshipping.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

"I would not leave old Scotland's mountain gray,
Her hills, her cots, her halls, her groves of pine,
Dark though they be: yon glen, yon broomy brae,
Yon wild fox cleugh, yon eagle cliffs outline
An hour like this—this white right-hand of thine,
And of thy dark eyes such a gracious glance,
As I got now, for all beyond the line,
And all the glory gained by sword or lance,
In gallant England, Spain, or olive vales of France."

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The Mirror

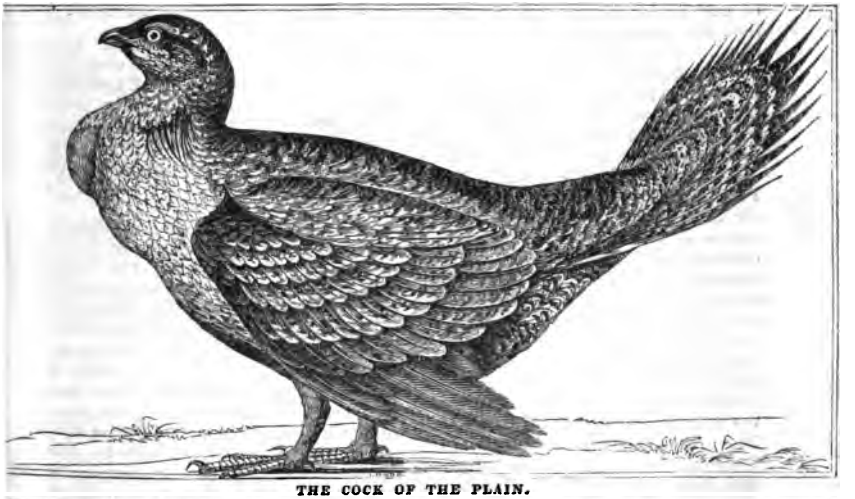
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 550.] SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1832. [Price 2d.

RARE ARCTIC BIRDS.

THE WHITE-HORNED OWL.



THE COCK OF THE PLAIN.

EGS AND FEET OF THE MOUNTAIN GROUSE.

WOODPECKER'S CLAW.

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ARCTIC BIRDS.

FEW of the results of recent expeditions of discovery have been so interesting to the public as their contributions to zoological history. Many important additions to geographical science have also been made by these journeys into countries hitherto unexplored, or but imperfectly known by Europeans; but the interest is not of that attractive character which is more or less attached to the natural history of these districts. The great delight that we take in the latter species of knowledge is referable to the curiosity we feel respecting the inhabitants of a country after we have once been assured of its existence. Our first inquiries naturally enough relate to the tenants of our own species; we then ask what description of quadrupeds are found over its plains, and how far they enlarge or circumscribe the enjoyments and liberty of sovereign man; the birds that warble in its groves, the insects that flutter in its breeze, the fish that tenant its seas, rivers, and lakes, and the plants that wave in wild luxuriance on its hills and dales; and by comparing all these varieties with the natural characteristics of our own country, and contrasting their differences with others, we are enabled, in some degree, to appreciate, by the linked gradations, the order and harmony that reign throughout nature—the minute beauty of parts which are so essential to the perfection of the grand whole.

The last overland expedition to the Polar sea, under the command of Captain Sir John Franklin, was peculiarly fortunate in the collection of objects of natural history, which indeed were too numerous for the limits of an appendix, such as had appeared with the narratives of previous expeditions. Hence the number of the specimens warranted their publication in a separate form, under the able superintendance of Dr. Richardson, surgeon and naturalist to the expedition, aided by Mr. Swainson. The great expense of the requisite embellishment of the ornithological portion, however, threatened a formidable obstacle to its completeness; but this was met by a liberal grant of one thousand pounds by the British Government, to be applied solely towards the expense of the engravings—the present being the first zoological work ever published with the sterling assistance of His Majesty's Treasury. The first part of this truly great national work appeared some time since, with 28 spirited figures of Mammalia, from drawings by Landseer; the entomological and botanical parts are preparing for publication; and that of *The Birds*, (to which we are indebted for the annexed Cuts,) has very recently appeared.*

Dr. Richardson, with zealous attachment to his pursuits, passed seven summers and five winters surrounded by the objects he has described with such fidelity. He is, therefore, not a mere book naturalist, but he has studied the habits and zoological details of the living animals; Mr. Swainson having assisted the Doctor in the systematic arrangement and production of the plates. Their descriptions include all the birds hitherto found over an immense expanse of country of the 49th parallel of latitude, and east of the Rocky Mountains, which lie much nearer to the Pacific Coast than to the eastern shore of America: many of these birds being, for the first time, made known to ornithologists. We have selected two of the most singular in their conformation: one from the Owls, which are numerous and beautiful; and the other from the Grouse, of which ten fine species are described.†

THE ARCTIC, OR WHITE-HORNED OWL,

Strix (*Bubo*) *Arctica*, SWAINSON.

THIS very beautiful owl appears to be rare, only one specimen having been seen by the members of the Expedition. It was observed flying at mid-day in the immediate vicinity of Carlton House, and was brought down with an arrow by an Indian boy. Dr. Richardson could obtain no information respecting its habits.

From Mr. Swainson's minute description we learn that the colour of the bill and claws is blueish black. The face is white, and a band of blackish-brown and white crosses the throat. The egrets or ear feathers are tipped with blackish-brown, the inner webs being white varied with wood-brown. The whole of the back is marked with undulated lines or fine bars of dark umber-brown, alternating with white: on the greater wing coverts the white is replaced by pale wood-brown. The primary and secondary feathers are wood-brown, margined inwards with white. They are crossed by umber-brown bars on both webs, the

* *Fauna Boreali-Americana, or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America.* Part II., containing the Birds. By W. Swainson, Esq., F. R. S. and John Richardson, Esq., M. D. F. R. S., &c. 4to. 253 pages, with 50 coloured plates, and 40 illustrative wood-cuts. London, Murray, 1832.

† Flocks of Ptarmigans, when pursued by the jar-falcon, endeavour to save themselves by plunging instantly into the loose snow, and making their way beneath it to a considerable distance.

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intervening spaces being finely speckled with the same. On the tertiary feathers, the wood-brown is mostly replaced by white. The tail-feathers are white, deeply tinged inwards by wood-brown, and crossed by bars of umber-brown; the tips are white. The chin is white. The throat is crossed by the band already mentioned, behind which there is a large space of pure snow white, that is bounded on the breast by blotches of liver-brown situated on the tips of the feathers. The belly and long plumage of the flanks are white, crossed by narrow bars of dark brown. The under tail coverts, thighs, and feet are pure white. The linings of the wings are pure white with the exception of a brown spot on the tips of the great interior coverts. The bill is strong, curved from the base, moderately compressed towards the tip, with a very obtuse ridge. The facial disk is small, and incomplete above the orbit. The egrets are more than two inches long, each composed of six or seven feathers, and situate behind the upper end of the black band bounding the face. The folded wings fall about three inches and a half short of the tail, which is rounded, the outer feathers being an inch shorter than the central ones. The plumage of the sides of the belly is long, and hangs down over the thighs. The thigh feathers are very downy, but are not long. The tarsi are rather long, and the toes are moderately long; they are clothed to the roots of the nails by a close coat of hairy feathers. The claws are strong, sharp, and very much curved.

The length of the bird from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail is 21 inches 6 lines; and the length of the longest quill feather is 12 inches six lines.

THE COCK OF THE PLAINS,

Tetrao, (Centrocercus,) Urophasianus,*
SWAINSON.

THIS bird, which was first mentioned by Lewis and Clark,† has since become well known to the fur traders that frequent the banks of the Colombia. Several specimens have been sent to England by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. David Douglas has published the following account of the manners of the species, the only one hitherto given.

"The flight of these birds is slow, unsteady, and affords but little amusement to the sportsman. From the disproportionately small, convex, thin-quilled, wing,—so thin, that a vacant space, half as broad as a quill appears between each,—the flight may be said to be a sort of fluttering more than any thing else: the bird giving two or three claps of the wings in quick succession, at the same time hurriedly rising; then shooting or floating, swinging from side to side, gradually falling, and thus producing a clapping, whirring sound. When started, the voice is '*cuck, cuck, cuck,*' like the common pheasant. They pair in March and April. The love-song is a confined, grating, but not offensively disagreeable, tone,—something that we can imitate, but have a difficulty in expressing—'*Hurr-hurr—hurr-r-r-r hoo,*' ending in a deep hollow tone, not unlike the sound produced by blowing into a large reed. Nest on the ground, under the shade of *Purshia* and *Artemisia*, or near streams, among *Phalaris arundinacea*, carefully constructed of dry grass, and slender twigs. Eggs from thirteen to seventeen, about the size of those of a common fowl, of a wood-brown colour, with irregular chocolate blotches on the thick end. The young leave the nest a few hours after they are hatched. In the summer and autumn months these birds are seen in small troops, and in winter and spring in flocks of several hundreds. Plentiful through the barren arid plains of the river Colombia; also in the interior of North California. They do not exist on the banks of the river Missouri; nor have they been seen in any place east of the Rocky Mountains."

The general colour of the upper plumage is light hair-brown, mottled and variegated with dark umber-brown and yellowish-white. The under plumage is white and unspotted on the breast and part of the body; but dark umber-brown, approaching to black, on the lower half of the body, and part of the flanks; the latter towards the vent are marked as on the upper plumage. The under tail coverts are black, broadly tipped with white. The feathers of the thighs and tarsi are light hair-brown, mottled with darker lines. The throat and region of the head is varied with blackish on a white ground. The shafts of all the feathers on the breast are black, rigid, and look like hairs; but those of the scale-like feathers of the sides are white and thicker. The bill and toes are blackish. The bill is thick and strong: the ridge is advanced to a remarkable extent towards the front, and divides the thickset feathers which cover the nostrils by a convex ridge of three quarters of an inch long. This is a very peculiar and important character,

* Or Grouse.

† The adventurous travellers to the Source of the Missouri.

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since it plainly indicates the analogy of this form to *Ramphastos*, *Buceros*,* and numerous other rasorial types. On each side the breast, the present specimen exhibits two prominent naked protuberances, as in the female bust, perfectly destitute of hair or feathers. On each side of these protuberances, and higher up on the neck, is a tuft of feathers, having their shafts considerably elongated and naked, gently curved, and tipped with a pencil of a few black radii; they are placed much behind the naked protuberances, and do not appear intended to cover them when not inflated. On the sides of the neck, and across the breast, below the protuberances, the feathers are particularly short, rigid, and acute, laying over each other with the same compactness and regularity as the scales of a fish, excepting that their extremities are not rounded, but acutely pointed. Lower down the breast these feathers, however, begin to assume more of the ordinary shape; but the shafts still remain very thick and rigid, while each is terminated by a slender, naked filament, hornlike, shining, and somewhat flattened towards the end, where there are a few obsolete radii. The wings in proportion to the size of the bird, are very short; the lesser quills ending in a point. The tail is rather lengthened and considerably rounded, each feather lanceolate, and gradually attenuated to a fine point. The tarsi are somewhat elevated, thickly clothed with feathers to the base of the toes, and over the membrane which connects them. The length of this bird Mr. Swainson thinks to have been 25 inches. The female bird, it should be added, has neither the scale-like feathers nor projecting shafts of the male.

The Claw is that of the Pileated Woodpecker, (Picus *Dryotomus*) *Pileatus*, Swainson, which has much less power than the claw of the typical Woodpecker; the anterior toe (i. e. middle toe,) being longer and stronger than the posterior—a structure the very reverse of that which characterizes the typical species.

Legs and Feet of the Rocky Mountain Spotted Grouse, (*Tetrao Franklinii*, Douglas,) which are thickly covered with long and hair-like feathers. The bird inhabits the valleys of the Rocky Mountains from the sources of the Missouri to those of the Mackenzie, and Mr. Douglas informed Dr. Richardson that it is sparingly seen on the elevated platforms which skirt the snowy peaks of Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, and Mount Baker. He adds, "It runs over the shattered rocks, and among the brushwood with amazing speed, and only uses its wings as a last effort to escape."

The birds of North America include about 320 species. They are divided into migratory and resident; though comparatively few in the fur countries are strictly entitled to be called resident. The raven and Canadian and short-billed jays were the only species recognised as being equally numerous at their breeding-places in winter and summer. Many of the species which raise two or more broods within the United States rear only one in the fur countries, the shortness of the summer not admitting of their doing more. We have mentioned the number and beauty of the hawks and owls. The white-headed eagle inhabits the fur countries as well as the United States. The melody of the songbirds is described to be exquisite. The verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe fail in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind which travellers have experienced in treading the Arctic wilds of America, when their snowy covering had just been replaced by an infant but vigorous vegetation. The duck family are, however, the birds of the greatest importance, as they furnish, in certain seasons of the year, in many extensive districts, almost the only article of food that can be procured. The arrival of the water-fowl, it is said, marks the commencement of spring and diffuses as much joy among the wandering hunters of the Arctic regions, as the harvest or vintage in more genial climates. The period of their emigration southwards again, in large flocks, at the close of summer, is another season of plenty bountifully granted to the natives, and enabling them to encounter the rigour and privations of a northern winter.

Dr. Richardson acknowledges the liberal assistance afforded him by the Hudson's Bay Company, in the collection of specimens. Indeed, to this public-spirited body are we indebted for our earliest systematic knowledge of the Hudson's Bay birds. The reader may likewise witness a few living evidences of the Company's liberality, in the fine collection of eagles and owls presented by them to the Zoological Society, and exhibiting in the Gardens in the Regent's Park. Such devotion to the advancement of science cannot be too proudly perpetuated in the history of a society established for commercial objects.

* See the Rhinoceros Bird, page 312, *The Mirror*, No. 547.

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SONNET.

TO H——C. ON MY FRIEND H —— S—— BEING IN LOVE WITH HER.

(For the Mirror.)

THOU that art like the sun, that on its way,
Across the cloudless distance of the skies
Gives pleasure to us all—no rivalries
Lessen'ng the love we bear it—as a day
Of shower-glad April or the month of May,
Thou that art cheerful—see yon youth that lies
Weeping for want of sunshine from thine eyes,
And hope that thou canst only give him—say:
"Sweet youth, and art thou weeping for a heart
All passion, joy, and gladness—come unto me,
Oft by the evening sunset thou shalt woo me,
And as thou hast the gentleness and art
Or rather truth-kind nature thou mayst tear it
From all its other likings, win and wear it.

J. H. H.

MRS. HEMANS.

(To the Editor.)

I HAVE just been perusing in No. 16, of Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, a short and incorrect sketch of that highly-gifted and moral poetess, Mrs. Hemans, "who," the writer says, "first came into public notice about twelve or fourteen years ago;" whereas, her literary career commenced as far back as the year 1809, in an elegantly printed quarto of poems, which were highly spoken of by the present T. Roscoe, Esq. and were dedicated by permission to his late Majesty, when Prince Regent. Permit me to say that this accomplished daughter of the Muse is a native of Denbighshire, North Wales, and was born at the family mansion named "Grwych," about one and a half mile distant from Abergele; and at the period of her first appearance as an authoress, she had not, I think, reached her thirteenth year. I had the pleasure of then being her neighbour, and our Appenine mansion, the Signal Station, at Cave Hill, has been more than once enlivened by Lady, then Miss Felicia Dorothea Browne's society, accompanied by her excellent mother. She has since married —— Hemans, Esq., then an Adjutant in the army. A great number of her pieces have appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, as well as the *New Monthly*, and although a pleasing pensiveness and sombre cast of mind seem to pervade her beautifully mental pictures, she was, I may say, noted in her youth for the buoyancy and sprightliness of her conversation and manner, which made her the delight and charm of every society with which she mixed. She likewise (I think in the same year) published an animated poem upon the valour of Spain and her patriotic ally, England. Instead of Mrs. H. residing, as the writer of the above memoir observes, chiefly in London, she has passed the principal years of her life since her removal from Grwych, at a pleasant dwelling, termed "Rose Cottage," near the city of St. Asaph. The Editor of the *Edinburgh Journal* is again wrong in saying that her "Songs of the Affections," and the "Records of Woman," are understood to have had a very limited circulation, whereas, in the space of two years, they have reached a third and fourth edition.

The Author of A Tradesman's Lays.

MASSENA'S TOMB.

PERE LA CHAISE, PARIS.

(For the Mirror.)

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"
GRAY.

REST Soldier! not the trumpet's peal,
Can break the hallow'd silence here;
For ling'ring footsteps only steal,
To weep the mourner's bitter tear.

Sad trophied "city of the dead!"
Far around are night dews weeping;
And cypresses their branches spread,
Where the fair and brave are sleeping.

Affection brings her wreath of willow,
And fondly decks the funeral stone,
The cold, damp earth she makes her pillow,
And only hears the night-wind's moan.

And hoary age, hath laid him down,
With the weary weight of years upon him!
And youth, in his spring morning flown,
Ere life's cold hues had shadow'd on him.

Beauty, hath joined the assembly here,
With marble brow, and close-shut eye,
And pallid lip,—while o'er her bier,
The dirge was chanted mournfully.

And roses bloom on many a grave,
With lilies fair, and violets blue,
And willows their green branches wave,
Shedding pale evening's tears of dew.

Round many a tomb *that* flow'ret springs,
"Forget me not"—the tale it tells,
Vainly the fond appeal it brings
To Death's domain, where silence dwells!

Long years, "with all their deeds," may roll,
Ere the cold clay, its cell forsaking,
Shall join the disembodied soul,
When the last morning's dawn is breaking!

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE R.

THE WRITINGS OF BURKE.

(For the Mirror.)

OF all the great men of his age, there were few who attained to the celebrity of Edmund Burke; there were many, however, who deserved it more and

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whom a more adverse fortune compelled to languish in comparative obscurity. That Burke was a man of wonderful talent it would be in vain to deny, and indeed such denial would be only a proof of our own ignorance and bad taste; but his strength was that of imagination merely,—his genius was not sufficiently counterbalanced by judgment, and he has been at all times ranked as an elegant rather than a nervous writer. In his oratory, as well as his literary composition, he was too much addicted to a florid phraseology, and his hearers, during his lifetime, as well as his readers now, were often driven to consider his meaning, and not unfrequently to make one out for themselves. This style of declamation has been not unaptly called "splendid nonsense," and it was after a display of this sort from Burke, that one of his audience made this pithy exclamation: "It is all very well, but I should like to hear it over again, that I might consider the *sense*." Burke also dealt in paradoxes occasionally; in short, he will seldom satisfy a careful reader, and his most ardent admirers have been known to confess themselves rather pleased than edified by his works. By way of specimen, as to the remarks we have ventured to make, we shall endeavour to take to pieces the following sophism, for a sophism we cannot help considering it:—

"Duties are not voluntary; duty and will are even contradictory terms."—"Men have an extreme disrelish to be told of their duty; this is, of course, because every duty is a limitation of power."

These two sentences are taken from different parts of the writings of Burke, but they are the same in tendency, though not in expression; they imply simply, that duty is a restraint, and that our duties and our inclinations call us different roads. Let us first consider what the term "duty" signifies. From Johnson we get this explanation of it: "What we are bound to do by the impulse of nature, the dictates of law, or the voice of reason." Now, to take these three cases as they stand, nature has surely ordained everything for our advantage, and therefore in obeying her, we have rather an accession than a diminution of power; with respect to ourselves, the calls of nature are even agreeable to us; and as far as our duties concern others, men seem in general to perform their natural duties willingly, such as a duty to a child, a parent, &c. Then with regard to the duties imposed on us by law, many of these appear indeed at first to be great and unnecessary restraints, but if we examine the matter, we shall find that very few laws have been framed that have not rather good than evil for their object. Society doubtless imposes many restrictions on its members, but it also confers far greater comparative advantages in lieu of them, so that if we were fairly to weigh the benefits received, against the losses sustained, we should find law to be a blessing, without which we could not exist in any real comfort; and we should see clearly then it gives power and elevates, rather than shackles or debases us. As to these legal duties being voluntary with all men, every day proves that they are not; but with all reasonable persons they must be, for we ought surely to perform that willingly, which is not only intended, but actually is, for our good. It is the perverse nature of man, that looks on the dark side of things, and forgetting the ultimate advantage to be derived, considers only the partial and trivial annoyances that necessarily attend its completion. The duties dictated by reason are the only duties that remain: it is difficult to separate these entirely from natural duties; perhaps I may be allowed to call "Prayer" or "Thanksgiving to God" a reasonable duty, (for it is not a natural one, or the brutes would practise it in common with ourselves.) Now this is a duty, that if it is performed at all, is performed voluntarily, for it is clearly in a man's own choice to do it or not, there being no compulsory power to enforce prayer; as to this duty being a limitation of power, its observance does indeed imply a state of dependence, and is an indirect admission that we are creatures at the disposal of another; but that is not exactly the point; it is no limitation of power in this sense; it takes away no power we were before possessed of.

F.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

BRITISH WARRIORS.

THE second volume of the Rev. Mr. Gleig's *Lives of the most eminent British Military Commanders*, (and the 28th No. of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*,) contains Peterborough and Wolfe, and concludes Marlborough. The latter is very copious, and perhaps more detailed

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than we expected to find it. We subjoin an extract describing the last days of

Marlborough.

"The stream of public events has hurried us on so rapidly, that we have found little leisure to record those domestic trials, to which, in common with the rest of his species, the great Marlborough was subject. One of these the death of the young and promising Marquess of Blandford, was a blow which the duke felt severely when it overtook him, and which to the last he ceased not to deplore. Another bereavement he suffered on the 22nd of March, 1714, by the premature decease of his daughter, Lady Bridgewater, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Lady Bridgewater was an amiable and an accomplished woman, imbued with a profound sense of religion, and beloved both by her parents and her husband. But she possessed not the same influence over the former, which her sister Anne, Countess of Sunderland, exercised, on no occasion for evil, on every occasion for a good purpose. Of the society of this excellent woman, who had devoted herself since his return to dull the edge of political asperity, and to control the capricious temper of her mother, Marlborough was likewise deprived. After bearing with christian fortitude a painful and lingering illness, she was attacked, in the beginning of April, 1716, with a pleurisy, against which her enfeebled constitution proved unable to oppose itself, and on the 15th she died, at the early age of twenty-eight. Like Rachel weeping for her children, Marlborough refused to be comforted. He withdrew to the retirement of Holywell, that he might indulge his sorrow unseen; and there became first afflicted by that melancholy distemper, under which first his mind and eventually his body sunk.

"To what proximate cause this attack is to be attributed,—whether to excess of sorrow, or, which is more probable, to an accumulation of predisposing occurrences, — we possess no means of ascertaining; but on the 28th of May he was smitten with paralysis, and became deprived on the instant both of sense and of speech. The best medical aid being at hand, he was speedily relieved from the fit, and under the skilful management of Sir Samuel Garth, gradually regained his strength; but from the usual effects of such a stroke he never wholly recovered, neither his articulation nor his memory being restored to their original tone. He was able to proceed, it is true, so early as the 7th of July, to Bath, where he drank the waters with benefit, and he returned in a certain degree into society, resuming with apparent ease the ordinary course of his employment. That his faculties were not absolutely impaired, moreover, is demonstrated by the fact, that it was subsequently to this his first seizure that he played his part on the trial of Lord Oxford; while his successful speculation in South Sea stock, by which, contrary to the custom of the adventure, he realized 100,000*l.* proves that the talent of making money, at least, had not deserted him. But it seems an idle as well as an uncalled for perversion of truth to contend, that from the date of his first attack he ever was the man he had been previously. If 'the tears of dotage' did not flow from his eyes, it is certain that much of the vigour of mind which once belonged to him was lost, and even his speech continued embarrassed in the pronunciation of certain words, as his features were slightly distorted. Nor did the events which accumulated upon him, both at home and abroad, by abstracting him from painful subjects, tend to facilitate his recovery. The duchess, not less the slave of caprice now than formerly, managed to involve herself in a serious misunderstanding with the king, and withdrew, in consequence, her attendance on a court where her presence ceased to be agreeable. This was preceded by quarrels with almost all the oldest and steadiest friends of her husband, such as Cadogan, Stanhope, Sunderland, and secretary Scraggs, which were not composed till after the growing infirmities of the duke had taught them to think of what he once had been, and what he was likely soon to become. Nor was the death of Sunderland, which took place in April, 1722, without its effect in harassing the Duke of Marlborough. That nobleman not only died in his father-in-law's debt, to the amount of 10,000*l.*; but the sealing up of his papers by government occasioned a tedious suit, Marlborough being naturally anxious to secure them to himself; a measure which the government, on public grounds, resisted.

"Besides being involved in these vexatious disputes, Marlborough was again harassed by the workmen employed at Blenheim, who in 1718 renewed their actions against him for arrears of wages due since 1715. He resisted the demand; but a decree issued against him, from which he appealed, though without effect, to the house of lords. No doubt there was excessive meanness here on

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the part of government, of which Marlborough had just cause to complain. Yet was it beneath the dignity of the greatest man of his age to dispute with his ungrateful country about 9,000*l*. Better would it have been had he paid the debt at once; for the sum was not such as to put him to the smallest inconvenience, and posterity would have more than recompensed the loss by the judgment which it would have passed on the entire transaction. In spite, however, of these multiplied sources of disturbance, it does not appear that the latter years of this great man's life were spent unhappily. Frequent returns of illness he doubtless had, each of which left him more and more enfeebled in mind and body; but his intervals of ease seem to have been passed in the society of those who were well disposed to cheat him, as far as they could, into a forgetfulness of his fallen condition. He played much at chess, whist, piquet, and ombre; he took exercise for awhile on horseback, latterly, on account of weakness, in his carriage; he even walked, when at Blenheim, unattended about his own grounds, and took great delight in the performance of private theatricals. We have the best authority for asserting, likewise, that he was never, till within a short time of his death, either indisposed or incapable of conversing freely with his friends. Whether in London, at Blenheim, Holywell, or Windsor Lodge (and he latterly moved from place to place with a sort of restless frequency), his door was always open to the visits of his numerous and sincere admirers; all of whom he received without ceremony, and treated with peculiar kindness.

"In this manner Marlborough continued to drag on an existence, which, when contrasted with the tenour of years gone by, scarcely deserves to be accounted other than vegetation. In 1720, he added several codicils to his will, and 'put his house in order;' and in November, 1721, he made his appearance in the house of lords, where, however, he took no prominent part in the business under discussion. He had spent the winter too in London, according to his usual habits, and was recently returned to Windsor Lodge, when his paralytic complaint again attacked him, with a degree of violence which resisted all efforts at removal. On this occasion, it does not appear that the faculties of his mind failed him. He lay, indeed, for the better part of a week, incapable of the slightest bodily exertion, being lifted from his couch to his bed, and from his bed to his couch, according as he indicated a wish to that effect; but he retained his senses so perfectly as to listen with manifest gratification to the prayers of his chaplain, and to join in them, as he himself stated, on the evening preceding his death. The latter event befell at four o'clock in the morning of the 16th of June, 1722, 'when his strength,' says Dr. Coxe, 'suddenly failed him, and he rendered up his spirit to his Maker, in the 72nd year of his age.'

"The Duke of Marlborough left behind him three daughters, all of them married into the best families of the kingdom. Henrietta, the eldest, the wife of Francis Earl of Godolphin; became on her father's decease Duchess of Marlborough; but died in 1733, without male issue. Anne married Charles, Earl of Sunderland, from whom are descended the present Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Spencer; and Mary gave her hand to the Duke of Montagu. The property which he had accumulated in the course of his long and busy life proved to be very great. In addition to the estates purchased for him by the country, he disposed by will of lands and money, of which the interest fell not short of 100,000*l*. a year; indeed, the annual revenue bequeathed to his successors in Woodstock alone is given on the best authority at 70,000*l*. The mansion house at Blenheim was at the period of his death still in progress of erection, and he set apart a sum of money for the purpose of completing it, of which he committed the management exclusively to the duchess, who survived her husband many years. It seems alone necessary to add to this, that the estates of Woodstock are held on feudal tenure, the occupant presenting to the king once a year a standard similar to those which the founder of his house captured; and that these are regularly deposited in a private chapel at Windsor, where they may still be seen by the curious.

"The funeral of this illustrious warrior and statesman was of course as magnificent as his reputation and the honour of the country seemed to require. His body, after undergoing the process of embalming, and lying in state at Marlborough House, was conveyed in a sort of triumphal car to Westminster Abbey, long lines of carriages following, and all the parade of troops, heralds, and mourners preceding and surrounding the senseless clay. A gorgeous canopy overshadowed it, adorned with plumes, military trophies, and heraldic achieve-

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ments. Dukes and earls were the chief mourners; the pall being borne by persons of not less eminent rank; and the cavalcade was received by the light of blazing torches at the door of the abbey by all the dignitaries and ministers of the church in full canonicals. Yet was the solemn ceremony performed for no other purpose than to render due honours to the remains of England's most illustrious commander. The body was not permitted for any length of time to rest where, amid such splendous, it had been entombed; but, being removed to the chapel at Blenheim, it was finally deposited in a mausoleum, erected by Rysbrack, under the superintendence of the duchess."

Altogether this volume maintains the creditable character of the series to which it belongs.

SPANISH CHARACTERISTICS—BY WASHINGTON IRVING.*

Enjoyment in Travelling.—We travelled in true contrabandista style, taking every thing rough and smooth as we found it, and mingling with all classes and conditions in a kind of vagabond companionship.

A Miracle.—Near Archidona is a mysterious path by which the Virgin Mary is said to have led Queen Isabella to attack an old Moorish castle on the summit of the mountain: you see this path like a riband up the mountain side; but the miracle is, that though it can be seen at a distance, when you come near it disappears!

Imaginary Treasures.—The thirsty man dreams of fountains and running streams; the hungry man of ideal banquets; and the poor man of heaps of hidden gold: nothing certainly is more magnificent than the imagination of a beggar.

Spaniards.—There is a natural talent or mother wit, as it is called, about the Spaniards, which renders them intellectual and agreeable companions, whatever may be their condition in life, and however imperfect may have been their education: add to this they are never vulgar, nature has endowed them with an inherent dignity of spirit.

Garden of Lindaraxa.—"How beauteous is the garden!" says an Arabic inscription, "where the flowers of the earth vie with the stars of heaven, what can compare with the vase of yon alabaster fountain, filled with crystal water? Nothing but the moon in her fulness, shining in the midst of an uncloudless sky!"

Transitions of Decay.—I have often observed that the more proudly a mansion has been tenanted in the day of its prosperity, the humbler are its inhabitants in the day of its decline, and that the palace of the king, commonly ends in being the nestling place of the beggar.

A Factotum.—A portly old fellow with a bottle nose, who goes about in a rusty garb with a cocked hat of oil-skin and a red cockade. He is one of the legitimate sons of the Alhambra, and has lived here all his life, filling various offices; such as deputy alguazil, sexton of the parochial church, and marker of a fives-court established at the foot of one of the towers. He is as poor as a rat, but as proud as he is ragged, boasting of his descent from the illustrious house of Aguilar, from which sprang Gonsalvo of Cordova, the grand captain. Nay, he actually bears the name of Alonzo de Aguilar, so renowned in the history of the conquest. It is a whimsical caprice of fortune to present, in the grotesque person of this tatterdemalion, a namesake and descendant of the proud Alonzo de Aguilar, the mirror of Andalusian chivalry, leading an almost mendicant existence about this once haughty fortress, which his ancestor aided to reduce: yet such might have been the lot of the descendants of Agamemnon and Achilles, had they lingered about the ruins of Troy.

* From the *Alhambra*.—See also *Supplement* published with the present Number.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ORIGIN OF EPSOM RACES.

(*Concluded from page* 331.)

"At this period* there were many capital thorough bred horses in England, the most celebrated of which were the famed Arabians Darley and Godolphin, from which the best horses have been traced for nearly a century. They produced stock of vast size, bone and substance; and were, at the same time, endowed with such extraordinary, and before unheard of, powers of speed, as to render it probable that some of them have reached nature's goal, or ultimate point of perfection.

"From the former of these horses descended Flying Childers. He is said to have never run a race, except at Newmarket, where he beat, with ease, the best horses of his time.

"In October, 1722, he beat Lord

* About the fifteenth year of the reign of George II.

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Drogheda's Chaunter, each carrying ten stone, over a six mile course, for 1,000 guineas. At six years of age, he ran a race, carrying 9 stone 2 lbs. against Almanzor and Brown Betty, over the round course at Newmarket, three miles six furlongs, and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds! to perform which, he must have moved eighty-two feet and a half in a second of time, or at the rate of nearly one mile in a minute.

"This is the greatest speed yet known of a horse, many have approached, but not equalled it.

"To continue the list of celebrated race horses would extend this article (already it is feared too long) beyond our limits. We will therefore close it with the following account of Eclipse, a horse whom fame ranks second in the list, and whose history is more closely connected with Epsom than those already described.

"Eclipse was first the property of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and was foaled during the great eclipse in 1764, from which he received his name. He was a chestnut horse, and at the death of his royal master was purchased by Mr. Wildman, who subsequently sold a moiety, and then the whole of his interest in him, to Colonel O'Kelly, who resided at Clay-hill, Epsom.

"Mr. Wildman is said to have been in some degree aware of the worth of this colt, when a yearling, and to have taken the following measures in order to make sure of him. When he arrived at the place of sale, Mr. Wildman produced his watch, and insisted that the auction had commenced before the hour announced in the advertisements, and that the lots sold should be put up again. In order, however, to prevent a dispute, it was agreed by the auctioneer and company that Mr. Wildman should have his choice of any particular lot; by which he secured Eclipse at the moderate price of 70 or 75 guineas.

"Mr. Lawrence remarks, that previously to Eclipse's running for the King's plate at Winchester, in 1769, Mr. Wildman sold the moiety of him to Colonel O'Kelly for 650 guineas, and that O'Kelly subsequently bought the other moiety for 1,100 guineas.

"Eclipse was withheld from the course till he was five years of age, and was first tried at Epsom. He had considerable length of waist, and stood over a large space of ground, in which particular he was an opposite form to the flying Childers, a short-backed, compact horse, whose reach lay in his lower limbs; but, from the shape of his body, we are inclined to believe that Eclipse would have beaten Childers in a race over a mile course with equal weights.

"He once ran four miles in eight minutes, carrying twelve stone, and with this weight Eclipse won eleven King's plates. He was never beaten, never had a whip flourished over him, or felt the tickling of a spur; nor was he ever for a moment distressed by the speed or rate of a competitor; out-footing, out-striding, and out-lasting, (says Mr. Lawrence) every horse which started against him.

"Colonel O'Kelly prized this horse so highly, and treated him with so much kindness, that upon his removal from Clay-hill to Cannons, he had a carriage built for conveying Eclipse to his new abode, his feet being, at the close of his life, too tender for walking. The carriage was something like a covered wagon, but not so wide, and was drawn by two horses. Eclipse stood in the carriage with his head out of a window, made for that purpose, and in this situation many of the inhabitants saw him pass through the town, from one of whom we received our information. This celebrated racer died in February 1789, aged twenty-five years.

"When the races on Epsom Downs were first held periodically, we have not been able to trace with accuracy; but we find that from the year 1730, they have been annually held in the months of May or June, and about six weeks previously to which, the hunter's stakes are occasionally run for on the Epsom race course, at one of which, in 1730, the famous horse, Madcap, won the prize, and proved the best plate horse in England.

"The races were for a long period held twice in every year, Spring and Autumn; it was then customary to commence the races at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and after the first or second heat, the company usually returned into the town to dinner. In the afternoon they again assembled on the downs, and the races for the day were then finished.

"This arrangement has been long discontinued, and the races are now annually held on the downs, adjoining the town, on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday immediately preceding Whitsuntide, except when Easter Monday happens in March; in which case the races are held a fortnight later than usual, in pursuance of certain regulations agreed upon for holding the principal races in the kingdom.

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"This has been the practice here since the celebrated Derby and Oaks Stakes were first established at Epsom, the former in 1780, and the latter in 1779.*

"Several members of the royal family, and most of the nobility attend these races; and, if the weather be fine, there are seldom less than 60,000 persons assembled here on the Thursday, when the Derby stakes are contested. Of these the vicious and unprincipled form a tolerable proportion; nor is it indeed surprising, where 60,000 persons are assembled to witness a horse race, that these should obtrude themselves, either with the view of propagating vice, or robbing the bystanders."

We ought to add that the volume is by an inhabitant of Epsom, and the profits of its sale have been given to the Subscription School in the town. It is so inaccurately printed, as to make us hope that more attention will be paid to the typography of the next edition; for assuredly so interesting a volume, published with so laudable an object as that of aiding the cause of charity, should extend to more than one edition.

By the way, there is a nice little anecdote connected with the sign of the *Queen's Head* at Epsom,† which the editor of this volume would do well to insert in his next impression. The above sign, (the *original;* for we fear the board has been repainted,) was executed by Harlow, the artist of the celebrated picture of the *Trial of Queen Katherine*, or the *Kemble Family*. The painter, it will be remembered, was a pupil of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence. He was a young man of consummate vanity, and having unwarrantably claimed the merit of painting the Newfoundland dog introduced in Lawrence's portrait of Mrs. Angerstein, the two artists quarrelled, and Harlow took his resentment as follows:

"He repaired to the Queen's Head at Epsom; where his style of living having incurred a bill which he could not discharge, he proposed, like Morland under similar circumstances, to paint a sign-board in liquidation of his score. This was accepted—he painted both sides: the one presented a front view of her Majesty, in a sort of clever dashing caricature of Sir Thomas's style; the other represented the back view of the Queen's person, as if looking into the sign-board; and underneath was painted, 'T. L., Greek Street, Soho.' When Sir Thomas met him, he addressed him with, 'I have seen your additional act of perfidy at Epsom; and if you were not a scoundrel, I would kick you from one end of the street to the other.'—'There is some privilege in being a scoundrel, for the street is very long,' replied Harlow, unabashed, but moving out of reach of the threatened vengeance. Such is the current story; but there must be some error either in the facts or their date. Harlow was but a youth eighteen years old when he left Lawrence, and too young therefore for a man's resentment; neither had his conduct, a mere tricky slip, been such as to call forth fierce language in a person habitually so cautious and guarded as Lawrence. On the other hand, had Harlow arrived at manhood when it happened, he would not have allowed the words 'scoundrel' and 'perfidy' to pass with impunity. However all this may have been; the pupil quarrelled with Lawrence, and resolving to be master of his own movements in future, commenced working for himself."‡

‡ Lives of British Painters. By Allan Cunningham, vol. v.

* A second meeting is held in the autumn.

† The Queen's Head is situated at the extremity of the town of Epsom, so that few race-visiters from London may extend their journey to that point.

Spirit of Discovery.

POTTERY.*

(*Concluded from page* 326.)

Wedgewood's Staffordshire Ware.

LASTLY is the manufacture of those species of glazed pottery known by the general name of Staffordshire ware. The date of this ware is about sixty years ago, and it unquestionably originated with the late Mr. Wedgewood. It not only originated with him, but was carried by his knowledge, his skill, and his perseverance, to a degree of excellence which, in several points, has never been surpassed, and in some has never been equalled.

He perceived that the defects of the delft ware, at that time the only species of pottery employed for common domestic purposes, were the softness and looseness of texture of its body, which obliged the potter to make it thick and clumsy and heavy, in order to ensure to it a moderate durability; and that its porousness, as well as its dirty grey colour, required a thick coating of white enamel, which added still farther to its bulk and weight, and which, consisting for the most part of lead and arsenic, was hardly safe for culinary use.

He began, therefore, by inventing

* By Mr. A. Aikin, in Trans. Soc. Arts.

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a body for earthenware, which at the same time should be white, and capable of enduring a very high degree of heat without fusion, well knowing that the hardness of the ware depended on the high firing to which it has been subjected. For this purpose, rejecting the common clays of his neighbourhood, he sent as far as Dorsetshire and Devonshire for the whiter and purer pipe-clays of those counties. For the siliceous ingredient of his composition he made choice of chalk-flints, calcined and ground to powder.

It might be supposed that white sand would have answered his purpose equally well, and have been cheaper; but, being determined to give the body of his ware as great a degree of compactness as possible, it was necessary that the materials should be reduced to the state almost of an impalpable powder; and calcined flints are much more easily brought to this state by grinding than sand would be. The perfect and equable mixture of these two ingredients being a point of great importance, he did not choose to trust to the ordinary mode of treading them together when moist, but having ground them between stones separately with water to the consistence of cream, he mixed them together in this state by measure, and then, evaporating the superfluous water by boiling in large cisterns, he obtained a composition of the most perfect uniformity in every part. By the combination of these ingredients, in different proportions, and exposed to different degrees of heat, he obtained all the variety of texture required, from the bibulous ware employed for glazed articles, such as common plates and dishes, to the compact ware not requiring glazing, of which he made mortars and other similar articles. The almost infusible nature of the body allowed him also to employ a thinner and less fusible glaze, that is, one in which no more lead entered than in common flint glass, and therefore incapable of being affected by any articles of food contained or prepared in such vessels. With these materials, either in their natural white or variously coloured—black by manganese, blue by cobalt, brown and buff by iron—he produced imitations of the Etruscan vases, and of various other works of ancient art, such as the world had never before seen—such as no subsequent artist has ever attempted to rival. His copies of the Portland vase are miracles of skill; and the other specimens of similar works may give some idea of the many beautiful works that were produced in his manufactory.

In table ware, for many years he led the way almost without a rival; but the immense demand occasioned by the successive improvements of this article, which first put down the use of delft, and then of pewter, gave ample room and encouragement to men of capital and skill to enter the field of profit and competition. Much good has hence resulted; many subordinate improvements have been effected and are almost daily making; and a new variety of ware, called ironstone, has been invented, and so rapidly and judiciously improved, that, in appearance and in many of its intrinsic properties, it bears a close resemblance to the older and coarser porcelains of China itself.

I shall conclude by a summary account of the manufacture of the best table ware; for a considerable part of which I am indebted to notes taken by Captain Bagnold, when visiting a pottery, inferior, perhaps, to none in the country.

The materials of the Staffordshire ware are calcined flints and clay. The flints are burnt in kilns, and then, while hot, quenched in water, by which they are cracked through their whole substance. After being quenched they are ground in mills with water. The mill is a hollow cylinder of wood bound with hoops, and having a bottom of blocks of chert, a hard, tough, siliceous stone: the mill-shaft is perpendicular, and has two horizontal arms passing through it cross-wise. Between these arms are laid loose blocks of chert, which are moved round on the bed-stone as the arms revolve, and thus grind the flint with water to the consistence of cream.

The clay, from Dorsetshire and Devonshire, is mixed with water, and in this state is passed through fine sieves to separate the grosser particles. The flint and clay are now mixed by measure, and the mud or cream is passed through a sieve in order to render the mixture more complete.

In this state it is called slip, and is now evaporated to a proper consistence in long brick troughs. It is then tempered in the pug-mill, which is an iron cylinder placed perpendicularly, in which an arbor or shaft revolves, having several knives projecting from it, the edges of which are somewhat depressed. By the revolution of these the clay is cut or kneaded, and finally is forced by their action through a hole in the bottom of the cylinder, and is now ready for use. Cups, pots, basins, and other round articles, are turned rough on the horizontal potter's wheel, and, when half dried,

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are again turned in a lathe. They are then fully dried in a stove, and the remaining roughnesses are afterwards removed by friction with coarse paper. Articles that are not round, and the round ones that have embossed designs on their surface, are made of thin sheets of clay rolled out like dough, and then pressed into moulds of plaster of Paris; the moulds being previously dried, absorb the superficial moisture of the clay, and thus allow it to part from them without injury. The two or three separate pieces composing the article are then united by means of fluid slip. Spouts and handles of jugs and tea-pots are made and united with the body of the vessel in the same way. Small handles, beadings, mouldings, &c. are formed by means of an iron cylinder, having its bottom perforated so as to mould the clay, as it passes through, into the required figure. A piston is inserted into the top of the cylinder, and caused to descend slowly by means of a screw, in consequence of which the clay is continually passing out through the perforation, and is cut off in lengths.

Plates are beaten or rolled out of a lump of clay, and are then laid on a mould turned to the shape of the upper surface of the plate. A rotatory motion is given to the mould, and an earthenware tool representing a section of the plate is pressed upon it; thus the plate is made smooth, has a uniform thickness given to it, and it takes a perfect cast of the mould. Cups, saucers, and basins, when rough-turned, are dried on the block to prevent them from warping.

The ware being thoroughly dried, is packed into saggars and burnt in the furnace to biscuit. Patterns for flat, or nearly flat surfaces, are put on by printing the pattern from a copper-plate with an ink composed of oxide of cobalt, oxide of iron, or other colouring matter, mixed with oil. The impression is taken on soft paper, and is applied to the surface of the biscuit, and slightly rubbed to make the print adhere: the biscuit is then soaked in water till the paper may be stripped off, leaving the print or pattern behind.* The ware is then dipped in the glaze, which is a mixture of flint slip and white lead, and the bibulous quality of the biscuit causes a sufficient quantity to adhere: the piece is then dried and again passed into the furnace, which brings out the colours of the pattern, and at the same time vitrifies the glaze.

* This very ingenious method of tranferring printed patterns to biscuit ware was invented at the Porcelain works at Worcester.

The finest patterns are applied after the glazing has been completed, by taking the impressions from the copper-plate on a flexible strap covered with a strong gelatinous mixture of glue and treacle. This strap is then pressed on the ware, and gives the impression in glue, the colouring powder is then dusted over it, and a sufficient portion adheres to the damp parts to give the pattern, after having been again in the furnace. The more elaborate patterns on earthenware, and all those on porcelain, are finished by penciling in.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

Heroines.

THE female characters in the Waverley Novels are touched with much grace and spirit, though they are not, upon the whole, brought so vividly to our minds as the men,—probably because they are more ideal. Such they must necessarily be. The course of woman's existence glides comparatively unobserved in the under-current of domestic life; and the records of past days furnish little note of their condition. Few materials are available from which the historical novelist can deduce an accurate notion of the relative situation of women in early times. We know very little either of the general extent of their cultivation and acquirements, or of the treatment which they received from men. On the latter point, we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the poetical effusions of gallantry, and the false varnish of chivalrous devotion. It is to be feared that the practice of the days of chivalry was much at variance with its professions; and that women were degraded, as we always find them wherever civilization has made little progress. It was by command of Edward I. of England, the Mirror of Chivalry, one of the bravest knights in the host of the Crusaders, that two of the noblest ladies in Scotland were hung up in iron cages, exposed like wild beasts to the view of the populace. Facts like this mark the standard of public feeling, and may teach us that there was little real consideration for women in those times;—and where that is not found, there can be little refinement. Scantiness of information, and the necessity of assimilating to modern tastes a picture which, if it could have been obtained, would probably have been disagreeable, has obliged the Author of Waverley to draw

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much from the resources of his poetical mind in the depicting of female character. And wisely has he so done; for we regard many of the females in his tales only as beautiful and poetical creations; and we are gratified without being deceived. We find no fault with him for having made his Minna and Brenda beings such as the daughters of a Shetland Udaller, nearly a century and a half ago, were not likely to have been; —we blame him not because in his Rebecca, that most charming production of an imagination rich with images of nobleness and beauty, he has exhibited qualities incompatible with the real situation of the daughter of that most oppressed and abject being, a Jew of the twelfth century. It is plain that if Minna or Rebecca had been drawn with a strict regard to probability, and made just such as they were most likely to have been, one of the great objects of fiction would have been reversed: the reader would have been repelled instead of being attracted. This poetical tone pervades, more or less, the delineations of all his heroines; and the charm which it imparts, perhaps more than counterbalances the detrimental tendency of sameness. At the same time, we may add, that it is least exhibited when circumstances seem least to require it. His heroines are, on the whole, better treated, as such, than his heroes, who are, for the most part, thrown into the ring to be bandied about, the sport of circumstances; — owing almost all their interest to the events which thicken around them. Many of them exhibit no definite character, or, when they rise above nonentities, are not so much individuals as abstractions. A strong fraternal likeness to the vacillating Waverley does not raise them in our esteem. They seem too nearly imitations of the most faulty portion of that otherwise admirable tale.

Scenic Description.

Good as are the descriptions of quiescent objects, it is in his treatment of events,—of the visible operations of man, or of the elements,—that the author displays most power. What have we finer of its kind, than the storm in the Antiquary? The sullen sunset—the advancing tide—the rocks half hidden by the rising foam—the marks of promised safety fading from sight, and with them the hope they nourished—the ledge which the sufferers gained with difficulty—on the one side, a raging sea, and on the other, a barrier that forbade retreat! Guy Mannering contains another masterpiece—the nigh attack of Portanferry, witnessed by Bertram. We feel as though we were that person—we see and hear all of which his eyes and ears had cognizance; and the impression is the more strong, because the writer has told only *that*, and left the rest to our imagination. This illustrates one feature of the author's skill. He knows the effect producible by leaving circumstances in the incompleteness and obscurity in which they often present themselves to the senses of a single person; he tells just what that person could have perceived, and leaves the sketch to be finished by his reader. Thus, when Porteous is hurried away to execution, we attend his ruthless conductors, but we wait not to witness the last details, but flee with Butler from the scene of death, and looking back from afar, see through the lurid glare of torches a human figure dangling in the air—and the whole scene is more present to our minds, than if every successive incident had been regularly unfolded. Thus, when Ravenswood and his horse vanish from the sight of Colonel Ashton, we feel how the impressiveness and beauty of the description are heightened by placing us where the latter stood,—showing us no more than he could have witnessed, and bidding our imaginations to fill up the awful doubtful chasm.

That the Author of Waverley is a master of the pathetic, is evinced by several well-known passages. Such are the funeral of the fisherman's son in the Antiquary—the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans, and the demeanour of the sister and the broken-hearted father —the short narrative of the smuggler in Redgauntlet—many parts of Kenilworth —and of that finest of tragic tales, the Bride of Lammermoor.

Plots.

The plots in the Waverley Novels generally display much ingenuity, and are interestingly involved; but there is not one in the conduct of which it would not be easy to point out a blemish. None have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's Tom Jones. There is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion. They are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close; too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up. Guy Mannering is one of those in which these two faults are least apparent. The plot of

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Peveril of the Peak might perhaps, on the whole, have been considered the best, if it had not been spoiled by the finale.

Scott and Shakspeare.

It may be said of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, as of the plays of Shakspeare, that though they never exhibit an attempt to enforce any distinct moral, they are, on the whole, favourable to morality. They tend (to use a common expression) to keep the heart in its right place. They inspire generous emotions, and a warm-hearted and benevolent feeling towards our fellow-creatures; and for the most part afford a just and unperverted view of human character and conduct. In them a very sparing use is made of satire—that weapon of questionable utility—which perhaps has never yet done much good in any hands, not even in those of Pope or Young. Satire is thought useful, too much because it gratifies the uncharitableness of our nature. But to hold up wisdom and virtue to our admiration, is better than to apply the lash, however dexterously, to vice and folly. There are, perhaps, no fictions exciting the imagination so strongly as the Waverley Novels, which have a less tendency to corrupt the heart; and it is, chiefly, because they do not exhibit flattering and delusive pictures of crime. In this again they resemble the plays of Shakspeare. Forcibly as that great dramatist has depicted vice, and ably as he has sometimes shown its coexistence with physical energy and intellectual superiority,—much as he may teach us to admire the villain for some of his attributes, he never confounds the limits of right and wrong. He produces no obliquity in our moral sense, nor seduces us to lend our sympathy against the dictates of our better reason. Neither in his graver, nor in his gayer scenes, is there aught which can corrupt. He invests profligacy with no attractive colours, nor lends a false and imposing greatness to atrocious villany. We admire the courage of Macbeth, the ability of Richard, the craft and dexterity of Iago, and the stubborn energy of Shylock,—but we never applaud, nor wish to emulate. We see them too truly as they are. The Author of Waverley, though he approaches nearer to the fault in question than Shakspeare, can never be fairly said to have committed it. Cleveland, Robertson, Rashleigh, Christian, might, by a few touches added, and a few expunged, become very captivating villains, and produce a brisk fermentation of mischief in many young and weak heads. But of such false touches and suppressions of truth, the author has not been guilty. He has not disguised their vices and their weaknesses,—he has not endowed them with incompatible virtues; but, just favouring them charitably, so as to take off the edge of our dislike, has exhibited them nearly as they must necessarily have been. The same discretion is observable in his impersonation of those equivocal characters in humble life which he has invested with an interest hitherto unknown. Meg Merrilies, Madge Wildfire, Ratcliffe, and the Smuggler in Redgauntlet, are characters in whom are found redeeming traits of the best feeling, and which, therefore, interest us deeply. Yet all of them are more or less at war with order and the institutions of society, and must fall under its heavy ban. And, interested as we are, we are never led to deem the censures of society unjust, or to take part with them in their war against it.

Style.

Beauty of style is not one of Sir Walter Scott's chief merits. His choice of expressions is, however, better than his disposition of them. His sentences are too full of expletives,—too long, and loosely arranged; exuberant, like his fancy, and untrimmed, as if never subjected to a process of compression,—a *limæ labor*, perhaps incompatible with the wonderful expedition with which work after work has issued from the press. This facility of production is too remarkable to be overlooked. It is almost unexampled. Voltaire and Lord Byron have written some of their best works in an inconceivably short time. Dryden produced five act plays at the rate of three a-year. Shakspeare is supposed in one year to have written five, among which is that whereon he must have expended most thought—Hamlet. This, considering the value of the productions, would perhaps be the greatest feat on record, if we could be sure that the plays had been wholly invented and written within the twelvemonth—but this cannot be ascertained. Nevertheless, for long continued fertility of pen, perhaps Sir Walter Scott may be safely said to have never been exceeded.

Two remarks have been repeated, till many receive them as undeniable axioms; and we notice them only for that reason. One is, that the Author of Waverley's earliest productions are decidedly his best—the other, that he is never so

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great as when he treads on Scottish ground. In neither assertion is there much truth. Are Ivanhoe, Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, Nigel, and Kenilworth, inferior to St. Ronan's Well, the Monastery, and the Abbot? May not the first mentioned five be ranked among the best of his novels? and must they unquestionably yield to Rob Roy or the Antiquary? or does one of our latest favourites, the Maid of Perth, betray much deficiency of that vigour which characterized the first-born Waverley! Few will answer in the affirmative.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Gatherer.

*Eccentric Preaching.**—Mr. Tavernour, of Water Eaton, in Oxfordshire, high sheriff of the county, came, it is said, in pure charity, not out of ostentation, and gave the scholars at Oxford a sermon, in St. Mary's Church, with his gold chain about his neck, and his sword by his side, and accosted them thus: "Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's, in the Stony stage, where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, and carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation." SWAINE.

An Unlucky Plank.—Sometime since a very large tree was cut down near Goulson, in the parish of Hartland, into which it was reported and believed by the peasantry of the neighbourhood, that "Major Docton" was conjured. The tree was purchased by a builder in Bideford, and cut into planks, one of which was washed away by the tide, and drifted to Appledore, where it was picked up by some boatmen, and sold to the proprietor of the new market; then erecting. The right owner, however, having heard where the plank was, sent to demand it, but in vain. The bearer of the message strongly urged the giving of it up, declaring that as the old major had been conjured into it, it would certainly throw the market down. The words were prophetic, for, while they were yet disputing on the subject, that part of the market-house containing the plank, fell with a sudden crash to the ground. The giving way of the wall is easily accounted for, by less abtruse rules than those of magic; but it so astonished the builder, that he was as anxious to restore the conjured plank, as he was just before to retain it.

W. G. C.

* In the fifteenth century.

Manufacture of Leather in Canada.—It is stated in a recent number of the *Montreal Current*, that this important branch of manufacture has wonderfully increased of late. A few years back, the colony was almost entirely dependent on New-York, for supplies of leather. It is now certain that it can be manufactured in Canada, and brought to market at as low a price as it can be imported. Canada possesses immense quantities of hemlock in her woods, and the tanning business having been introduced so generally, these hemlock forests will probably prove to be mines of gold. Some opinion of the extent to which tanning is carried on in Montreal and its vicinity, may be found in the following statement of twelve tanneries connected with one house in that city:—Cost of tannery, 15,600*l.*; number of hides manufactured yearly, 40,500; average weight 30 lbs.; weight of sole-leather produced, 1,215,000 lbs.; average cost of manufacturing, 4*d.* per lb.; average value per lb., 1*s.* 3*d.*; total value, 103,437*l.* 10*s.* Besides the twelve tanneries abovementioned, there are many others in the city and other places, at which the cost of manufacturing is about the same as those enumerated. It is added, "This gives a sum of about 70,000*l.* distributed among the working classes of the district of Montreal, which a few years ago was expended in the United States."

W. G. C.

Family Slaughter.—In Westmoreland it is usual at Christmas for the farmers to kill each a sheep for their own use, on which occasion, when the butcher inquires if they want any meat against Christmas, the usual reply is, "Nay, I think not, I think o' killing mysell." A butcher called on a farmer of his acquaintance in the usual manner, saying, "Will ye want a bit o' meat, or ye'll kill yersell, this Christmas?" "I kna not," replied the farmer, "whether I'se kill mysell, or tak' a side o' me feyther."

SPIRIT OF NEW BOOKS.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 551.] SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1832. [Price 2*d*.

MONKEY ISLAND.

This picturesque spot is situate in the middle of the river Thames, near Cliefden, Bucks,* and about three-quarters of a mile from the village of Bray.† It was purchased and decorated for the enjoyment of fishing parties by the third Duke of Marlborough. Upon its fine sward he erected a small rustic building called Monkey Hall, from the embellishments of the interior being in part fancifully painted with a number of monkeys dressed in human apparel, and imitating human actions. Some are represented diverting themselves with fishing, others with hunting, &c. One is drawn gravely sitting in a boat, smoking, while a female "waterman" is labouring at the oar, rowing him across a river. The ceiling and cornices are ornamented with aquatic plants and flowers. In another building, raised at the expense of the Duke, on this island, and named the Temple, is an elegant saloon, painted with green and gold, and enriched with figures in stucco-work superbly gilt, representing mermaids, sea-lions, fish, shells, and other objects. The place altogether might be called *Marlborough's Folly*.

The perfection of the monkey embellishments would delight the admirers of Mr. Landseer's famed *Monkeyana*.

Monkey Island has had several owners since the Duke of Marlborough disposed of it: the lease of the place at 25*l*. a-year was, in 1787, purchased for 240 guineas, by Henry Townley Ward, Esq. who bequeathed it to P. C. Bruce, Esq., of Taplow. Its vicinity to "Cliefden's hanging woods" and picturesque home scenery must render it a delightful retreat.

Its establishment is stated to have cost the Duke of Marlborough ten thousand guineas.

* For a View and Description of Cliefden, see *Mirror*, vol. xv. p. 97.

† For a View of Bray Church, see *Mirror*, vol. xvii p 209.

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SONG,

From the French of Béranger.

LE ROI D'YVETOT.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE once was a King, as they say,
Though history says naught about it,
Who slept sound by night and by day,
And for glory—who just did without it;
A night cap his diadem was,
Which his maid used to air at the fire,
And then put it on him, (that's poz:)
Such was his Coronation attire.

CHORUS.

"Lack-a-day, well-a-day!" then let us sing,
And mourn for the loss of this good little King.

In a cottage his banquets were given,
He lived upon four meals a-day, sir,
On which diet he seems to have thriven:
And an ass was his charger they say, sir,
A dog was his life-guard, we're told,
And many a peregrination
Thus attended, he must have been bold,
He made step and step through the nation.

CHORUS.

"Lack-a-day, well-a-day!" then let us sing,
And mourn for the loss of this good little King.

His taste, for a monarch, was queer,
But his motto was "live and let live, sir,"
He was thirsty, and fond of good beer,
Which his subjects were happy to give, sir;
He levied his taxes himself,
A quart or a pint for his dinner,
No exciseman went snacks in the pelf,
No clerks had this jolly old sinner.

CHORUS.

"Lack-a-day, well-a-day!" then let us sing,
And mourn for the loss of this good little King.

* * * * * *

Except just by way of a lark,
His militia he never would call out,
He then made them shoot at a mark
Till they had shot all their powder and ball out.

CHORUS.

"Lack-a-day, well-a-day!" then let us sing,
And mourn for the loss of this good little King.

To his neighbours he always was kind,
He never extended his boundaries,
For disputes and contentions, I find,
He never saw any just ground arise:
Pleasure's code being his statute law
He ne'er caused a tear to be shed, sir,
Though I swear not a dry eye I saw,
When his subjects first heard he was dead, sir.

CHORUS.

"Lack-a-day, well-a-day!" well might they sing,
When they mourned the sad loss of their good little King.

His portrait you must have observed,
In remarkably good preservation,
For his eminent virtues deserved
You'll allow, a conspicuous station;
"The King's Head" still continues his name,
Where full often the people on holidays
As they tipple, still talk of his name,
In lamenting the end of his jolly days.

CHORUS.

"Lack-a-day, well-a-day!" thus do they sing,
And mourn for the loss of their good little King.

H.

TO A LADY WHO SAID SHE WAS THE SAME AGE AS HIMSELF.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

(For the Mirror.)

OUR ages are the same, you say,
But know that love believes it not;
The Fates, a wager I would lay,
Our tangled threads shared out by lot;
What part to each they did assign
The world, fair dame, can plainly see;
The Spring and Summer days were thine,
Autumn and Winter came to me. H.

ENGLISH BALLAD SINGING.

(For the Mirror.)

THE minstrels were once a great and flourishing body in England; but their dignity being interwoven with the illusory splendour of feudal institutions, declined on the advance of moral cultivation: they became in time vulgar mountebanks and jugglers, and in the reign of Elizabeth were *suppressed* as rogues and vagabonds. Banished from the highways they betook themselves to alehouses—followed the trade of pipers and fiddlers — and minstrelsy was no longer known in England.

The suppression of "the order" of minstrels, gave rise to that of the Ballad-singers, who relied upon the quality of their voices for success. The subjects of many of the songs handed down by the minstrels were still held in honour by the ballad-singers. The feats of "Elym of the Clough," "Randle of Chester," and "Sir Topaz," which had faded under the kind keeping of the minstrels, were now refreshed and brought more boldly in the new version before the sense. Robin Hood and Friar Tuck had their honours enlarged by the new dynasty; more maidens, and heroes were inspired by their misfortunes. Drayton's allusions to the propagation of Robin's fame may give an idea of the diffusion of the ballad-singers:

"In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
But to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green and Much the Miller's son."

The new race started in the field with the full tide of popularity; they had the glory of being opposed to and triumphing over the votaries of the muses. The poets of the first class confessed their uneasiness at the success of the innovators. Of this fact we have abundant instances in Spencer's "Tears of the Muses," and the mighty Shakspeare would bring the calling into contempt.

The ballad-singers did not enjoy

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empty popularity, as may be understood from the number of candidates who yearly sought refuge in their camp. One of the most popular singers of this early time was a boy, distinguished from the nature of his voice "Outroaring Dick," as honestly bestowed as any hero of "jaw-breaking" memory in Greek or Latin history. His earnings, according to Mr. Warton, averaged ten shillings a day: he was a well-known character in Essex, and was not missed for many a day from Braintree fair; and in the decline of life spent his days like an amateur. But Cheetre, for such was his real name, was haunted amidst his glory by a rival. Will Wimbars had a voice of as much flexibility as Dick. Dick was the most popular, for he sang every thing he could, but Will had a select list he never departed from. The former was sought as a companion; the latter pleased best in the public exercise of his talents.

The most universally esteemed singer of his age was Mat. Nash, who had a vehement style; his "Hunts-up," a song which obtained him "much favor," was one of his most celebrated efforts. However, it happened that the great Secretary Cecil was so captivated with his singing, that he soon enabled him to retire from his profession.

The accident that led to this fortunate reconnoitre is not impertinent to our subject: in a time of dearth, which was severely felt in the city, the famous ballad-maker Delone composed a song reflecting on her Majesty. The ballad-maker and singer were both committed to the compter, but the poet defied government even while in the lion's den. In a letter to the Lord Mayor, he avowed the ballad, and justified it. Nash, in the meantime, in an interview with the Secretary, established his innocence, and laid the foundation of his future prosperity.

The Gipsies furnished a number of singers about this time. The laws and *prejudices* of society concurred in denouncing this race; but, nevertheless, the best received ballad-singers of their time were of this bronzed tribe.

In the reigns of James the First and his successor, the taste of the people for nature and simplicity kept up the profession of ballad-singing. We are to look upon ballad-singers from this time as a corporation. Custom had established yearly festivals for them in the *classic regions* of St. Giles's, which were frequented by the wits of the day—Swift, Gay, Bolingbroke, Steele, &c. From these high followers of the muses, yearly contingents of ballads were expected. Swift contracted for the humourous songs: Gay who had, as Goldsmith says, "a happy strain of ballad-thinking," was set down for the pathetic ones; and those of a miscellaneous character were divided amongst a number of amateur bards. No importunities, even of his friends, could induce Pope to attend any of these assemblies. He was prevailed on to write an epitaph for a young creature whom he had seen, and who was known by the name of Clarinda: favoured by the great, if she had not been attached to the life of a ballad-singer, she might, with her accomplishments, have risen to distinction and fortune.

Gay and Swift had naturally a relish for low society, and were hailed by the fraternity as the most precious sources of profit. Amongst other songs which Swift sent into the world through the medium of ballad-singers, was a severe satire upon the Duke of Marlborough, beginning "Our Johnny is come from the wars:" it drew much attention, and excited the strongest resentment against the author in the breast of the Duchess, who remained implacable until the publication of Gulliver, when she offered her friendship to Swift, through his friend Gay.

There was a young creature among the ballad-singers known to the world by no other title than Clara, who drew much attention at this time by the sweetness and pathos of her tones. She was the original singer of "Black-eyed Susan," and one or two songs which were afterwards introduced into the "Beggar's Opera;" but her recommendation to particular notice was the circumstance of her being for many years the object of Bolingbroke's enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which his Lordship had not seen her: it was after this interval, that, meeting her, he addressed to her the tender lines, beginning,

"Dear, thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,
Believe for once the lover and the friend,"

And concluding thus:

"To virtue thus, and to thyself restored,
By all admired, by one alone adored:
Be to thy Harry ever kind and true,
And live for him who more than died for you."

A series of calamities totally ruined her vocal powers, and she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges at the Court of Requests.

The profession did not continue to maintain its rank. The disappointed author in "Roderick Random," who set about writing for ballad-singers, was introduced into one of their assemblies,

and his testimony establishes their degeneracy.

In fact, the history of ballad-singing, during the remainder of last century, affords but an unsatisfactory subject of reflection to lovers of song; whether they have regenerated in the present age, we leave the reader to judge.

E. J. H.

LOVE AT COURT AND LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

Loving 'mongst the aristocracy
Is reckon'd positive hypocrisy;
The noble votaries of fashion
Are ignorant of the tender passion.
A shepherd, if his nymph doth alter,
Killeth woe by means of halter:
But in high life, if ladies prove
Indifferent to an ardent love,
What does the enamour'd title do,
But set about and alter too.

Translated from the French of Madame Deshoulieres.

Notes of a Reader.

CORRUPT STATE OF THE WESTERN CHURCH IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

From the following facts an inference may be drawn of the tendency of the Western church to a system of externals, applying itself solely to continual discipline and fasting, instead of the improvement of the heart. For the perusal of the sacred writings and spiritual lessons of the ancient fathers of the church, was substituted that of legends and decretals, and the Book of Canons, by which the whole Western church was governed. Images and relics of the saints acquired an excessive adoration; and continual discoveries were being made of the bodies of miracle-working saints. Impostors were to be found, appearing every day under new names and with fresh miracles, imposing on the credulity of the public, and amassing wealth by defrauding the pious multitude. Some of these impostors, too insolent in their practices, were discovered and punished, whilst others derived from them their whole fortune and subsistence. It went to such a pass, that an arm of St. Augustine was found and sold to William, Duke of Aquitaine, for 100 talents. The head of St. John the Baptist was dug up, and attracted an immense multitude of spectators, amongst whom was Robert, King of France.*

The principal supporters of this religious mania were the Crusaders; that is to say, those persons who went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. These persons, on their return to their own country, finding all their substance exhausted, exerted their utmost cunning to regain it; pretending that they had found some relics of the ancient martyrs or apostles, or some object relative to the life or death of our Saviour. By these means an immense number of persons, excited by religious curiosity, repaired to the places where these objects were exposed, and the churches and the provinces of which became enriched by them. With the same motive, in the year 1008, a portion of the rod of Moses was discovered in France, which attracted a vast number of visiters, both from that country and Italy. In 1014, some monks, on their return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, brought with them a part of the napkin with which our Saviour wiped the feet of the apostles at the Last Supper; and, in order to prove its authenticity, they passed it uninjured through the flames. This kind of miracles, which were in such favour with the ignorant multitude in those days, produces no effect, since chemical science has enabled us to penetrate into the hidden secrets of nature; and if history is diligently examined, we shall perceive that the human mind was occupied in the discovery of that science at this period. The alchemists perhaps, although persecuted as the followers of the devil, were not altogether extinct, and still read some books which laid open the discoveries of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The commercial cities of Italy, in communication with the East, acquired extraordinary knowledge, of which they availed themselves disadvantageously to the morality and piety of the Christian church. About this time, too (the year 1000), the epoch at which, according to prediction, the world was to be at an end, men began to make fresh researches, and to build new churches, to repair the old ones, and to invent novelties. The prophecy of Daniel, which says, "Tempus, tempora, dimidium temporis," proving by experience to be inapplicable to the interpretation which the monks and ecclesiastics had generally given it, produced a new energy in the human mind: and if at first, the wealth of the churches were aggrandized by profuse largesses, we shall hereafter see them struggling to preserve it. A disposition also to study was now induced: and a certain Guido, a monk of Pomposa, being called

* "One head of St. John the Baptist (for there are many, and John was at last εκατον τα κεφαλας,) was found at the monastery of St. John of Angeli, at Saintange."—*Jortin's Remarks on Eccles. Hist.* ann. 1010.

to Rome as a music-master, whilst very young, invented the scale or gamut of C notes, which was then esteemed miraculous.* Happily for him the matter took this turn; for otherwise he would have suffered death. The religious superstition was so strong, that any unusual effects of human nature were attributed to diabolical operations; and, in such instances, the reputed authors were either beheaded or burnt. Such was the fate of an unhappy wretch who had discovered the secret of making glass malleable. This sublime genius made a goblet of this glass; and, being conducted into the presence of Henry, in 1022, he threw it on the ground, when, instead of breaking, it bent, and suddenly resumed its original shape. The ignorant emperor, believing him to be possessed with the devil, ordered him to be beheaded.—*Life of Gregory VII. By Sir Roger Greisley, Bart.*

ODD DISPUTE.

DURING the coronation of Conrad II., Emperor of Germany, in 1204, a dispute arose between a Roman and a German for a vile ox's hide. It began with blows, proceeded with stones, and ended by an appeal to arms; and, after a stout resistance on the part of the Roman people against the German army, the former were obliged to fly, and were almost totally massacred. The remainder, although humbled, and in a wretched condition, were constrained the next day to pass barefooted before the emperor, — the freemen with their swords unsheathed, the slaves with a knot round their necks, — declaring themselves ready to obey him, and asking pardon. What a beautiful contrast between the guardians and defenders of the Roman people in their frocks and mitres, with these brave men in their helmets and togas! Such was the triumph over a nation overcome more by its prejudices than by force, and under such solemn circumstances.

Ibid.

AN INDIAN TALE, AND OTHER POEMS.

THIS is a pleasant little volume by our indefatigable correspondent, *Benjamin Gough*. The *tale* is founded on an Indian story, by the author of the *Kuzzilbash*, which appeared in the fifth number of the *Metropolitan Magazine;* and to it are appended several minor pieces. The main poem will be read with interest. There are in it touches of fine feeling, which would not discredit hands of much higher pretensions. Take this specimen:

There is a time when naught on earth
Can re-awake the chords of mirth,
When joy with all its cherub wiles
Is powerless in creating smiles;
The sun of happiness is set,
And naught remains but deep regret,
And inward pangs and throbs severe,
And disappointment's bitter tear!
The magic charm that swayed the sense
With strong resistless influence
Is broken, and its votary left,
Of the soul's talisman bereft!
In vain the tones of music steal
Upon the ear in soft appeal,
Or friendship with its soothing voice
Bids the hushed tongue again rejoice,
So overwhelming is the grief—
Death only brings a late relief!

And one of the minor pieces:

A RHAPSODY ON NATURE.

Where's the mastery of mind,
Trammelless and unconfined,
Probing Nature's boundless scheme,
Gauging the stupendous theme?
She, that paints horizons bright,
Belting heaven and earth with light!
Beams upon cherubic gaze—
Kindles the volcanic blaze!
Makes Eurocydon her zone—
Sits upon her thunder throne!
Who her eulogy shall dare,
Whose brow is wreathed with lightning glare?
She, who treads the surgy sea
In her stayless majesty,
Curbs each wild (erratic) wave,
When Atlantic tempests rave!
Speaks—the maddened storms increase—
Speaks again—and all is peace.
'Tis her breath's propitious gale
Swells the weather-beaten sail,
Wafts the crew from Britain o'er,
Unto India's spicy shore.
'Tis her bounty fills the earth
With the joys of wine and mirth,
Scatters through her broad domain
All the blessings of her reign;
Seasons roll at her command,
Plenty droppeth from her hand;
Earth and sea and spangled sky
Own her glorious sovereignty,
Walking with a stride immense,
In her tall magnificence,
Mountain heights, where wonders crowd,
Pinnacled in solemn cloud,
Andes, or the snowy scalps
Of the giant towering Alps!
Hills prolific, valley deeps,
Where the muse of silence sleeps;
Frowning cliff, and beetling rock,
Shivered by the deluge shock,
When the world was drowned—and now
Tottering before Ruin's plough.
Forests green, and rivers wide—
Every flow and ebb of tide.
Rivulets, whose crystal veins
Ripple along flowery plains,
Leaping torrents rushing hoarse,
Mimicking the ocean's force,
Leafage in its summer pride—
Flowers to Paradise allied.
Fruit inviting, luscious, such
As seems to paralyze the touch,
As ambrosial nectar sweet,
Ripe and fit for Gods to eat.
Nature's power is seen in all—
Winter's frown, or Spring-birds' call—
Summer's eloquent perfume,
Autumn's yellow-tinted bloom—
Every chiselled sand grain tells
Nature's might; the petal cells,

* Erycius Puteanus (Vander Putten,) added the seventh note to complete the octave, in the sixteenth century.

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Whence the bee her honey draws,
Glorify Creation's laws:
Things minute, or vast expanse
That tires the astronomic glance.
Ocean swathed with azure blue,
Or the gems of morning dew.
Past—with all its mighty deeds,
Nature claims its choicest meeds;
Present—with portentous calm,
Nature claims its chiefest palm;
Future—ah! she trembles *there*,
Nature quivers in despair
When the master of the scene,
From the cloud-work of serene
Asks her long deputed power—
Takes her sceptre—bids her cower—
Strips her of her ancient robe,
She, who once bestrode the globe—
Flings around his flaming path
Crescents of destructive wrath;
Tramples earth, and rolls in fire
Forth the thunders of his ire.
Nature sinks, no more to rise
While JEHOVAH fills the skies
With his glory high, sublime—
Death is dead, and perished time!
What a scene! when naught shall be
But Chaos and Eternity!

We are happy to find in Mr. Gough's List of Subscribers to his work, a host of royal and noble patrons, the ministers of the country, the Earl of Eldon, the Lord and Lady Mayoress, and a few of the Court of Aldermen — patronage, court and city—combining to encourage Mr. Gough's praiseworthy efforts.

CAPTAIN MUNDY'S VISIT TO THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON, AT ST. HELENA.

HAVING passed two hours on the spot where Napoleon lived and died, we rode onwards to the vale which contains his bones: it is about half a mile from Longwood, and within a few hundred yards of the cottage of Madame Bertrand, to whom he indicated the spot in which he desired to rest, should the English not allow his remains to lie on the banks of the Seine. Soon after leaving Bertrand's house, we caught sight of the tomb, at the bottom of the ravine called Slane's valley, and, descending a zig-zag path, we quickly reached the spot. About half an acre round the grave is railed in. At the gate we were received by an old corporal of the St. Helena corps, who has the care of the place. The tomb itself consists of a square stone, about ten feet by seven, surrounded with a plain iron-railing. Four or five weeping-willows, their stems leaning towards the grave, hang their pensile branches over it.

Who could contemplate without interest the little spot of earth which covers all that remains of mortal of the man who made Europe tremble! who carried his victorious arms from the Nile to the Elbe, from Moscow to the Pillars of Hercules; who bore his eagles triumphantly through Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Madrid! Beneath our feet lay he, who "du monde entre ses mains a vu les destinées"—

"The desolator desolate, the victor overthrown!"*

"They that see thee," saith the inspired prophet, "they that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, and did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory every one in his own house. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people; the seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned."*

The willows are decaying fast, and one of them rests upon the sharp spears of the railing, which are buried in its trunk—as though it were comitting suicide for very grief! The foliage of the rest is thinned and disfigured by the frequent and almost excusable depredations of visiters. Fresh cuttings have however, been planted by the Governor, who intends, moreover, to set cypresses round the outer fence. Madame Bertrand's immortelles have proved, alas! mortal.

The fine, tall, old corporal, who came out from England with the ex-emperor, was full of his praises: "I saw the General often," said the old fellow; "he had an eye in his head like an eagle!" He described the visit of the French pilgrims to this spot—their Kibla—as most affecting. Some are extravagant beyond measure in their grief, falling on their faces round the railing (which they never enter, as foreigners do), praying, weeping, and even tearing their hair. Whilst we were there, my friend of yesterday came towards the spot; but when he saw our large, and, I fear me, rather unimpressed party, he turned upwards, and disappeared. After inscribing our names in a book—into which also appropriate poetry, as well as ribald nonsense finds its way—we drank to Napoleon's immortal memory in his own favourite spring, and mounting our steeds spurred towards Plantation House.

On the road, we passed within view of "the Briars," where the chief resided during the building of Longwood; and where he,

'Whose game was kingdoms, and whose stakes were thrones!
His table earth, his dice were human bones!'

played at whist with the owner, Mr. Balcombe, for *sugar-plums!*

* Isaiah, xiv. 16, 17, 18, 20.

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Anecdote Gallery.

OUR ANECDOTAGE.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

DANIEL DE FOE said there was only this difference between the fates of Charles the First, and his son James the Second; that the former's was a wet martyrdom and the other's a dry one. When Sir Richard Steele was made a Member of the Commons it was expected from his ingenious writings that he would have been an admirable orator, but it not proving so, De Foe said "He had better have continued the *Spectator* than the *Tatler*."

The local designation of the following anecdote confirms its authenticity, which however required no other indication than the characteristic humour of Addison in his odd conception of old Montaigne.

When Mr. Addison lodged in Kensington Square, he read over some of "Montaigne's Essays," and finding little or no information in the chapters of what their titles promised, he closed the book more confused than satisfied.

"What think you of this famous French author?" said a gentleman present.

"Think!" said he, smiling. "Why that a pair of manacles, or a stone doublet would probably have been of some service to that author's infirmity."

"Would you imprison a man for singularity in writing?"

"Why let me tell you," replied Addison, "if he had been a horse he would have been pounded for straying, and why he ought to be more favoured because he is a man, I cannot understand."

A medical confession, frankly delivered by that eminent physician and wit, Sir Samuel Garth, has been fortunately preserved; perhaps the truth it reveals is as conspicuous as its humour.

Dr. Garth (so he is called in the manuscript) who was one of the Kit-Kat Club, coming there one night, declared he must soon begone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced he forgot them. When Sir Richard Steele reminded him of his appointments, Garth immediately pulled out his list, which amounted to fifteen—and said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have so good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Sir Godfrey Kneller latterly painted more for profit than for praise, and is said to have used some whimsical preparations in his colours which made them work fair and smoothly off, but not endure. A friend noticing it to him said, "What do you think posterity will say, Sir Godfrey Kneller, when they see these pictures some years hence?"

"Say!" replied the artist: "Why they'll say Sir Godfrey Kneller never painted them!"

An extraordinary prosecution for a singular libel occurred under the administration of the Duke of Buckingham. Some fiddlers at Staines were indicted for singing scandalous songs of the Duke. The songs also did not fail to libel both James and Charles. The Bench were puzzled how to proceed. The offensive passages they would not permit to be openly read in court, lest the scandals should spread. It was a difficult point to turn. They were anxious that the people should see that they did not condemn these songs without due examination. They hit upon this expedient. Copies of the songs were furnished to every Lord and Judge present; and the Attorney-General in his charge, when touching on the offending passages, did not, as usual, read them out, but noticed them by only repeating the first and the final lines, and when he had closed they were handed to the fiddlers at the bar, interrogating them whether these were not the songs which they had sung of the Duke? To this they confessed, and were condemned in a heavy fine of 500*l.* and to be pilloried and whipped.

This novel and covert mode of trial excited great discontent among the friends of civil freedom. It was asserted, that all trials should be open, and that a court of justice was always a public place, where the judges publicly delivered the reasons and the grounds of their judgment. The mode now resorted to, was turning a court of judgment into a private chamber, and excluding the hearers from understanding the reasons of every judge's opinion, and the court themselves from hearing each other's. It was farther alleged, that in the present case, the Lords could not be sure that the copies showed to the prisoners were the same as that which each had before him, or that every Lord had looked into the same paper which was showed to the fiddlers, so that they might be condemned for that in which they stood not implicated.—I suppose this singular case of the *Fiddlers of Staines*, to be unique, and never to have been perpetuated in any of our law books.

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CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, AT HAMPTON WICK.

Hampton Wick is a cheerful little village in Middlesex, at the foot of Kingston Bridge. This Chapel occupies a prominent position on a road lately formed through the village, having its western front towards Bushy Park and the road leading to Hampton Court. The character of the building is the modern Gothic, forming an agreeable elevation, without any display of ornament. The building is faced with Suffolk brick and Bath stone. The interior dimensions are sixty-five feet by forty-three feet, with galleries on three sides, and a handsome recessed window over the altar-piece at the east end. The principal timbers of the roof are formed into Gothic perforated compartments, which give an addition of height to the Chapel, and an airy, decorative ceiling, at a small expense. The Chapel is calculated to contain eight hundred sittings, of which four hundred are free and unappropriated; and great benefit is anticipated from its erection in this populous neighbourhood, the parish church being at the distance of two miles and a half from the hamlet. The architect was Mr. Lapidge, who built Kingston Bridge, in the immediate vicinity. Mr. Lapidge generously gave the site, and inclosed one side of the ground at his own expense. The building was defrayed by a parliamentary grant from His Majesty's Church Commissioners, on an understanding with the parishioners, that the Church at Hampton should, at the same time, be enlarged by the parish. The cost of the Chapel and the inclosure of the site was about £4,500.

The first stone was laid on the 7th of October, 1829, and the building was finished previous to the 8th of November, 1830. The Hamlet of Hampton Wick has been since made a District for Ecclesiastical purposes, whereby the Chapel has become the Church of that District.

The Topographer.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

In our last volume we noticed the announcement of a volume of *Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells*, by Mr. Britton: and here it is, with prints and plans, and a deep roseate binding—one of the most elegant volumes of the season, and yet purchasable for a crown. We did not expect a dull, unsatisfactory guide-book—a mere finger-post folio—nor has the author produced such a commonplace volume. Hence these "Sketches" have much of the neatness and polish, the patient investigation and research of an author who has delighted in attachment to his subject. The work contains a few of the scenes and objects of the road from London to the Wells in outline; a panoramic sketch of the Wells; the olden characteristics; and the modern improvements, including the Calverley Park estate; the *natural history* of the district, including the air, water,

and diseases for which the water is recommended by Dr. Yeats; and the geological features of the country, from the able pen of Mr. Gideon Mantell, of Lewes; lastly, brief notice of seats, scenes, and antiquities in the environs of the Wells.

Of Tunbridge Wells, as an olden and modern resort, we have very recently spoken,* and we are happy to perceive that the association of the place with the literary characters of the last century, as pleasantly recorded by Samuel Richardson, has been turned to interesting account in the pages before us. Cumberland, the dramatist, *we* omitted to mention, not only resided for some years, but wrote many of his works, at Tunbridge Wells: and here he recognised the sterling talent of Dowton, the comedian, who, through Cumberland, was first introduced to the London stage. "One of the houses at Mount Ephraim, (at the Wells,) adjoining the Tunbridge Ware manufactory, formerly belonged to the infamous judge Jeffries;" and an adjoining house was built by Sir Edmund King, physician to Charles II., and his frequent residence here probably attracted the court. The antiquities of the environs are very attractive. On a lofty knoll are the remains of an ancient encampment, called Saxon-bury Castle, from its name, ascribed to the Saxons; a neighbouring spot bears the name of Dane's Gate, and is supposed to be part of an old trackway or military road. "On Edridge Green continued, for many years, a curious mortar or large gun, said to have been the first made in England. The tradition is that it was cast at Buxted furnace about twelve miles north of Lewes. It is preserved in the British Museum; and some account of it, with a print, is given in the *Archæologia*, vol. x. p. 472." Next is the estate of Edridge, among the lords of which were Godwin, Earl of Kent and the Earl of Montaigne and Cornwall: Mayfield, was possessed by the see of Canterbury before the Norman conquest, and at its palace Sir Thomas Gresham lived in sumptuous style, and probably entertained Queen Elizabeth in one of her progresses; among the curiosities here the anvil, hammer, and tongs, which are traditionally said to have belonged to the noted St. Dunstan, "and, who is also said to have used the last instrument most ungallantly, and even brutishly, in twinging the nose of Old Nick, who tempted the immaculate prelate in the form of a fine lady: Bayham, or Bageham Abbey, about 6 miles south-east of the Wells, was a monastery of great extent in 1200, but is now so dilapidated and overgrown as scarcely to enable the antiquary to trace its architectural features: here too is an immense pollard ash-tree, which Gough describes, in his additions to Camden's *Britannia*, as being "several yards in girth, as old, if not older, than the abbey, and supposed to be the largest extant." Mr. Britton likewise noticed here a curious instance of ivy, which has not only covered nearly the whole surface of the (abbey) building, but has insinuated its treacherous branches into the joints and crevices of the masonry. "The wood," says our observant author, "has grown to a great size, and displaced columns, mouldings, mullions, &c. and thus overturned and destroyed the very objects it was intended to adorn." What a picture is this of the wild luxuriance of nature devastating the trim and chiselled glories of art! Next is Scotney Castle, the ancient part of which is said to have been a fortress in the reign of Richard II.; the moat still remains. The author hints that the tour may be advantageously extended to Bodiam Castle; Winchelsea, near which is Camber, one of the fortresses built by Henry VIII. to guard the south coast; Battle Abbey, founded by William the Norman, and calling up in review the battle of Hastings, and the Bayeaux tapestry; the Roman fort of Pevensey; and Hurstmonceaux Castle built by Roger Fiennes, treasurer to King Henry VI. Returning to the Wells, and in the more immediate vicinity, are Somer Hill, whose chase, manor, and appurtenances were conveyed by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and subsequently to the widow of the magnanimous but ill-fated Earl of Essex; also, Great Bounds, of the age of Elizabeth, and conveyed to her relative Henry Cary, Lord Hunsden. Come we then to Tunbridge Castle, built by De Tonbridge, a kinsman of the Conqueror, who came with the invaders to share the spoil of their victory: "here, it is said, he congregated his retainers and vassals. These were all called into active service soon after the death of William I.," for De Tonbridge, (or Earl Clare, as he had been created,) espoused the cause of Robert Curtoise, in opposition to William Rufus, who had seized the crown. The castle is described by Mr. Britton with interesting and not dry-as-dust minuteness, although only some dilapidated and almost undefinable fragments remain. Tunbridge Priory and

* See *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 66, and vol. xviii. p. 225.

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the Free Grammar School are next mentioned, the latter in connexion with Dr. Vicesimus Knox, who was master of the school for some years.

Let us hope that the frequenters of the Wells will not, in their grave moments, forget the olden glory of *Penshurst*, about six miles N. W. of the gay resort,—Penshurst, as Mr. Britton terms it, "the memorable, the once splendid, but now sadly dilapidated mansion of the Sydneys," or as Charlotte Smith sung with touching simplicity, in 1788:

Upon this spot,
Ye towers sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods deep sighing to the hollow blast!
The musing wand'rer loves to linger near,
While History points to all your glories past.

Yet, how can we enumerate the ancient fame of Penshurst in this brief memoir; from Sir John de Poulteney, who first embattled the mansion in the reign of Edward II., to Sir John Shelley Sydney, the present proprietor of the estate; or how can we here describe the mansion, wherein that pains-taking investigator, Mr. Carter, in 1805, recognised the architectural characteristics of the reigns of Henry II., Richard III., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I. and George II. and III. But we must observe, "it is presumed, that whilst residing here, Henry VIII. became acquainted with Anne Boleyn, then living with her father at Hever Castle, in this neighbourhood." Among the more glorious events of the place, is the birth of the amiable Sir Philip Sydney here, Nov. 29, 1554, as Spencer dignified him, "the president of nobleness and chivalrie;" the celebrated *Algernon;* and his daughter, the Sacharissa of Waller. In this romantic retreat, Sydney probably framed his *Arcadia;* here he may have sung

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness!
O how much do I like your solitariness.

Enough of the baronial hall at Penshurst has been spared to show the lantern for ventilation in the roof, "the original fire-hearth beneath it, with a large and-iron for sustaining the blazing log;" though of the place generally, Mr. Britton observes, "A house that has been so long deserted by its masters must exhibit various evidences of ruin and decay. Not only walls, roofs, and timbers, but the interior furniture and ornaments are assailed by moth, rust, and other destructive operations." Alas! the fittest scene of Burke's lament for chivalry would have been the hall of Penshurst. Yet, *a* Sir Philip Sydney exists, and has lately been honoured with some distinction, as Churchill would say, "flowing from the crown." In the park at Penshurst, is, however, one of Nature's memorials of one of her proudest sons—"a fine old oak tree, said to have been planted at Sir Philip Sydney's birth:" and in Penshurst churchyard, on the south side of the mansion, several of the Sydneys lie sleeping. *Requiescant in pace.*

Hever Castle, built in the reign of Edward III., already mentioned as the residence of the Boleyns, is about four miles north-west of Penshurst.

We have left ourselves but space to mention in the vicinity of the Wells, Buckhurst and Knole, magnificent seats of the Sackvilles, Earls of Dorset, whose splendid details have already filled volumes. Lastly, we promise the Wells visiter some gratification by extending his tour to Brambletye House, memorialized in Horace Smith's entertaining novel. These few traits may serve to show the picturesqueness of the environs of the Wells, and consequently of Mr. Britton's volume; and we leave the reader with their grateful impression on his memory.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

TO CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT.

WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

When I would sing thy beauty's light,
Such various forms, and all so bright,
I've seen thee, from thy childhood, wear,
I know not which to call most fair,
Nor 'mong the countless charms that spring
For ever round thee, *which* to sing.

When I would paint thee, as thou *art*,
Then all thou *wert* comes o'er my heart,—
The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,
Within the nursery's shade withdrawn,
Or peeping out,—like a young moon
Upon a world 'twill brighten soon.
Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour,
As from thy own loved Abbey-tower
I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,
With smiles that to the hoary frown
Of centuries round thee lent a ray,
Chasing ev'n Age's gloom away:—
Or, in the world's resplendent throng,
As I have mark'd thee glide along,
Among the crowds of fair and great
A spirit, pure and separate,
To which even Admiration's eye
Was fearful to approach too nigh;—
A creature, circled by a spell
Within which nothing wrong could dwell,
And fresh and clear as from the source,
Holding through life her limpid course,
Like Arethusa through the sea,
Stealing in fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light!
As noble bride, still meekly bright,
Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above
All earthly price, pure woman's love;
And show'st what lustre Rank receives,
When with his proud Corinthian leaves
Her rose, too, high-bred Beauty weaves.

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Wonder not if, where all's so fair,
To choose were more than bard can dare;
Wonder not if, while every scene
I've watch'd thee through so bright hath been,
Th' enamour'd Muse should, in her quest
Of beauty, know not where to rest,
But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,
Hailing thee beautiful in all!

Metropolitan.

PROGRESS OF CRIME.

(FROM a paper in *Fraser's Magazine*, entitled the *Schoolmaster in Newgate*—evidently from the hand of a shrewd observer, and the result of considerable experience and laborious investigation.)

By a reference to the Old Bailey session calendar, it will be seen that about 3,000 prisoners are annually committed to Newgate, making little short of 400 each session, of which there are eight in a year. Out of the gross number, about 350 are discharged by proclamation. Of these nothing can be said, as they must be considered innocent of the crimes with which they were charged, there not being *primâ facie* evidence to send them on their trials. There remain 2,550 who are tried, with the progressive increase of 4-7ths annually. Some persons have supposed this accumulation of offenders bears a regular proportion to the progress of population. As well may they assert that the demand for thieves in society regulates the supply, as in other markets of merchandise. The cause is in the maladministration of the laws—the sending out so many old offenders every session to teach and draw in the more juvenile and less experienced hands—with the uncertainty of punishment, by the inequality of sentences for crimes of a like nature—to which may be added the many instances of mistaken, or rather *mis-directed* leniency, compared with others of enormous severity for trifling offences; all which tend to induce the London thieves to entertain a contempt for that tribunal. An opinion prevails throughout the whole body, that justice is not done there. I do not mean to say they complain of the sentences being too severe generally; that would be natural enough on their parts, and not worth notice. They believe every thing done at that court a matter of chance; that *in the same day, and for a like crime,* one man will be sentenced to *transportation for life,* while another may be let off for *a month's imprisonment,* and yet both equally bad characters.

It only needs that punishment should be sure to follow the conviction for crime, and that the judgments should be uniform and settled, to strike terror into the whole body of London criminals. Out of the 2,550 annually tried, nearly one-fourth are acquitted, leaving little short of 2,000 for sentence in each year. Of these the average transported are 800; deduct 200 for cases of an incidental nature, *i. e.* crimes not committed by regular offenders, and there remain 1,000 professed thieves who are again turned loose in a short period on the town, all of whom appear in due course again at the court of the Old Bailey, or at some other, many times in the revolution of one year. Here lies the mischief. An old thief will be sure to enlist others to perpetuate the race. There is no disguising the fact: the whole blame is with the court whose duty it is to take cognizance of these characters. Whilst the present system is pursued, of allowing so many old offenders to escape with trifling punishments, the evils will be increased, and the business of the court go on augmenting, by its own errors. The thief is now encouraged to speculate on his chances—in his own phraseology, 'his good luck.' Every escape makes him more reckless. I knew one man who was allowed a course of seventeen imprisonments and other punishments before his career was stopped by transportation; a sentence which does, however, sooner or later overtake them, and which would be better both for themselves and the country were it passed the first time they were in the hands of the court as known thieves. Observing only a certain, and nearly an equal, number transported each session, they have imbibed a notion, that the recorder cannot exceed it, and that he selects those to whom he takes a dislike at the bar, not for the magnitude of their offence, but from caprice or chance. It is under this impression they are afraid of speaking when in court, lest they should give offence, and excite petulance in the judge, which would, in their opinion, inevitably include them in the devoted batch of transports, of which their horror is inconceivable; 1st, because many have already undergone the punishment; and 2dly, all who have not are fully aware of the privations to which it subjects them. Their anxious inquiry regarding every particular relating to the treatment, is a strong manifestation of their uneasiness on this subject. Yet Mr. Wontner and Mr. Wakefield (says the *Quarterly* reviewer) think neither transportation nor the hulks have any terrors for them. How they come to this opinion, I cannot imagine. If they draw their inference from the noise and apparent mirth of the priso-

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ners when they leave Newgate for the hulks, I think their premises false.

The transports are taken from Newgate in parties of twenty-five, which is called a draft. When the turnkeys lock up the wards of the prison at the close of the day, they call over the names of the convicts under orders for removal, at the same time informing them at what hour of the night or morning they will be called for, and to what place and ship they are destined. This notice, which frequently is not more than three or four hours, is all that is given them; a regulation rendered necessary to obviate the bustle and confusion heretofore experienced, by their friends and relatives thronging the gates of the prison, accompanied by valedictory exclamations at the departure of the van in which they are conveyed. Before this order arrives, most of them have endured many months' confinement, and having exhausted the liberality, or funds—perhaps both—of their friends, have been constrained to subsist on the goal allowance. This, together with the sameness of a prison life, brings on a weariness of mind, which renders any change agreeable to their now broken spirits; the prospect of a removal occasions a temporary excitement, which, to those unaccustomed to reason on the matter, may appear like gaiety, and carelessness of the future. The noise and apparent recklessness, however, on these occasions, are produced more by those prisoners who are to remain behind, availing themselves of the opportunity to beguile a few hours of tedious existence by a noisy and forced merriment, which they know the officers on duty will impute to the men under orders for the ship. This is confirmed by the inmates of the place being, on all other nights of the year, peaceable after they have been locked up in their respective wards. Those who suppose there is any real mirth or indifference among them at any time, have taken but a superficial view of these wretched men. Heaviness and sickness of heart are always with them; they will at times make an effort to feel at ease, but all their hilarity is fictitious and assumed—they have the common feelings of our nature, and of which they can never divest themselves. Those who possess an unusual buoyancy of spirits, and gloss over their feelings with their companions, I have ever observed on the whole, to feel the most internal agony. I have seen upwards of two thousand under this sentence, and never conversed with one who did not appear to consider the punishment, if it exceeded seven years, *equal to death*. May, the accomplice of Bishop and Williams, told me, the day after his respite, if they meant to transport him, he did not thank them for his life. The following is another striking instance of the view they have of this punishment. A man named Shaw, who suffered for housebreaking about two years since, awoke during the night previous to his execution, and said, 'Lee!' (speaking to the man in the cell with him) 'I have often said I would be rather hanged than transported; but now it comes so close as this, I begin to think otherwise.' Shortly afterwards he turned round to the same man and said, I was wrong in what I said just now; I am still of my former opinion: hanging is the best of the two;' and he remained in the same mind all the night. The first question an untried prisoner asks of those to whom he is about to entrust his defence is, 'Do you think I shall be transported? Save me from that, and I don't mind any thing else.' One thing, however, is clear: no punishment hitherto has lessened the number of offenders; nor will any ever be efficient, until the penalties awarded by the law unerringly follow conviction, especially with the common robbers.

Turn over the pages of the Old Bailey session papers for years past, and you cannot but be struck with the anomalies which are there apparent, with respect to crimes and the sentences which have followed. The impression a perusal of these papers made on my mind, was as if all the business had been done by lottery; and my observation during twenty-two sessions on the occurring cases has tended to convince me, that a distribution of justice from that wheel of chance could not present a more incongruous and confused record of convictions and punishments. In no case (always excepting the capitals) can any person, however acute and experienced, form the slightest opinion of what the judgment of the court will be. Of this the London thieves are fully aware. I never could succeed in persuading one before his trial, that he was deprived of all chance of escape. They will answer, 'Look what a court it is! how many worse than me *do* scramble through; and who knows but I may be lucky.' What men know they must endure, they fear; what they think they can escape, they despise: their calculation of three-fourths escaping is very near the truth. Hope, the spring of action, induces each to say to himself, 'Why may I not be

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the lucky one?' THE CHANCE THUS GIVEN OF ACQUITTAL IS THE MAIN CAUSE OF CRIME. I do not mean to say three-fourths come off free; they are subjected to some kind of punishment (excepting a few cases of judgment respited); the others feel, no doubt, what they undergo, but it is only as a soldier in the fight considers a scratch—otherwise coming off with a whole skin, being ready for action again. Another evil arises out of this irregularity of judgments. All punishments are rendered severe and useful in proportion as the offender feels he deserves it, and is conscious of having only his *quantum meritus*. This the convict can now never feel, seeing his companion in crime let off for a few months' imprisonment, he (his companion) having been guilty of an offence equal to his own, and for which he (the convict) is transported for life. Those connected with the court, in the conversations I have had with them, say, 'circumstances of character occasion the apparent anomalies;' being unable, or perhaps unwilling, to give a better. That a good character does not avail the prisoner, or direct the court in its judgments, may be seen by a mere inspection of the printed trials, and is better known to all who have watched the proceedings of this court for any time. Hundreds of cases might be cited to illustrate this fact. I remember the case of two butchers, whose briefs I wrote, which occurred last year. One was an old, the other a young man, both having been in the employ of the prosecutor. They were charged with stealing a breast of mutton from their master: both were found guilty. The old man had persons to speak as to his character for honesty for forty years last past (his former masters); the young one had not a solitary witness to say a word for him. The former was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation; the latter to six months in the house of correction. When the prosecutor heard of the circumstance, he got up a petition to the secretary of state for a remission of the sentence, in which he stated that on the trial he himself had given the old man a good character, and not the other. Instances of this kind occur out of number to confirm the rogues in their preconceived notions of the uncertainty of punishment, and that 'the greatest crimes come off the best.' This is an aphorism among the thieves. I have seen some of them, after being sentenced by the court, dance for hours, calling out continuously, 'Did I not tell you all, the biggest rogues get off the best?' The scene in the several yards of Newgate on the sentence-days, after the judgments have been passed, defies any description on paper. Some will be seen jumping and skipping about for hours, frenzied with joy at the very unexpectedly mild sentence passed on them; others are cursing and swearing, calling down imprecations on the head of the recorder, for having, as they say, so unfairly measured out justice; all agreeing there is no proportion in the punishments to the crimes. It may be said, it is of little import what these men think, so they are punished. But is it of no importance under what impression the others are discharged? If the discharged feel (as assuredly they do) that punishment is a matter of chance, they return to their habits as the hazard-player goes again to the dice, in hopes of coming off a winner, and reimbursing himself for former losses. There is another evil comes out of these unequal sentences. The discontent it produces on the minds of those who fall under the more heavy judgments, which militates against their reformation: instead of reflecting on their situation as brought on by themselves, they take refuge in complaint and invective, declaring they are 'sacrificed'—in their own language, 'murdered men.' I have often said, 'Why complain? You knew the consequence of detection.' 'Yes,' would be the reply; 'but look at the case of Tom —— and Bill ——. Not that I am sorry they have got off; but is it not a shame to give me a *lifer*, and they only a month each?' Such answers are always given when any attempt is made to reconcile them to their fate. They carry this feeling with them to the hulks, where they amuse each other with all the tales of hardship within their knowledge; meditating revenge, by which they mean becoming more desperate in crime, and making reprisals on the public, when they shall be again at large. They become imbued with a notion the judge has more to answer for than themselves. Opinions of this nature are very common among them, and prevent the discipline to which they are submitted having its proper effect. Minds in the state of theirs seize on any supposed injury to brood over and stifle their own reproaches. Of this *dernier ressort* they would be deprived, if equal sentences were passed on all for like offences. They are now all ill-used men, by comparison with others who have been more fortunate. The present system holds out so many chances for the offender to escape, that it acts as an

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inducement to continue his practices, and to all loose characters, not yet accomplished in the art of plunder, to become so. Again, by the discharge of so many known thieves every sessions, so many masters are sent into the town to draw in and teach others, by which a regular supply is brought up to fill the ranks of those who fall in the conflict.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

SCRIPTURAL ANTIQUITIES.

A LITTLE volume has just appeared, with the title of *The Truth of Revelation demonstrated by an appeal to existing monuments, sculptures, gems, coins, and medals.* The author is stated to be "a Fellow of several learned Societies," and has dedicated his work to Dr. Chalmers, who approved of its original plan. We confess this to be too extensive for us to explain in a few lines, although we do not hesitate to say, that a more amusing book upon abstruse subjects has scarcely ever met our attention. It is literally filled with facts and closely-packed inquiries, and these are so attractively arranged as to amuse a listless reader.

The Ark of Noah and Mount Ararat.

"It has been supposed that the ark rested on Mount Ararat in Armenia: Josephus countenances this view of it, and it is interesting to observe, that the name of the Armenian city where it has been supposed the ark at last grounded, signifies the *Place of Descent*, from the Greek αποβατηριον:—others have, however, urged that it rested upon Mount Caucasus, near Apamea, in Phrygia, from the circumstance that in Genesis xi. 2, the sons of the patriarch are represented as journeying westward from the place of descent, and Mount Ararat in Armenia being *west* of this country. The language of the sacred writer does not particularly define the question. Mount Ararat, according to Morier, is at once awful in its elevation, and beautiful in its form. Sir Robert Ker Porter describes this celebrated mountain as divided, by a chasm of about seven miles wide, into two distinct peaks, called The Great and The Little Ararat, and is of opinion that the ark finally rested in this chasm. This pleasing and elegant writer gives a beautiful description of Ararat. 'I beheld Ararat in all its amplitude of grandeur. From the spot on which I stood, it appeared as if the hugest mountains of the world had been piled upon each other, to form this one sublime immensity of earth, and rock, and snow. The icy peaks of its double heads rose majestically into the clear and cloudless heavens; the sun blazed bright upon them, and the reflection sent forth a dazzling radiance equal to other suns. This point of the view united the utmost grandeur of plain and height, but the feelings I experienced while looking on the mountain are hardly to be described. My eye, not able to rest for any length of time on the blinding glory of its summits, wandered down the apparently interminable sides, till I could no longer trace their vast lines in the mists of the horizon; when an inexpressible impulse immediately carrying my eye upwards again, refixed my gaze on the awful glare of Ararat; and this bewildered sensibility of sight, being answered by a similar feeling in the mind, for some moments I was lost in a strange suspension of the powers of thought.'

The Deluge.

"Nothing seems to be better substantiated and established than the circumfusion of the waters of the deluge. The language of the Sacred Volume is clear and decisive on this point. 'The waters prevailed exceedingly on the earth; and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered.' The attestations to this fact, in organic remains, are universal, and completely conclusive. In Italy entire skeletons of whales have been found at an elevation of not less than one thousand two hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean. In a letter of the 5th May, 1830, to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, M. Gerard states, that he had collected shells among the snowy mountains of the frontiers of Thibet: some of them were obtained on the crest of a pass, seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here were also found fragments of rock, bearing impressions of shells, detached from the contiguous peak rising far above the elevated level: generally, however, it would appear, that the rocks from whence these shells were collected, rise to an altitude of about sixteen thousand feet; one cliff was no less than a mile in perpendicular height above the nearest level. M. Gerard continues, 'Just before crossing the boundary of Sudak into Bassalier, I was exceedingly gratified by the discovery of a bed of fossil oysters clinging to the rock as if they had been alive.' No

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doubt many of the rocks are in more sublime relief now, than they were in the antediluvian world. The subsidence of the land and lower levels, and the action of submarine currents would scoop out deep valleys; and no doubt, much that is now 'dry land,' once formed the bed of the ocean. Alpine structures have emerged from the deep, and volcanoes have heaped up elevations on mountains already lofty and sublime; as Cotopaxi, Antisana, and Tunguragua, amid the range of the Cordilleras of the Andes. The Geological Society has a series of ammonites from India. These fossils are objects of adoration to the Hindoos: they fall on the S. W. side of the Himala mountains from an altitude which exceeds that of perpetual congelation: they are picked up by the natives, and religiously preserved, being concealed as much as possible from the scrutiny of Europeans. Mont Perdu, among the Appennines, which rise to an altitude of eleven thousand feet above the sea's level, encloses an innumerable multitude of testacea: and Humboldt found sea-shells among the Andes, fourteen thousand feet above the level of the ocean. At Touraine, on the Continent, is a bed of shells which extends nearly twenty-seven miles, having a depth of twenty feet. Mount Bolca contains upwards of one hundred species of fish from the four quarters of the earth, and collected together in one immense assemblage.

(To be continued.)

The Naturalist.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

We abridge the following from a few Horticultural Notes on a Journey from Rome to Naples, in March last, contributed to that excellent work, the *Gardeners' Magazine*, by W. Spence, Esq. F. L. S.

Italian Inn.—Mr. Spence says, "Our rooms at the inn at Capua, where we slept, opened on a terraced garden, with orange trees, vines trained on arched trellises, marble fountains, &c., which, for ten shillings expense, might have been made very gay and attractive; but all was forlornness and disorder, the beds untrimmed, and the walks littered with dirt. Two magnificent plants of Opuntia vulgaris, which flanked one of the windows, the waiter said, were planted there '*per pompa*' (for pomp's sake); a motive, unfortunately, so often the leading one in Italy, without any regard to the humbler ones of neatness and order."

Pontine Marshes.—Mr. Spence observes "the desolate aspect attributed to these twenty-four miles of the road between Rome and Naples is one of the many exaggerations which prevail with regard to Italy." He describes the surface as dead-flat, with occasional portions covered with reeds, or overflowed with water, giving the whole a fenny character, yet, as happily, there are no pollard willows, and the road runs the whole way between two rows of tall elm trees, the general effect to the eye is not offensive, and far less repulsive than some parts of Holland or Lincolnshire.

Italian Landscapes.—The absence of fine full-grown trees is the great defect of landscape scenes in Italy, where you sometimes travel a hundred miles (as in Lombardy) without setting eyes on a tree that has not been pollarded or lopped.

Palming.—In the north of Italy palm-trees are cultivated, to sell their leaves to the Romish churches for Palm-Sunday.

Italian Climate.—The true Italian climate is confined to a very small portion of Italy, namely, to some favoured spots on the western coast. Here the approximation of the Apennines to the sea, at once keeps off the north and east winds, and reflecting the sun's rays, affords the temperature which the orange, lemon, &c. require. The moment you recede from the coast, especially if a very trifling elevation of ground takes place, farewell to oranges and lemons at least in any perfection.

Sweet Lemon.—At Naples a curious variety of lemon is exposed in the streets for sale, having externally the exact colour and shape of an orange, except that at the stalk end is a depression, and on this a prominence, as in the lemon, but within having the pale pulp of the lemon, and sweet juice.

Economy.—In the square of the town of Caserta, Mr. Spence saw exposed for sale bundles of green lupine plants pulled up by the roots, and of the roots of couch grass, which we burn, but which the Italians more wisely give as a saccharine and grateful food to horses.

Campagna Felice is the title given to the extensive tract of land which lies between the mountains to the north-east of Caserta and Naples, and the Mediterranean. The whole is cultivated like a garden: rows of lopped elms or poplars intersect the fields, at the distance of 40 or 50 feet between each row, to which vines are trained: and the intermediate space is occupied by luxuriant wheat; lupines, pulled green for fodder;

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garden-beans; or ground prepared for ploughing by two oxen, without a driver, for Indian corn, &c. This is one of the grand advantages of the climate of Italy, that, while in northern Europe vast tracts of land are devoted to the exclusive growth of barley for beer, the Italians obtain a far better beverage from the very same land that supplies their bread corn, and without materially interfering with its produce: for both the vines and the trees that support them are planted so deep as to consume only the manure, which, in any case, would be washed away; and their slight shade is rather beneficial than injurious to the crops below.

Fruit at Naples.—Mr. Spence saw in March grapes of several varieties, kept through the winter, not much shrivelled, and quite free from mouldiness. Oranges in glorious profusion (chiefly from Sorrento, fifteen miles distant,) and so cheap as to allow the poorest of the poor to enjoy (what Dr. Johnson complained he had never had of peaches but once) their fill of them, and that daily. The middle-sized ones (which are the best) sell at four for a grano, which is at the rate of ten for a penny English; and the poor get twice as many of those beginning to decay.

The Gatherer.

Ancient Starvation.—Hume tells us "The Monks and Prior of St. Swithin threw themselves, one day, prostrate on the ground, and in the mire, before Henry II., complaining, with many tears and much doleful lamentation, that the Bishop of Winchester, who was also their Abbot, had cut off three dishes from their tables. "How many has he left you?" said the king, "*Ten only*," replied the disconsolate monks. "I, myself," exclaimed the king, "never have more than three, and I enjoin your bishop to reduce you to the same number." P. T. W.

Ice Water.—The Chinese rise at day-break, after a hard frost to gather ice, which they melt, and carefully bottle up as a remedy for fever in the hot months.

A French marquess having received several blows over his shoulders with a stick, which he never thought of resenting, a friend asked him how he could reconcile it with his honour, to suffer them to pass without notice. "Poh," said the marquess, "I never trouble myself with anything that passes behind my back."

Epitaph in Wycombe Churchyard, 1688.

Here lies one whose rest
Gives me a restless life,
Because I've lost a good
And virtuous wyfe.

General Generalissimo.—Bayle tells us of a General of the Jesuits at Rome, once exulting of his greatness and his order—who thus expressed himself to a friend:—"I will tell you, in this very chamber, I govern Rome—what am I talking about? Rome! I govern all Italy—what do I say? Italy! I govern Europe itself; and not Europe alone, but the whole world." P. T. W.

Classic Felony.—Sir John Hayward, was imprisoned by order of Queen Elizabeth, on account of some things advanced in his *Life and Reign of Henry IV.* She applied to Bacon to see if he could discover any passages that were treasonable, but his reply was, that "for treason he found none, but for felony, very many," which he explained by saying, that the author had stolen many sentences from Tacitus, and translated them into English. P. T. W.

A Likeness.—One of our old travellers on the continent, tells the following anecdote of a capuchin preacher: The friar observed, that whenever he held forth to his congregation, a certain man never failed to burst into tears, and continue weeping during the sermon. Supposing he had touched the man's soul by the eloquence of his oratory, the friar, with much self-satisfaction, one day ventured to inquire why he wept. "Ah, father!" said the peasant, "I never see you but I think of a venerable goat, which I lost at Easter! We were bred up together in the same family; he was the very picture of your reverence; one would swear you were brothers. Poor Baudoim! He died of a fall—God rest his soul! I would willingly pay for a couple of masses to pray him out of purgatory." W. G. C.

The Peerage.—The following is the number in each grade of the English peerage:—Dukes, 25; Marquesses, 34; Earls, 142; Viscounts, 22; Barons, 125; Countess, 1; Viscountess, 1; and Baronesses, 4.

*** In the article "Premiers," page 320, of the present volume, for Mr. Fox 7, read 9. W. G. C.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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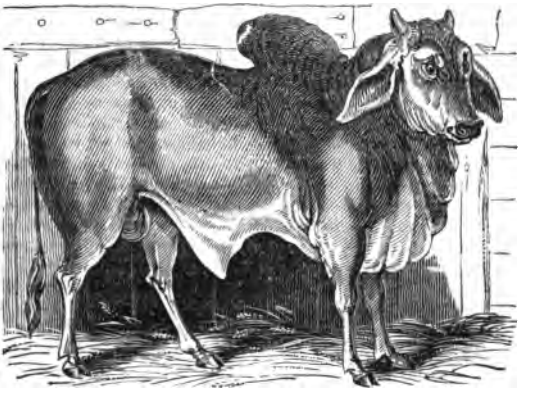
THE BRAHMIN BULL,



IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

The Zoological Society possess several *Zebus*, or Indian oxen. These were formerly considered a distinct species, but zoologists are now of opinion that the Zebu is merely a variety of the common ox, "although," as Mr. Bennett observes, "it is difficult to ascertain the causes by which the distinctive characters of the two races have been in the process of time gradually produced."* Their anatomical structure is precisely the same, and the only circumstances in which the two animals differ consist in the fatty hump on the shoulders of the Zebu, and in the somewhat more slender and delicate make of its legs.

The object of the Zoological Society in their collection of Zebus is the introduction of an improved breed of oxen. The larger specimens are kept at the farm at Kingston Hill, and only a pair of small ones are reserved for the Gardens, in addition to the Brahmin Bull, who occupies the central division of the Cattle Shed.

The specimen before us has been received by the Society from India, and is one of the largest that has ever been seen in Europe. It is equal in size to the larger breeds of our native oxen, and is of a slaty grey on the body and head;

* Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society Delineated—Quadrupeds—vol. i.

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with cream-coloured legs and dewlap, the latter exceedingly long and pendulous; very short horns directed upwards and outwards; and ears of great proportional magnitude, and so flexible and obedient to the animal's will as to be moved in all directions with the greatest facility. Although a full-grown male, he is perfectly quiet, good-tempered, and submissive, and receives the caresses of strangers with apparent satisfaction.

The whole of the breeds of Zebus are treated with great veneration by the Hindoos, who hold it sinful to deprive them of life under any pretext whatever. They are in general used as beasts of draft, principally for purposes of husbandry, but a select number (of which the specimen before us is one,) are exempted from all services, and even idolized.

Bishop Heber,* calls them *Brahminy* Bulls, and tells us they are turned out when calves, on different solemn occasions by wealthy Hindoos, as an acceptable offering to Siva. It would be a mortal sin to strike or injure them. They feed where they choose, and devout persons take great delight in pampering them. They are exceeding pests in the villages near Calcutta, breaking into gardens, thrusting their noses into the stalls of fruiterers and pastry-cook's shops, and helping themselves without ceremony. Like other petted animals, they are sometimes mischievous, and are said to resent with a push of their horns any delay in gratifying their wishes.

We may here in connexion with the Zoological Gardens, not inappropriately introduce the following graphic passage from the concluding Number of Mr. Landseer's "Characteristic Sketches of Animals." It appears as a "Note by the Editor," Mr. John Barrow, and represents the labours of the Zoological Society as very gratifying to the subscribers and the public.†

"By the spirit and perseverance with which they have succeeded in *domiciling* their magnificent collection of living animals in the Regent's Park—by the knowledge and experience they have evinced in the arrangements adopted in that establishment, and the good taste, skill, and industry, they have employed in carrying into effect its multiplied details—they have accomplished a task of far higher importance, and of infinitely nobler character, than that of merely providing for all classes of an enlightened metropolis an additional source of amusement and recreation. Such a collection, so maintained and so displayed, advances—slowly but certainly—the best interests of morals and philosophy. The curiosity which it excites, the gratification it affords, operate, though with differing degrees of intensity, on the most uncultivated and the best informed of those who visit it, to beget inquiry and awaken reflection; and in what can inquiry and reflection, thus originated, determine, but in producing or extending the most sublime impressions of the beneficence, the power, and the providence, of the Great Author of Creation? The physical mechanism of birds, the muscular energies of brutes, strike us at first with wonder, or move us with mingled terror and delight; but the activity of the human mind will not suffer us long to remain at this point of simple excitement. We involuntarily begin to analyze the properties of animals, the relations of their structure to those properties, the adaptation of the parts to the whole of that structure, and the conformity of their physical endowment and their instincts to the various *habitats* or regions in which they respectively exist. Whether we reason from causes to effects, as from instinct to habit; or endeavour, upon an inverted process, to arrive from the consideration of effects at causes, as from habit to instinct; or attempt, upon the analysis and analogies of admitted facts in the natural history of one animal, to deduce a theory of the history of another,—we shall find this mysterious but beautiful chain of relation and adaptation unbroken, impassable, perpetual. * * * * Observe how this infant colony, of which we are especially speaking, has already been peopled! The majestic nusa, captured in the sultry forests of Bengal, and the elegant gazelle, which has once bounded over the parching deserts of Barbary, have become intimate and make their couch with the white reindeer, brought from the icy wastes of Lapland. The misshapen but harmless kangaroo of New Holland is a fellow-lodger with the ferocious gnu of Southern Africa; and the patient llama, who has left the snowy sides and precipitous defiles of the Andes, contemplates without terror its formidable neighbours, the wolf of the Pyrenees, and the bear of the stupendous mountains of Thibet. In the immediate vicinity of the sacred bull, whose consecrated life has heretofore been passed in luxurious freedom or insolent enjoyment on the banks of the Ganges or the Jumna—feeds the gaunt and shaggy bison, which crops

* Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India, vol. i. 4to., 1828.

† We are indebted to the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last for early cognizance of this extract.

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with sullen tranquillity a herbage more nutritious but less grateful to him than he loved to cull among the stony pastures of the Alleghany range, or of the howling solitudes surrounding Hudson's Bay. Though thousands of leagues have interposed between the arid sands from which they have been imported into this peaceful and common home, the camel of the Thebais, as he ruminates in his grassy *parterre*, surveys with composed surprise the wild dog of the Tierra del Fuego and the sharp-eyed dingo of Australia. Around the ghastly sloth-bear, disentombed from his burrows in the gloomiest woods of Mysore or Canara—and his more lively congener of Russia—the armadillo of Brazil and the pine marten of Norway display a vivacity of action and a cheerfulness of gesture which captivity seems powerless to repress. The elephant of Ceylon, and the noble wapiti of the Canadas, repose beneath the same roof; and from his bath, or his pavilion, the Arctic bear contemplates—not his native rocks and solitudes, the crashing of icebergs, and the Polar seas, alternately lashed into terrific fury or hemmed in by accumulating precipices of ice; but —monkeys of almost every size, form, and family, which gambol in the woods of Numidia or Gundwana; in the loftiest trees of Sumatra; on the mountains of Java; by the rivers of Paraguay and Hindustan; of South America and South Asia; among the jungly banks of the Godavery and the woody shores of the Pamoni, of the Oroonoko, and the Bramahputra—in short, in every sunny clime and region where the rigours of his own winter are not only unknown, but inconceivable. There is something sublime in the mere consideration of the prodigious remoteness from one another of the various points from which these animals have thus been collected; something gratifying to human pride, in the thought that neither the freezing atmosphere of the countries which surround the Pole, nor the fierce heats of those which lie beneath the Line, or are enclosed between the Tropics—neither destructive climates, nor trackless deserts, nor stormy oceans, can interpose obstacles powerful enough to quell the enterprise of man!—that the rocky caverns of the loneliest sea-coasts, and the deepest recesses of inland forests, are insufficient to protect from him the most terrible beasts of prey which inhabit them;—and that, in short, all the kingdoms of nature pay tribute to his sagacity or his power, his courage or his curiosity. This feeling is heightened, amidst the scene we have attempted to describe, by still more numerous representatives of the feathered race. Birds of the boldest wing and brightest hues—the denizens of the woods and the waters—of every variety of plumage, habit, song, and size—from the splendid macaw and toucan to the uncouth pelican and the shapeless puffin—from the gigantic ostrich to the beautiful but diminutive golden wren; in short, all the birds which are congregated in this spot come, literally, from every corner of our globe. The great alpine vulture may have sailed above the heights of Hohenlinden; the Egyptian vulture have roosted on the terraced roofs of Cairo, or among the sacred walls of Phylæ; the condor, have built in the ruined palaces of the Incas of Peru; the flamingo or the ibis have waded through the lakes and marshes which surround the desolation of Babylon; the eagle of America have ranged, perhaps daily, over those narrow straits which separate two worlds and bid defiance to all navigation! The emu has long since tracked the vast interior of that fifth continent whose inland rivers, tribes of mankind, quadrupeds, and mineral and vegetable productions, remain still, to us, sealed mysteries. The crowned crane has drawn its food from the waters of that vast lake of Tschad, in the search for which so many Europeans have perished; the little stormy petrel, borne on the surge, or wafted by the gale, has travelled to every shore that has been visited by the tempests in which it loves to rove; and the wandering stork, like the restless swallow, has nestled, indifferently, among the chimneys of Amsterdam, the campaniles of Rome or of Pisa, and on the house-tops of Timbuctoo. In looking round upon these various birds and quadrupeds of all the regions of our globe—in considering the distant countries of their birth—their strangeness to us in feature or in form—the endless varieties of their instincts, their habits, their affections, their antipathies, their appetites—the several important offices they are destined to perform in what may be called the physical economy of the world,—in observing the powers of offence in some, of defence in others, and the astonishing means which have been supplied to certain classes of them destitute both of one and the other, of procuring their subsistence with equal facility,—it is surely impossible not to ascend to the contemplation of that all-wise and benevolent Power which has called all these creations into being, and thus informed and thus endowed them!"

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ST. PANCRAS OLD CHURCH.

(To the Editor.)

In No. 546, of *The Mirror*, you gave a History of Old Saint Pancras Church. Will you allow me to say that it is not at a Church in the South of France, where prayers are said for the souls of those that are buried here, but at the Church of St. Peter, at Rome. A writer in the *Morning Herald* of August, 1825, states thus: "The History of the Old Church of Saint Pancras is not a little singular; it is one of the oldest in the county of Middlesex, and the parish it belongs to one of the largest, being eighteen miles in circumference. The name was sent from Rome by the Pope, expressly for this church, which has the only general Catholic burial ground in England; and mass is daily said in St. Peter's, at Rome, for the repose of the souls of the faithful, whose bodies are deposited therein; and it was also the last church in England whose bell tolled for mass, or in which any Catholic rites were celebrated. A few months ago an Italian showed me an Italian prayer-book, in which was a coloured drawing of St. Pancras Church; he told me it was held in great veneration at Rome, and prayers are said daily in St. Peter's, for its prosperity, and it is considered to be the oldest church now standing in Europe." A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1749, states thus: "Christ's sacred altar here first Britain saw. Saint Pancras is included in the land granted by Ethelbert, the fifth King of Kent, to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, about the year 603. The first mention that has been found to be made of this church, occurs in the year 1183; but it does not appear whether it was, or was not, of recent erection."

It is said there was a silver tomb in this church, which was probably taken away at the time of the commonwealth. About a mile from the church, in a field in Kentish Town, is the Gospel Oak, under which, tradition says, that Saint Austin, or one of his monks, preached. Near the church was a medicinal spa, which once attained some celebrity under the name of St. Pancras' Well, and was held in such estimation as to occasion great resort of company to it during the season. It is said the water was tasteless, but had a slight cathartic property.

Dr. Stukely, in a work published in 1756, says there was a Roman camp where St. Pancras Church stands.

The old church was repaired in 1827, when the old gallery was taken down. It was reopened under the name of St. Pancras Chapel, August 1828, by the Rev. James Moore, L.L.D., the Vicar; on which occasion he delivered a lecture, in which he gave a history of the church.

Since the year 1822, five new churches have been erected in this parish: the New St. Pancras Church, Euston-square; Regent Church, Sidmouth-street; Somers Church, Seymour-street; Camden Church, Pratt-street; and Highgate Church, on the Hill.

The first Bishop of Calcutta, the Rev. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, D.D. was Vicar of St. Pancras. He died of a stroke of the sun, on the 8th of July, 1822. *A Parishioner of St. Pancras.*

MARY OF CAMBRIA.—A SONNET.

(For the Mirror.)

There was a maiden once would come and sit
Upon our mountain, the long summer day;
And watch'd the sun, till he had beauteous lit
The mist-envelop'd rocks of Mona grey:
Beneath whose base, the timid hinds would say,
Her lover perish'd; and from that dread hour,
Bereft of reason's mind ennobling ray,
Poor Mary droop'd: Llanellian's fairest flower!
Why gazeth she thus lone; can those soft eyes
Interpret aught in each dim cloud above?
Yes, there's more joy in her wild phantasies
Than reasons in its sober power could prove.
List to her wild laugh now; she smiles and cries,
It is my William's form; he beckons from yon skies.

The Author of a Tradesman's Lays *

This little metrical record is founded on fact. In the year 1808, a young female visited the grey, sterile mountain tract of Cefu Ogo, in Denbighshire, each day successively for two months. Her lover, who was a seaman on board one of the Welsh traders, had often met her there, and a tranquil, uninterrupted walk it afforded them, for exchanging the reciprocities of their mutual affection. He was lost not far from the iron-bound coast of Carnarvonshire, but nearer towards Anglesea. I saw her frequently, and her demeanour was most peaceable, except towards the evening, when her benighted fancy would conjure up a variety of pleasing expressions, which were uttered in the Welsh language; and were invariably directed towards her lover, whom she often fancied was present with her. I was happy to hear, that through the kind superintendence of the late Dr. Jones, of Denbigh, she in a great measure recovered her faculties, but died two or three years after at Liverpool.

* In our correspondent's notice of Mrs. Hemans, in No. 550, for "Lady then," read "this Lady."

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SHAKSPERIANA.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"Each scene of many-colour'd life he drew
Exhausted worlds,—and then imagin'd knew."
JOHNSON.

So much has been said, and said so well, respecting the writings of Shakspeare and the peculiar character of his genius, that it would be a hopeless as well as a presumptuous task to attempt adding anything to public information on that head. But I know not that any one has ventured to point out a few of those instances in which our great dramatist has stooped to plagiarize. That he must have done so, at least occasionally, is a matter of course, as no voluminous writings were ever given to the world that were not the result of study as well as original thought, for genius must ever be corrected by judgment, and what is judgment but the child of experience and study? Observation alone can tell us, that man is an imitative animal, and philosophy teaches us that his ideas are not innate; he must borrow them at first in a simple form from those around him, and though by the association of these ideas, and the gradual extension and improvement of them, he may eventually generate new ones, yet some traces cannot but remain of what was originally lodged in the mind, and will come into play as occasion may call them forth. Shakspeare was a perfect master of human nature, but he was a master of our language as well; he was indeed one of those who have improved it, but he could never have himself arrived at the degree of perfection in which he found it, had he not derived assistance from others, and made himself intimately acquainted with our purest national works of talent. Thus, he could never have been so ignorant as he is said to have been of English literature.

Little is known of Shakspeare's earlier years, except that he was sent to the free school at Stratford, where he acquired the rudiments of the learned languages; that he was never a distinguished classic is certain, but it is equally certain that he must have been acquainted with the Greek dramatists by the use of translations, though he may not have had scholarship enough to study them in the original. So many parallel passages might be drawn from this source, that the task would be an endless one; besides the fact is so well known and admitted, that it would be unnecessary. "We find him," says Mr. Pope, "very knowing in all the customs of antiquity." In *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, and other plays where the scene is laid at Rome, not only the spirit but the manners of the ancient Romans is exactly shown, and his reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous. It is well known at the universities of this country, that on any public examination, be the play either tragic or comic, the students are frequently required to produce parallel passages from the writings of Shakspeare: now it might indeed with some reason be supposed that occasionally the same ideas would present themselves to different minds, and where two writers are equally well acquainted with the nature of man, and equally skilled in analyzing his passions, it might well, I say, be supposed, that such true and acute observation would suggest similar ideas, and perhaps even the same method of defining them. Yet when this similarity is frequent instead of occasional, when the unusual peculiarity of the sentiment renders it startling and suspicious, then the above supposition becomes too extensive even for prejudice to admit. Such however is the case here, and so the matter stands between Shakspeare and the ancient dramatists. Even some of the machinery he has made use of is not his own. Thus, the seemingly ingenious introduction of "The Play" into *Hamlet*, is borrowed from an old Greek drama, where Alexander, the tyrant of Pharos, is struck with remorse for his crimes upon viewing similar cruelties to his own, practised upon the stage.

At that earlier period of literature when Shakspeare flourished, books were few in number, and consequently scarce; yet there can be no doubt that our author seized every opportunity of improving and strengthening his mind: whether he had any acquaintance with the modern languages is unknown, but he has certainly introduced many French scenes in his works, and he has taken several of his plots, such as that of *Romeo and Juliet*, from the Italians. As to his own language, he is said to have made the poems of Chaucer principally his study, so that it would not be quite fair to produce any plagiarisms from that writer; but I give the reader a few specimens of English literature taken from other quarters, which seem to have afforded Shakspeare ideas, or else matter, to work upon. The following passage is from one of our oldest dramas, and it will readily call to the recollection of the reader, the celebrated speech of Claudio in *Measure for Measure:*

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"To die is sure to go we know not whither,
We lie in silent darkness, and we rot,
Perhaps the spirit, which is future life,
Dwells, salamander-like, unharm'd in fire,
Or else with wand'ring winds is blown about
The world; but if condemned like these
Whom our uncertain thought imagines howling,
Then the most loath'd and the most weary life,
Which age, ache, penury or imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death."

The sentences that follow are from a small historical work I have fallen in with, written in old English, but without its date; about a fourth part of the matter contained in this little book is to be found woven into the different historical plays of Shakspeare, but the underwritten extracts are very nearly in his own words, allowing, of course, for the more poetical expression.

(*Fall of Wolsey.*) "Being near his end, he called Sir William Kingston to him, and said, 'Pray, present my duty to his majesty, who is a noble and gallant prince, and of a resolved mind, for he will venture the loss of his kingdom, rather than be contradicted in his desires. And now, Mr. Kingston, had I but served my God as diligently as I have served the king, he never would have forsaken me in my grey hairs!'" (Compare this with Cardinal Wolsey's speech to Cromwell, *Henry VIII.*, Act iii.)

Amongst other particulars in this book, concerning *Richard III.* we have the following: "The Protector coming in council, seemed more than ordinarily merry, and after some other discourses, 'My lord (says he to the Bishop of Ely) you have very good strawberries in your garden in Holborn, pray let us have a dish of them.' 'With all my heart,' replied the bishop, and sent for some. Afterwards, the Protector knit his brows and his lips, and rising up in great wrath, he exclaimed, 'My lords, I have to tell you, that that old sorceress, my brother Edward's widow, and her partner, that common prostitute, Jane Shore, have by witchcraft and enchantment been contriving to take away my life, and though by God's mercy they have not been able to finish this villany, yet see the mischief they have done me; (and then he showed his left arm,) how they have caused this dear limb of mine to wither and grow useless.'" (Vide *Richard III.* Act iii. Scene 2.)

Shakspeare was contemporary with Bacon, and he no doubt valued and studied with attention, the writings of that great man. The working up of the splendid dialogue between Iago and Othello, may not impossibly have been suggested by this sentence of Lord Bacon: "Breaking off in the midst of what one was about to say, (as if he took himself up) breeds a greater appetite in him with whom you confer, to know more." (Vide *Essays.*)

But let us drop the tone of attempted criticism, which ill becomes an embryo writer at any time, and still less so when Shakspeare is the theme. Having mentioned Bacon, perhaps the following authenticated dialogue may not be uninteresting to the reader, especially as it is only to be met with in one or two scarce books:

(*Shakspeare.*) "I have heard, my lord, that a certain arch in Trinity College, Cambridge, would stand until a greater man than your lordship should pass through it."

(*Bacon.*) "Did you ever pass through it, Mr. Shakspeare?"

(*Shakspeare.*) "No, my lord, I never was at Cambridge."

(*Bacon.*) "Then we cannot decide which of us two is the greater man. I am told that most of the professors there pass under the arch without fear; which indeed shows a wise contempt of the superstition."

(*Shakspeare.*) "I rejoice to think that the world is yet to have a greater man than your lordship, since the arch must fall at last."

Several of Shakspeare's least amusing plays are supposed to be not of his composition, such as *Henry VI.*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, with the exception of the master-touches and some of the finer speeches, which probably were introduced by him. This, however, is a trick of trade in every department of science; and when we see, for instance, the collected works of some great artist, it would be ridiculous to suppose that his whole lifetime could have sufficed for so much handicraft, and perhaps in reality, only the faces and more delicate parts were the work of his pencil.

To return to Shakspeare. The objections to his style, which are many, especially to a more modern reader, are excusable from several causes. The writers of the Elizabethan age and previously, were all of them very coarse in their mode of expression, and the dramatists not very delicate in their plots, though in doing so they did but obey the dictates of fashion and the bad taste of the times. Even prolixity and circumlocution were countenanced, and the insufferable conceits we meet with in the poems of Donne, Cowley, and others, were highly relished in those days. Euphæism (mentioned so often by Sir W. Scott in *The Abbot,*) was

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also then in vogue, and all these various peculiarities of style, language, &c. were indispensable in all that was offered to the public. Shakspeare's fondness and propensity for punning may claim the same excuse, viz. "the hoary head and furrowed face of custom;" yet there are some of these puns interspersed through his works, which are sad blots indeed to our modern fastidious eyes, and that we could well wish to see expunged; such a one now is this:

"Say, '*pardon*,' king, let pity teach thee now."

"Speak it in French, king, say, '*pardonnez moi*."

"A quibble (says Dr. Johnson,) gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, of propriety, and even of truth; a quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it!"

Schiller, who is styled "the Shakspeare of Germany," and who is so ardently admired at the present day, has indeed taken our author for his model; he has in many respects been too servile a student, for his plagiarisms are both close and numerous. Thus, any one acquainted with his celebrated play of *The Robbers*, will readily recollect that the whole story is built upon the secondary plot in *King Lear*, between the Duke of Gloucester and his two sons; one of these who is a natural child, and a villain withal, contrives to poison the mind of the father, and to eject the legitimate son from his favour; it will be found exactly thus in Schiller's famous story of "The Robbers." It must be acknowledged, however, that foreigners in general have never idolized Shakspeare, or paid him that devoted adoration, which his countrymen both pay and think him entitled to. Hear Voltaire's overdrawn and even paltry criticism of *Hamlet*. "The tragedy of *Hamlet* is a gross and barbarous composition, which would not be supported by the lowest populace in France and Italy. Hamlet goes mad in the second act, Ophelia in the third; he takes the father of his mistress for a rat, and runs him through the body. In despair, the heroine drowns herself. Her grave is dug on the stage, while the grave-diggers enter into a conversation *suitable* (!) to such low wretches, and play, as it were, with dead men's bones! Hamlet answers their abominable stuff, with follies equally disgusting. Hamlet, with his father and mother-in-law, drink together upon the stage; they sing at table, afterwards they quarrel, and battle and death ensue. In short, one might take this performance for the fruits of the imagination of *a drunken savage*." (*Letters on the English Nation.*)

In another place, this writer says, "Shakspeare had not a single spark of good taste, or knew one rule of the drama. In one of his *monstrous farces*, to which he has given the name of Tragedies, we find the jokes of the Roman shoemakers and cobblers introduced in the same scene with the orations of Brutus and Antony." (See Voltaire's *Essays on Tragedy and Comedy*.) Here this rival dramatist again objects to any introduction of the lower orders on the stage, and seems averse to whatever is natural, and to depicting life as it is; but if any excuse is necessary for Shakspeare on this head, we must remember that the stage was in his time, and indeed is now perhaps, more particularly levelled to please the populace, and its success more immediately depends on the common suffrage; accordingly the scenes of our English drama, and Shakspeare's scenes particularly, are very often laid among tradesmen and mechanics, and though it may be contrary to all good taste, the author is compelled to indulge in bombast expressions, pompous and thundering rhymes, and sometimes even ribaldry and mean, unmannerly buffoonery.

During his lifetime, Shakspeare acquired reputation principally through his poems, which from some unaccountable cause, are now comparatively neglected, and we may add unfortunately so for the enjoyment of the public. These poems were more admired than his plays, and what speaks higher in their favour, they are more expressively alluded to by contemporary writers. The "Venus and Adonis" is a splendid piece of composition, and very touching in its sentiment; even its illustrious author was proud to call it "the first heir of his invention." We have from it one of our most popular songs, which constitutes one of its stanzas:

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph with long dishevell'd hair
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen."

His ready talent for composition was singular, and perhaps unparalleled; his mind and hand ever went together, and it is reported he was never known to blot a line. He was an actor occasionally in his own plays, but it does not indeed appear that he excelled in this art.

Shakspeare never considered his works worthy of posterity, and was little careful of popularity while he lived; having acquired a competency by his labours, he retired to Stratford, and spent the

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remainder of his life in ease and retirement, like a private gentleman. His income was estimated at £200. The epitaph—not that on his monument, but on the rude stone actually covering his remains is to the following effect, and thus curiously written:

"Good friend, for Jesus SAKE forbeare
To digg T—E dast EncloAsed HERE
Blese be T—E man $\frac{T}{T}$ spares TEs stones
And curst be he $\frac{T}{y}$ moves my bones."

I conclude this rather desultory article with Lord Lyttleton's splendid eulogy on him, which in a few words expresses more than the finest Philippic to his memory—"If all human things were to perish except the works of Shakspeare, it might still be known from them what sort of a creature Man was!"

F.

SIR THOMAS FOWLER'S LODGE, ISLINGTON.

Few parishes in the environs of London are so rich in architectural antiquities as the "considerable village" of Islington. Canonbury-house, of which a solitary tower remains, is said to have been the country-residence of the Priors of St. Bartholomew, and to have been *re*built early in the 16th century. Highbury belonged also to the Priory. The existing relics are chiefly of the Elizabethan age. The lodge, represented in the cut, belonged to an old mansion, the property of the Fowler family, built in 1595, which appears on a ceiling. The house fronts Cross-street, and the lodge is at the extremity of the garden, and adjoins Canonbury Fields. It is most probable that this was built as a summer-house by Sir Thomas Fowler, the younger, whose arms are placed in the wall, with the date 1655. It has been absurdly called Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, but with no other foundation than her majesty having passed through it when on a visit to Sir Thomas Fowler.

The Fowlers appear to have been of some note. Sir Thomas Fowler, the elder, who died in 1624, was one of the jury on Sir Walter Raleigh's trial: his son, Sir Thomas, was created a baronet in 1628; the title became extinct at his death. Some coats of arms were taken out of the windows of the old mansion. Among these were the arms of Fowler and Heron. Thomas Fowler, the first of the family who settled at Islington married the daughter of Herne, or Heron, of that place.*

The Pied Bull, near Islington Church, is stated to have been the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh; though Oldys, in his *Life of Raleigh*, says there is no proof of it; and John Shirley, of Islington, another of Raleigh's biographers, records nothing of his living there. The statement is, however, renewed in a Life of Sir Walter, published in 1740.

* See Harl. MSS., No. 1551.

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Fine Arts.

PANORAMA OF MILAN.

By the aid of Mr. Burford's panoramic pencil, the sight-hunter of our times may enjoy a kind of imaginary tour through the world. At one season he wafts us to the balmy climes of India—next he astounds us with the icy sublimities of the Pole (a fine summer panorama, by the way)—then to the glittering spires, minarets, and mosques of Constantinople—then to the infant world of New Holland—and back to the Old World, to enjoy scenes and sites which are hallowed in memory's fond shrine, by their association with the most glorious names and events in our history. We remember the philosophical amusement of the great Lord Shaftesbury, in contriving *all the world in an acre* in his retreat at Reigate: what his Lordship laboured to represent in his garden, Mr. Burford essays in his panoramas—in short, he gives us all the world on an acre—of canvass.

Reader, we do not hold the grand secret of life to be the art of hoaxing, when we tell you that for a Greenwich fare you may be transported to the classic regions of Italy—that a walk to Leicester Square will probably delight you more than a ride to Greenwich, little as we are inclined to underrate the last of the pleasures of the people. The contrast is forcible, and the intellectual adtantage to be enjoyed in the metropolis too evident to be overlooked.

At the Panorama, *Florence* is in the upper circle, and *Milan* in the lower one. The main attraction of the latter is the celebrated cathedral, which forms, as it were, the nucleus of the scene. The point of view has been objected to, as the spectator is placed about mid-way up the cathedral, and thus looks down into the streets and squares of the city; but, it should be remembered, that he also enjoys the distant country, which he could not have done had the view been from the area of the city; and, as we have before said, the beauty of the *paysage* is one of the perfections of Mr. Burford's paintings. Its present success may be told from the *Description:*

"Beyond, the eye ranges to an immense distance over the rich and fertile plains of Lombardy, Piedmont, and the Venetian States, luxuriant with every description of rural beauty, intersected by rivers and lakes, and thickly studded with towns and villages, with their attendant gardens, groves, and vineyards. The Northern horizon, from East to West, is bounded by the vast chain of the Alps, which form a magnificent semicircle at from eighty to one hundred and twenty miles distant, Monte Rosa, Monte Cenis, Monte St. Gothard, the Simplon, &c. covered with eternal snow, being conspicuous from their towering height; towards the South the view is bounded by the Apennines, extending across the peninsula from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic; and on the South-west, the Piedmontese hills, in the neighbourhood of Turin, appear a faint purple line on the horizon, so small as to be scarcely visible; the purity of the atmosphere enables the eye to discern the most distant objects with accuracy, and the brilliant sunshine gives inconceivable splendour to every part of the scene; each antique spire and curiously-wrought tower sparkles brightly in its beams, whilst the dark foliage of fine trees, even in the heart of the city, relieves the eye, and produces a beautiful and pleasing effect."

The cathedral will be recollected as the finest specimen extant of pointed Gothic architecture, and termed by the Milanese, the eighth wonder of the world. It is entirely of white marble, and its highest point four hundred feet from the base. A better idea of its minute as well as vast beauty will be afforded by the reader turning to our engraving of the exterior in vol. xiv. of *The Mirror*. It is successfully painted in the Panorama, although it has not the dazzling whiteness that a stranger might expect; and, on it are those beautiful tinges which are thought to be shed by the atmosphere upon buildings of any considerable age. This effect is visible ever in the fine climate of Italy: it is ingeniously referred to by Sir Humphry Davy in his last work * to the chemical agency of water. He speaks, however, rather of the *decay* produced by water, of which *tinge* is but the first stage. The latter is very pleasing, and, about two years since, the fine portico of the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, was artificially coloured to produce this effect of *time*, as it has been poetically considered.

The City of Milan is not particularly interesting, though to an untravelled beholder, it has points of attraction. He may probably be struck with the vast extent of some of the structures when compared with the puny buildings of our own country and times; and the space occupied by the palaces will but remind him of the mistaken magnificence of

* "Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher." 1830.

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Buckingham, or the gloomy grandeur of St. James's. Again, the plastered and fancifully coloured fronts of the dwelling-houses, their gay draperies, &c. but ill-assort with the heavy red-brick exteriors of our metropolis; although this contrast is to be sought elsewhere than in externals. Mr. Burford's summary, or characteristics of the city may be quoted:

"The form of the city is nearly circular, about ten miles in circumference, although perhaps the thickly built and more densely populated part may be confined to an area of half that size. There are several large and handsome squares, but the streets, with very few exceptions, are neither wide nor regular; the pavement is formed like that of Paris, of small, sharp pebbles, with occasionally a narrow footway on each side, and the addition of two (or in the wider streets four) strips of flat stones in the centre, forming a sort of railway, on which the carriage wheels run with great smoothness and very little noise. The churches, hospitals, establishments for the poor, and other public institutions, are numerous, and display all the richness and magnificence of Italian architecture, and are at the same time endowed on a most liberal scale; the ancient palaces of the nobles, vast and rude, bear stamp of the importance of the city in the middle ages, when they served as domestic fortresses and lodged well-appointed and numerous retinues; and although they cannot at present vie with those of Rome or Genoa, yet they display considerable architectural luxury, and contain fine collections of works of art; attached to many are large and well-stocked gardens, which add much to the beauty of the city. Very little regard is paid to regularity of appearance in the general buildings; they vary in height from two to five stories, and are built of brick, or granite from the Lago Maggiori, plastered, coloured, or ornamented, according to the taste of the owner; many are still without the luxury of glass in the windows; the shops are numerous and well furnished; their entrances, as well as those of the coffee-houses, are frequently defended only by a coloured drapery, which, with the silk tapestry hung at the church doors, and occasionally from the balconies, &c., has a gay and pleasing effect; indeed the whole appearance of the city is cheerful and flourishing."

The groupes and incidents in the streets will amuse the spectator. There is *Policinel*,—the eternal Punch—with his audience, a short distance from the Cathedral. All over Europe, the most enlightened portion of the world, is this little *Motley* to be seen frolicking with flashes of satire; the motto for his proscenium should be *hic et ubique*.

One of the beauties of this Panorama is the masterly effect of *the Italian* sky. There are fewer cloudless days in Italy than the stranger may imagine, but Mr. Burford was fortunate in his season.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CHIT CHAT OF THE DAY.

THERE is a good share of pleasant patter in the following abridged from the *Metropolitan*.

"Every one says that I am an odd person; I presume I am, and so is every one else taken singly. I can prove that by Cocker. One and one make two—two is even, one is odd, I am but one. There's logic for you. I am also a rambler by temperament. I ramble my person at my own free will, and my mind rambles quite indifferent as to its intimate connexion with the former. I look at the stars, and my thoughts are of women—I look at the earth, and my thoughts run upon heaven—I frequent the opera, and moralize upon the world and its vanities—I sit in my pew at church, and my thoughts ramble every where in spite of my endeavours and those of the parson to boot—I live in town all the year, because it's the fashion to be here in the season, and because I prefer London most when I can walk about where there is nobody to interrupt me. In the season, I am allowed to walk into every body's house, very often get an invite to fill up an odd corner, and as there generally is an odd corner at every party, and I do not stand at a short notice, I eat more good dinners than most people. I am not a fool, and yet not too clever, so that poised in that happy medium, I hear all, see all, know a great deal of what is going on, and hold my tongue. When people inhabit their town houses, I spend the whole day going from one to the other. I consider a house the only safe part of the metropolis. Were I to frequent the street during the season, I am so apt to fall into a brown study, that I'm certain to be jostled until I am black and blue—I have found myself calculating an arithmetical problem at a crossing, and have not been aware of my danger until a pair of greys sixteen hands high in full trot have snorted in my face—I am an idler by profession, live at a club, sleep

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at chambers, and have just sufficient means to pay my way and indulge my disposition. But I've not stated why I particularly like town when it is empty. It is because I feel relieved of all the fashionable et ceteras. By the time the season is over I am tired of dinners, of wine, of the opera, the eternal announcement of visiters at parties and balls, the music, the exotics, the suppers, the rattling of carriages, and the rattling of tongues. I rejoice at last to find London *en deshabille*—I can then do as I please without any fear of losing my character as a fashionable man. I consider that I can in London extract more amusement in a given quantity of ground than at any other place. A street will occupy me for a whole day: with an indifferent coat, and nothing but silver in my waistcoat pocket, I stop at every shop-window and examine every thing. Should it so happen that the prices are affixed to every article displayed, I make it a rule to read every one of them. I know therefore when Urling's lace is remarkably cheap, the value of most articles of millinery, the relative demands for boots, shoes, and hats, and prices of 'reach-me-downs' at a ready-made warehouse. At a pawnbroker's shop-window I have passed two or three hours very agreeably in ascertaining the sums at which every variety of second-hand goods are 'remarkably cheap,' from a large folio Bible as divinity, flutes and flageolets as music, pictures and china as taste, gold and silver articles as luxury, wedding rings as happiness, and duelling pistols as death. I could not of course indulge in these peripatetic fancies during the season without losing caste, but there is a season for all things.

* * * *

"Talking of pictures, by the way, what a marvellous falling off is there in Wilkie!—a misfortune arising, as I take it, from a struggle after novelty of style. There is a portrait of the King by him in Somerset House Exhibition, like nothing on earth but a White Lion on its hinder legs, and there was one a year or two since of George the Fourth in a Highland dress—a powerful representation of Lady Charlotte Bury, dressed for Norval. Look at that gem of art, his Blind Fiddler, now in the National Gallery, or at his Waterloo Gazette, or at the Rent Day, and compare any one of them with the senseless stuff he now produces, and grieve. His John Knox—ill placed for effect, as relates to its height from the ground, I admit; but look at that—flat as a teaboard—neither depth nor brilliancy. Knox himself strongly resembling in attitude the dragon weathercock on Bow steeple painted black. Has Wilkie become thus demented in compliment to Turner, the Prince of Orange (colour) of artists? Never did man suffer so severely under a yellow fever, and yet live so long. I dare say it is extremely bad taste to object to his efforts; but I am foolish enough to think that one of the chief ends of art is to imitate nature as closely as possible. Look, for instance, at Copley Fielding's splendid drawing in the Water Colour Exhibition, of vessels in a gale off Calshot; and certainly I have never yet seen any thing either animal or vegetable at all like the men, women, trees, grass, mountains, which appear in Mr. Turner's works.

"This is of course an individual opinion, but I think it may be expressed without any fear of incurring a charge of ill-nature, when one thing is recollected. Copley Fielding cannot be a bad artist; Prout cannot be a bad artist; Nash cannot be a bad artist; De Vint, Stanfield, Reinagle, Calcott, none of these can be called bad artists; yet not one of these gentlemen, eminent as they are, produce any thing like Turner's drawings. Now if they are all wrong, Mr. Turner is quite right; but it is utterly impossible *he* should be so, if they are.

"Everybody knows the story of the sign-painter in the country, who could paint nothing but a red lion; and accordingly he advised every inn-keeper and alehouse-keeper in the neighbouring village, who applied to him, to have the sign of the Red Lion. This did very well for a considerable time, and the painter practised so successfully that not a hamlet or town, for ten miles round, that had not its red lion; until at length a new-comer, who, like Daniel of old, thought there were quite as many lions round him as were wanted, suggested to the artist that he should like to have a swan for the sign of his small concern. In vain the painter protested, Boniface was resolute. 'Well,' said the rural Apelles, 'if you will have a swan you must, but you may rely upon it when it is finished, it will be so like a red lion, you would not know the difference.' So Turner, if he were to paint a blackbird, it would be so like a canary when it was finished, you would not know one from the other.

"Among other sights, I was induced to go and visit the 'Fleas,' last Saturday. Never was there such an imposition; instead of being harnessed, they

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were tied by the hind legs, and the combatants, poor wretches! were pinched by the tails in tweezers, and of course moved their legs in their agony. Well, thought I, as I went out, I have been in Spain, and Portugal, and Italy, and have passed many a restless night, but hang me if ever I was so flea bitten in my life as I have been to day; and I thought of my shilling and the old proverb.

"There is a picture of Lord Mulgrave in the Somerset House exhibition, very like, painted by Briggs. The best portrait there, is Pickersgill's Lord Hill; as a likeness, it is identity; and I admire it the more, from the total absence of what the painters call accessories. It is simple, and though honourably decorated, is unadorned by what is considered 'groscape' drapery; and yet Mr. Pickersgill was at one time an unqualified admirer of cloaks; every hawbuck of a fellow who sat to him, was wrapped up in a cloak: this he has conquered, and we rejoice at it. The portrait of Lady Coote is a good picture; it is a pity that her ladyship had not sat a few years earlier; but that is no affair of the painter. A picture of Lady Londonderry, in the costume of Queen Elizabeth, by a Frenchman is amazingly like. There is a story about this dress which only proves the advantages of making experiments before any grand display. The petticoat of the Virgin Queen, as personated by her ladyship, was so thickly covered with diamonds, that the substratum of material could scarcely be seen; and nothing could be more splendid than the effect; but the diamonds glittered all round the dress, behind and before, and at the side; and so long as her ladyship paraded the magnificent suite of her apartments, all was well, and all shone brilliantly; but lo and behold, when her ladyship threw herself gracefully on her mimic throne, she found that she might as well be sitting in her *robe de chambre* on a pebbly pavement, or a heap of flints just prepared for Macadamization. Stones, though precious, are still stones, and the jump the Marchioness gave when she first felt the full effect of her jewels, is described as something prodigious. So handsome a person, however, might easily dispense with such ornaments. A queen of hearts may always look down upon a mere queen of diamonds.

"And what are we to say of other representations? What a sensation (at any other period how much greater would it have been!) Mr. Sheridan Knowles' Hunchback has made: why Mr. Sheridan Knowles made his hero a Hunchback I cannot imagine. The play is an admirable play; and what is as strange a part of the affair as any, is the acting of the author. To say it is finished, or fine, would be to talk nonsense; but it is plain, straightforward, common-scene acting, which very much surprised us, more especially from an author, still more from an Irish author; and more still from an author, who in private life is a perfect enthusiast, and a fine phrenzied-eye orator. Fanny Kemble never appeared to greater advantage in public—in private, her charming conduct with regard to her brother, the young soldier, speaks volumes for her. They say she is going to marry a son of Keppell Craven's, Lord Craven's uncle. They met first, I believe, at the acting of Lord Leveson Gower's play of Hernani, at Bridgewater House, when Mr. Craven reaped much histrionic fame as an amateur. Of one thing we are quite sure, Miss Kemble will act well wherever she may be placed in the world.

"One of the best conundrums I have heard for a long time, is attributed to that excellent and agreeable fellow, Yates, who is amongst those who do credit to the stage. Whether it is his own, or not, is a question to rest upon his veracity. It is this—'When does an alderman look like a ghost?' Answer. 'When he's a *gobbling*.' This is surely a *jeu d'esprit*. By the way, Rogers begins to whistle now; not in fear, or harmony, or for amusement, but I am afraid from the effects produced by advanced age. I regret this—he is an excellent person, and a gentlemanly poet; and I never shall forget the patience with which he bore a most unintentional misquotation, made from his works, and in his presence, by a man of the name of Barton, who wanted to compliment him, by recollecting his verses. The story that he quoted was Rogers' pretty song of

"Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To every passing villager."

"Mr. Barton—who he was I never found out—having eulogized this little effusion with a superhuman ecstacy, repeated it right to a line—but not to a word. He gave it us thus—

"Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there,
Close by my cot she *shows* her *tail*
To every passing villager."

"Not a muscle moved in Mr. Rogers' pale and placid countenance, you would

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hardly have thought he lived; but turning to Luttrell, whose mouth twisted and whose eye rolled at the fun of the mistake, he simply whispered, 'Non *tali* auxilio, &c.' Barton survived it, and is still alive and merry.

"I perceive that there have been changes at the Admiralty. Dyer, Darch, and Riley superannuated. Hay takes Darch's place as reading clerk. This is right. Hay is a gentleman, and a man of business. Met Sir Francis—which Sir Francis, you would say, for there are two who frequent the Admiralty, the obtuse and the clever. I mean the clever. 'Well, Frank, how goes on the Vernon, and how did she go off the other day? No want of water, I presume.' 'No; thank *heaven* for that! Why, she went off beautifully, but the lubberly mateys contrived to get her foul of the hulk, and Lord Vernon came out of the conflict minus a leg and an arm.'—'Who had you there?' 'Upon my honour I hardly know. I was so busy paying my devoirs to Lady Graham; she looked for all the world like a mermaid, as she stood by the bows and christened the vessel. Her hair hung down as straight as the lower rigging when first put over the mast heads.' —'I wish I had such a beautiful mermaid for a wife,' replied H———, who had joined and listened to our conversation. 'What a pretty creature is that Miss E———; she looked as fresh as if she had just come out of a shower bath.' 'Well, so she had.'

* * * *

"I went to the Opera on Tuesday to hear Mariani. She is splendid—confounded plain, but that's no consequence. That Grisi screams rather too much, although she acts well, and has a pretty person, if it was washed. I believe Brugnoli's toes are made of *cast iron*. *Toe* K—g, could make no impression upon them. You know how K—g obtained that name. He is a little puffy fellow, who goes about town, making acquaintance with every body—is endured at watering places for his poodle qualities of 'fetch and carry:' he is very anxious to become acquainted with noblemen, and his plan is to sidle up and tread very lightly upon an aristocratical toe—then an immediate apology, and the apology is followed also with the wind and weather, and the leading topic of the day, a knowledge of his lordship's friends or relations, and a good morning. The next day when they meet, a polite bow from Mr. K—g, and if an opportunity offers he enters into conversation, and thus establishes his acquaintance. Such is his EXTREME method of introducing himself, which deserves credit for its ingenuity and exclusiveness. I once knew a man who had only one story, and that was about a gun. His difficulty was to introduce this story, and he at last succeeded, like K—g, by the use of his foot. When sitting after dinner he would stamp under the table and create a hollow sound. Then, God bless me! what's that—a gun? By the by, talking about guns—and then came his story."

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE MESSIAH.

By Robert Montgomery.

THE subsequent passages exhibit many of the beauties and few of the blemishes of Mr. Montgomery's new poem:

THE WILDERNESS.

Oh, when hath mind conceived
Magnificence beyond a midnight there,
When Israel camp'd, and o'er her tented host
The moonlight lay?—On yonder palmy mount,
Lo! sleeping myriads in the dewy hush
Of night repose; around in squared array,
The camps are set: and in the midst, apart,
The curtain'd shrine, where mystically dwells
Jehovah's presence!—through the soundless air
A cloudy pillar, robed in burning light,
Appears:—concenter'd as one mighty heart,
A million lie, in mutest slumber bound,
Or, panting like the ocean, when a dream
Of storm awakes her:—Heaven and Earth are still:
In radiant loveliness the stars pursue
Their pilgrimage, while moonlight's wizard hand
Throws beauty, like a spectre light, on all.
At Judah's tent the lion-banner stands
Unfolded, and the pacing sentinels,—
What awe pervades them, when the dusky groves,
The rocks Titanian, by the moonshine made
Unearthly, or you mountains vast, they view!
But soon as morning bids the sky exult,
As earth from nothing, so that countless host
From slumber and from silence will awake
To mighty being! while the forest-birds
Rush into song, the matin breezes play,
And streamlets flash where prying sunbeams fall:
Like clouds in lustre, banners will unroll!
The trumpet shout, the warlike tramp resound,
And hymns of valour from the marching tribes
Ascend to gratulate the risen morn.

PATRIARCHAL TIMES.

A vision of that unforgotten prime,
The patriarchal age, when Earth was young,
Awhile oh! let it linger!—on the soul
It breaketh, like a lovely burst of spring
Upon the gaze of captives, when the clouds
Again are floating over freedom's head!—
Though Sin had wither'd with a charnel breath
Creation's morning bloom, there still remain'd
Elysian hues of that Adamic scene,
When the Sun gloried o'er a sinless world,
And with each ray produced a flower!—From dells
Untrodden, hark! the breezy carol comes
Upwafted, with the chant of radiant birds.—

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What meadows, bathed in greenest light, and woods
Gigantic, towering from the skiey hills,
And od'rous trees in prodigal array,
With all the elements divinely calm —
Our fancy pictures on the infant globe!
And ah! how godlike, with imperial brow
Benignly grave, yon patriarchal forms
Tread the free earth, and eye the naked heavens!
In Nature's stamp of unassisted grace
Each limb is moulded; simple as the mind
The vest they wear; and not a hand but works,
Or tills the ground with honourable toil:
By youth revered, their sons around them grow
And flourish; monarch of his past'ral tribe,
A patriarch's throne is each devoted heart!
And when he slumbers on the tented plain
Beneath the vigil stars, a living wall
Is round him, in the might of love's defence:
For he is worthy—sacrifice and song
By him are ruled; and oft at shut of flowers,
When queenly virgins in the sunset go
To carry water from the crystal wells,
In beautiful content,—beneath a tree
Whose shadows hung o'er many a hallow'd sire,
He sits; recording how creation rose
From nothing, of the Word almighty born;
How Man had fallen, and where Eden boughs
Had waved their beauty on the breeze of morn;
Or, how the angels still at twilight love
To visit earth with errands from the sky.

ISAIAH.

Terrific bard! and mighty—in thy strain
A torrent of inspiring passion sounds—
Whether for cities by th' Almighty cursed,
Thy wail arose—or, on enormous crimes
That darken'd heav'n with supernat'ral gloom,
Thy flash of indignation fell, alike
The feelings quiver when thy voice awakes!—
Borne in the whirlwind of a dreadful song,
The spirit travels round the destin'd globe,
While shadows, cast from solemn years to come,
Fall round us, and we feel a God is nigh!

But when a gladness from thy music flows,
Creation brightens!—glory paints the sky,
The Sun hath got an everlasting smile,
And Earth is temper'd for immortal spring—
The lion smoothes his ruffled mane, the lamb
And wolf together feed, and by the den
Of serpents, see! the rosy infant play.

THE SAVIOUR.

As o'er the grandeur of unclouded heaven
Our vision travels with a free delight,
As though the boundless and the pure were made
For speculation—so the tow'ring mind,
By inward oracle inspired and taught,
The lofty and the excellent in mind adores.
Then, Saviour! what a paragon art Thou
Of all that Wisdom in her hope creates—
A model for the universe—Though God
Be round us, by the shadow of His might
For aye reflected, and with plastic hand
Prints on the earth the character of things—
Yet He Himself,—how awfully retired
Depth within depth, unutterably deep!
His glory brighter than the brightest thought
Can picture, holier than our holiest awe
Can worship,—imaged only in I AM!
But Thou—apparell'd in a robe of true
Mortality; meek sharer of our low
Estate, in all except compliant sin:
To Thee a comprehending worship pays
Perennial sacrifice of life and soul,
By love enkindled;—Thou hast lived and breathed;
Our wants and woes partaken—all that charms
Or sanctifies, to Thine unspotted truth
May plead for sanction—virtue but reflects
Thine image! wisdom is a voice attuned
To consonance with Thine—and all that yields
To thought a pureness, or to life a peace,
From Thee descends—whose spirit-ruling sway,
Invisible as thought, around us brings
A balm almighty for affliction's hour—
Once felt, in all the fullness of Thy grace
The living essence of the living soul,—
And there is faith—a firm-set, glorious faith,
Eternity cannot uproot, or change—
Oh, then the second birth of soul begins,
That purifies the base, the dark illumes,
And binds our being with a holy spell,
Whereby each function, faculty, and thought
Surrenders meekly to the central guide
Of hope and action, by a God empower'd.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

A God with all his glory laid aside,
Behold Him bleeding,—on his awful brow
The mingled sorrows of a world repose—
"'Tis FINISH'D,"—at those words creation throbs,
Round Hell's dark universe the echo rolls—
All Nature is unthroned—and mountains quake
Like human being when the death-pang comes—
The sun has wither'd from the frighted air,
And with a tomb-burst, hark, the dead arise
And gaze upon the living, as they glide
With soundless motion through the city's gloom,
Most awfully,—the world's Redeemer dies.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

We quote the following from the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* history of these countries:

The Penitential Habit.

"From the fifth century," says Masdeu, "or from the beginning of the sixth, the custom prevailed in Spain of the infirm, when so heavily afflicted as to be in danger of death, piously assuming the tonsure and the penitential habit, and engaging to continue both through life, if God raised them up. As the use of this penance became common enough to throw discredit on the piety of all who did not thus undertake it, if the sick or dying man was unable to demand the habit, his relations or friends could invest him with it, and his obligation to a penitential life thenceforward was as great as if that obligation had been imposed, not by others, but at his own request, since, as he was charitably supposed to be thus piously inclined, he must of necessity wish to become a penitent. This continued in force until king Chindaswind, impressed with the abuses to which it had given rise, decreed that in such cases the obligation imposed by others should be void unless the patient should afterwards ratify it when in a sound state of mind. Penitents of this class might remain in their own houses, without seclusion within the walls of a monastery; but they were for ever compelled to wear the habit and shaven crown, to shun business and diversions, to lead exemplary and chaste lives: if single, they could not marry; if married, they could not enjoy the privileges of the state: hence, though they inhabited not the cloister, they were of the religious order, and consecrated to God."

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"This penance was not merely assumed by such as were anxious to make atonement for some heavy sin; it was often voluntarily undertaken by individuals whose lives had been blameless, and who were anxious by this work of supererogation to increase their stock of merits. If the penitent died of his disease, the intention of his sacrifice was believed to be availing in the sight of Heaven; if he recovered, he became a monk. No less a doom than excommunication, and a rigorous penitential seclusion during life within the walls of a monastery, were hurled against such as married, or used their conjugal privilege, or laid down the habit. If, however, the married penitents were *very young* at the time he or she entered on the monastic obligation, in case of recovery the bishop had power to permit the use of matrimony a certain number of years. This was called an *indulgence* or *dispensation*, the *debitum conjugale* being totally annihilated by the obligations of the new state.

"This custom is not yet extinct in Spain, though, like many others of a similar kind, its observance is daily weakening since the period of the French revolution, and of the increased intercourse between the two nations. Many of the greatest names in the Spanish annals voluntarily assumed the profession, and thereby ceased to be laymen. Among these was the author of Don Quixote."

The Gatherer.

CONCEALED SORROW.

(*From the portfolio of a Correspondent.*)

There oft times dwells within the human breast, a grievous and a bitter sorrow; a sorrow once formed—seldom, if ever, entirely eradicated. Such sorrow hath borne down to the grave many a noble, though ill-fated, heart; there to seal up the remembrance of the degraded, the broken, feelings of its once fine nature, and for ever crush the spirit of its love. It is a sorrow that cometh not as the whirlwind's rushing blast, in the fury of the tempest, or as the lion's roar; but rather as the soft, still moan of the desert's poisoned breeze, or as the silent gnawing of a cankering worm: so comes it preying on our heart's fondest hopes till they gradually sink to ruin and oblivion. It is a grief that mortal eyes cannot see; it is only keenly felt; its tears are the wasting away of health, and its lamentation is the low beating of a sinking pulse. The loudest cry of its woe is but the dull, bitter sigh of its lonely unhappiness, engendered by the deep misery of the secret depression of its mental complaining, making the heart like a faded flower in a gloomy wilderness; like a blighted tree in a sultry waste. Weep! weep! and sigh from thy very soul; yet thy sorrows will not end; their root will still remain to spring and spread afresh. Unhappy they that such sorrows have! alas! for them! R. N.

Pleasure Gardens.—Has it never occurred to any nurseryman that his garden might be made delightful and profitable promenades for the public, at a low charge for admission? In the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, we learn from a communication to the *Gardeners' Magazine*, there is a class of gardens very distinct from any in this country; those of plant-growers, who to a small nursery, and green and hot-houses, add the appendage of a tavern. The two principal ones of this description are kept by Mr. Arran, and M. d'Arras: the first has a very good museum in his garden; and the latter possesses a beautiful collection of orange and lemon trees, very large, but trimmed after the French fashion. These places are the resort of many of the citizens; Philadelphia having no park, or national gardens, for the purpose of recreation.

American Prejudice. — Everything British creates a spirit of rivalry among the vulgar Americans. A great number of the workmen's anecdotes are directed against the aristocratical bearing of Englishmen: nothing gives greater delight to the rustics than to hear of the Honourable D. S. or Lord John P. having been the last served, or badly served, at an inn for being surly to the waiters, &c.

Cheap Fruit.—In Philadelphia, peaches are 25 cents. (about a shilling) per bushel; pine-apples from the West Indies from 5 to 15 cents. (2*d.* to 6*d.*) each, and water melons cheaper.

Newtown Pippin.—Near New York, at the residence of Mrs. Col. More, is the original tree of the celebrated apple called the Newtown pippin. It stands in the centre of an old orchard; the tree divides itself about 2½ or 3 feet from the ground; but, although the estate has been in the possession of Colonel More's family for two centuries, they are unable to give any account of its origin; consequently the tree must be of very old standing.

Hyde Park on the Hudson River.—Our Hyde Park on this side the water,

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can bear no comparison with its name-sake on the other side of the Atlantic. The latter is extensive; the rides numerous; and the variety of delightful distant views embrace every kind of scenery. The pleasure-grounds are laid out on just principles, and in a most judicious manner; there is an excellent range of hot-houses, with a collection of rare plants; remarkable for their variety, their cleanliness, and their handsome growth. The construction and arrangement of the farm buildings deserve the strongest praise; but, in fact, everything connected with Hyde Park is performed in a manner unparalleled in America. The proprietor of Hyde Park is Dr. David Hosack, a gentleman well known in the literary and scientific world—the Sir Joseph Banks of America.

Modern Cincinnatus.—Near Bordentown, in the state of New Jersey is the seat of the Count de Survilliers, elder brother of Napoleon Buonaparte, and formerly King of Spain. He has effected great improvements on this estate, and is now actively employed in others. It is most gratifying to see this amiable nobleman withdrawing himself from the busy scene of politics into retirement, and expending his princely fortune in rural improvements.

Fiddling Poetry.—The following may be seen in the first volume of Purcell's *Catches*, on two persons of the name of Young, father and son, who lived in St. Paul's Churchyard; the one was an instrument maker, and the other an excellent performer on the violin:—

" You scrapers that want a good fiddle
well strung,
You must go to the man that is old
while he's Young,
But if this same fiddle you fain would
play bold,
You must go to his son, who'll be Young
when he's old.
There's old Young and young Young,
both men of renown,
Old sells, and Young plays, the best
fiddle in town;
Young and old live together, and may
they live long,
Young to play an old fiddle, old to sell
a new song."

P. T. W.

Greenwich Hospital.—The foundation-stone of this magnificent building was laid June 30, 1696, by John Evelyn (the treasurer), with a select committee of the commissioners, and Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, precisely at five in the evening, *after they had dined together!* Flamstead, the royal astronomer, observing the punctual time by instruments. The time is not unworthy of remark. The King (Charles II.) subscribed 2,000*l.*; the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Keeper Sommers, Dukes of Leeds, Pembroke, Devonshire, Shrewsbury, and Earls of Dorset and Portland, 500*l.* each; with others amounting to upwards of 9,000*l.* According to a note by the Treasurer, four months after the foundation, the work done amounted to upwards of 5,000*l.* towards which the treasurer had received only 800*l.*, there being among the defaulters the king's 2,000*l.*, paid by exchequer tallies on the post-office, "which," says he, "nobody will take at 30 per cent discount:" so that we see the suspension of great works for want of friends was never uncommon; though this was a "season of debt, and disgrace" in England. The sum paid in Evelyn's time towards building Greenwich Hospital, seems to have been upwards of 69,000*l.*

Major Mason and George II.—During the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young lieutenant of the Marines was so unhappy as to lose both his legs by a shot. In this miserable and helpless condition, he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable Board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the naval stipend of half-pay. The honourable Board pitied the youth, but disregarded his petition. Major Mason had this poor lieutenant conducted to court on a public day, in his uniform, where, posted in the guard-room, and supported by two brother officers, he cried out as George II. was passing to the drawing-room, "Behold, great sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you; he has lost both in your service." The king, struck no less by the singularity of this address, than by the melancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. "Half-pay," replied the lieutenant, "and please your majesty." "Fie, fie, on't," said the king, shaking his head, "but let me see you again next levee-day." The lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of royalty, five hundred pounds, smart money, and a pension of two hundred a-year.

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The Mirror

OF

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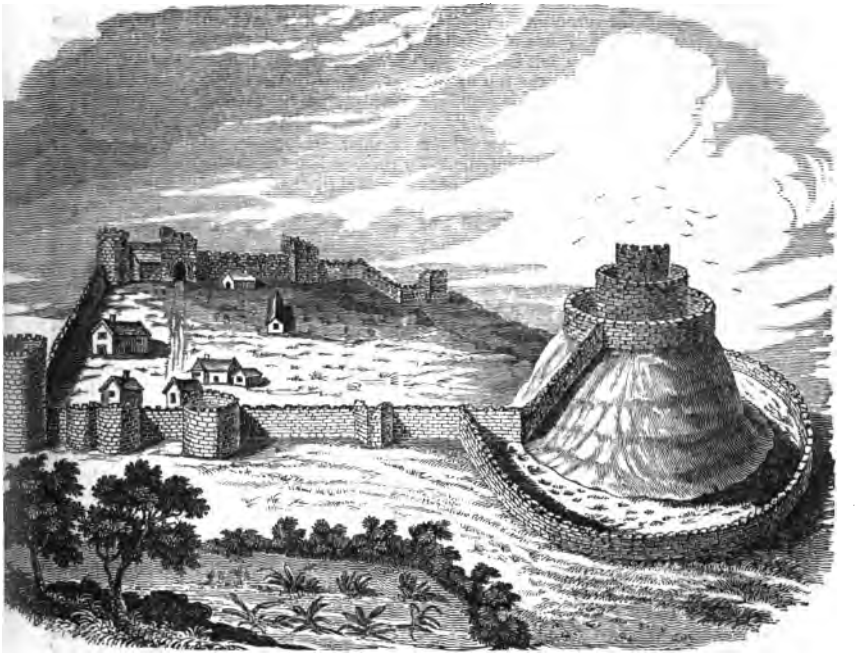

DUNHEVED CASTLE, CORNWALL.

THESE mouldering ruins occupy the crest of the hill, upon which stands the town of Launceston, near the centre of the eastern side of the county of Cornwall. They are the works of a thousand years since, when might triumphed over right with an unsparing hand, and when men perpetrated by fire and sword millions of murders, which, through the ignorance and credulity of their fellow creatures, have been glossed over with the vain glory of heroism.

The ancient name of Launceston was Dunheved, or the Swelling Hill; its present appellation, according to Borlase, the antiquarian illustrator of Cornwall, signifies, in mixed British, the Church of the Castle. The latter structure is the most important object in the town, to which, in all probability, it gave origin. The remains surround a considerable extent of ground, and prove it to have been a very strong and important fortress. Borlase, who examined the building with great attention about the middle of the last century, thus describes it:—

"The principal entrance is on the north-east, the gateway 120 feet long; whence, turning to the right, you mount a terrace, running parallel to the rampart till you come to the angle, on which there is a round tower, now called the Witches' Tower, from which the terrace runs away to the left at right angles, and continues on a level parallel to the rampart, which is nearly of the thickness of 12 feet, till you come to a semicircular tower, and, as I suppose, a guard-room and gate. From this the ground rises very quick, and, through a passage of seven feet wide, you ascend the covered way betwixt two walls, which are pierced with narrow windows for observation,

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and yet cover the communication between the base-court and the keep or dungeon. The whole keep is 93 feet diameter; it consisted of three wards: the wall of the first ward was not quite three feet thick; and therefore, I think, could only be a parapet for soldiers to fight from, and defend the brow of the hill. Six feet within it stands the second wall, which is twelve feet thick, and has a staircase three feet wide, at the left hand of the entrance, running up to the top of the rampart; the entrance of this staircase has a round arch of stone over it. Passing on to the left, you find the entrance into the innermost ward, and on the left of that entrance a winding staircase conducts you to the top of the innermost rampart; the wall of which is 10 feet thick, and 32 feet high from the floor; the inner room is 18 feet 6 inches diameter; it was divided by a planking into two rooms. The upper room had to the east and west two large openings, which were both windows and (as I am inclined to think) doors, also in time of action to pass from this dungeon out upon the principal rampart, from which the chief defence was to be made; for it must be observed, that the second ward was covered with a flat roof, at the height of that rampart, which made the area very roomy and convenient for numbers. These openings, therefore, upon occasion, served as passages for the soldiers to go from one rampart to the other. In the upper room of the innermost building there was a chimney to the north; underneath there was a dungeon, which had no lights. The lofty taper hill, on which this strong keep is built, is partly natural and partly artificial. It spread farther in the town anciently than it does now; and, by the radius of it, was 320 feet diameter, and very high."

The building of Dunheved Castle has been generally attributed to William, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall, the son and heir of Robert, Earl of Moreton, to whom 288 manors in this county were given by William the Norman. "But this opinion is most probably erroneous, as the style of workmanship exhibited in several parts of the remains, is apparently of a much earlier date. The walls of the keep, in particular, have every appearance of being considerably more ancient; and from a retrospective view of the events that have happened in this county, the conjecture appears to be fully warranted, that its foundation is as remote as the time of the Britons, who would undoubtedly endeavour to defend their territory both from Roman and Saxon usurpation, by fortifying the more advanced and important situations. The most therefore that can with certainty be attributed to the above earl, is the repairing and extending the fortifications. Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, published in 1602, mentions the finding about sixty years before, 'of certain leather coins in the castle walls, whose fair stamp and strong substance till then resisted the assaults of time.' These singular coins, if they had been preserved or their impressions had been copied, might have thrown some light on the age of the building, as money of similar *substance* was employed by Edward I. in erecting Caernarvon Castle in Wales, 'to spare better bullion.'* Some Roman coins have likewise, according to Borlase, been found in this neighbourhood; so that it is not unlikely that the Romans had possession of this fortress, which, from its situation near the ford of the river Tamar, was a fort of great importance. The earliest historical documents that are known concerning the castle, mention the displacing of Othomarus de Knivet, its hereditary constable, for being in arms against the Conqueror. It was then, as before mentioned, given to Robert, Earl of Moreton, whose son William kept his court here. From him it reverted to the crown, but continued attached to the earldom of Cornwall till 11 Edward III. when it was constituted and still continues, part of the inheritance of the Duchy. In Leland's time, several gentlemen of the county held their lands by *castle-guard*, being bound to repair and defend the fortifications of this castle.† During the civil wars, this fortress was garrisoned for the king, and was one of the last supports of the royal cause in this part of the county."‡

The reader may more than once have noticed our predilection for illustrating the castellated antiquities of Britain in our pages. We have a threefold object in this choice: first, the architectural investigation of these structures is of untiring interest; the events of their histories are so many links in the annals of our country; while they enable us to take comprehensive glances of the domestic manners of times past, and by contrasting them with the present, to appreciate the peaceful state of society in which we live.

* Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities.*

† Leland says "the hill on which the Keep stands, is large and of a terrible height, and the arx (i. e.) Keep, of it, having three several wards, is the strongest, but not the biggest, that I ever saw in any ancient work in England.

‡ *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. ii.

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Happily, such means of defence as castles supplied to our ancestors, are no longer requisite. The towers, ramparts, and battlements that once awed the enemy, or struck terror into an oppressed people, are now mere objects of curiosity. The unlettered peasant gazes upon their ruins with idle wonder; the antiquary explores their flittering masses with admiration and delight. The breaches of the last siege are unrepaired; the courtyard is choked up and overgrown with luxuriant weeds; the walls become dank and discoloured with rank vegetation; the winds and rains of heaven displace and disintegrate their massive stones; the tempest tears them as in a terrific siege; or the slow and silent devastations of nature go on beneath ivy and mossy crusts obscuring the proud work of man's hand, and defacing its glories in desert waste. Such effects the reader may witness in a few of the illustrations of the present volume: the long tale of conquest upon conquest is told from the Norman sway to the Revolution, in the history of Pontefract Castle (page 50); the picturesqueness of decay in the towers of Wilton (page 306); and the stratagems of war in the mounds and lines of Dunheved.

THE LATE MR. COLTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE recent death of this eccentric man of letters may perhaps render the following recollections generally interesting.

I remember once spending an afternoon with him at Mr. Tucker's, quill merchant, Middleton-street, Clerkenwell; when I was delighted with the spontaneous flow of his Latin, his quotations from the ancient and modern poets, and indeed his masterly and eloquent developement of every subject that his acute intellect chose to dilate upon; I was, however, sorry to perceive there was occasionally a want of "holding in" in his conversation upon points which a due self-respect for those acquirements which he possessed, equal to any individual living, should have taught him to have observed. To describe this deficiency as laconically as possible, Mr. Colton wanted that mental firmness which the unfortunate Burns has aptly enough termed "Self-control." I once saw him, in the company of the above mentioned Mr. Tucker, seat himself, at Edmonton Fair, in one of those vulgar vehicles called swings: he was highly delighted with the novelty of the exercise, which he enjoyed amidst the rude stare and boisterous grins of the motley group around him; "this *is* life," said he, upon getting out of the swing, "what shall we see next?" In his poem of *Hypocrisy*, he has beautifully eulogized General Graham, who showed his sense of this intellectual tribute by sending the author a complimentary piece of plate. Like Goldsmith, Mr. Colton entertained an unfortunate predilection for gaming, and although he often proved a better match for his wily antagonists than "the mild bard of Auburn" was to his, still he was subject to the fluctuations of the Goddess of Chance, and the quiet charms of literature which once had a beautiful hold upon his mind, were succeeded by the demons of worldly anxiety, which heavy losses, among professed gamesters as acute as himself, would occasionally subject him to. ENORT.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

(To the Editor.)

PERHAPS the following traits of the national fidelity of the French people may not be unacceptable to some of your readers. During my stay at St. Helena, about six months ago, a French transport arrived with an old regiment of French soldiers, who had fought under Napoleon, and who had been from France ever since the exile of the emperor. When they came on shore, they marched in regularity and silence to the tomb, before which they knelt (many weeping) and uttered prayers for their fallen emperor: this done, they marched back to the town with the same regularity and silence, and returned to their ship much affected.

The account of Captain Mundy's visit to Longwood is very correct.* The billiard table which he mentions is still there, and gentlemen visiting Longwood, generally play there; the trees which he so justly calls "scrubby" are "gumwood" trees, from which an intoxicating liquor (called by the natives "Toddy,") is extracted. The garden has lately been much improved, as several gentlemen of the island have taken up their residence at the New House. In the vicinity of Longwood are many beautiful and romantic scenes. About a mile from thence is Halley's Mount, from which that great astronomer observed the transit of Venus. It is but too true that Napoleon's parlour is now occupied by a threshing machine. H. M. B.

* See Supplementary Number of the *Mirror*, No. 549.

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SCRIPTURAL HERALDRY.

(To the Editor.)

At Sturminster Newton, in Dorsetshire, there is an Infant and Sunday School, founded by the Rev. T. L. Fox. A handsome bronzed gateway forms the entrance, which is surmounted by an escutcheon, containing what may be termed the Christian's armorial bearings, (see Ephesians vi. 14, &c.) The shield itself denotes "the *shield* of faith;" on the four divisions are emblazoned "the *girdle* of truth;" "the *breast-plate* of righteousness;" "*feet*, shod with the gospel of peace," and "the *sword* of the spirit;" the crest is "the *helmet* of salvation," over which is a crown of glory; the motto "THE FOUNDATION OF GOD STANDETH SURE." The benevolence of the reverend founder of this establishment should not pass unnoticed. Pope has described his character to a tittle, in his *Man of Ross*—

"Who bade the heaven directed spire to rise," &c.

Not only has he rebuilt the church in handsome style — presented it with a noble organ, &c., and founded the above school, but the whole business of his life appears to be to provide by his munificence for the present comfort, and by his pastoral labours, for the future happiness, of all around him.

A humble slab of white marble over the south door of the church, bears the following inscription:

TO RECORD THEIR GRATITUDE
FOR MUNIFICENCE, DIRECTED TO THE INCREASE
OF CHARITY AND RELIGION,
THIS STONE IS DEDICATED BY THE INHABITANTS
OF STURMINSTER NEWTON,
TO THE REVD. THOMAS LANE FOX,
OF HINTON,* ST. MARY, IN THIS COUNTY,
A. D. 1827.

COLBOURNE.

* Hinton is about a mile from Sturminster Newton.

Anecdote Gallery.

HOBBES AT CHATSWORTH.*

Of all the personages connected with the local history of Chatsworth, who may have been rendered conspicuous either by their situation or their talents, perhaps no one has a more powerful claim to notice than the once celebrated latin poet and philosopher, Hobbes: his connexion with the Devonshire family began early in life, and Chatsworth, in consequence, became his occasional residence; he was a man originally of a weak constitution, and he is said to have been subject through life to imaginary and unnecessary personal fears, which continually preyed upon and agitated his spirits; yet by a strict and uniform attention to diet and exercise, he lived to the age of 92. He was a very early riser, and as soon as he had quitted his bed he walked or rather ran to the tops of some of the hills about Chatsworth, that he might enjoy a fresher and a purer breeze than circulated through the valley. This practice he continued until he was compelled to relinquish it by the infirmities of age. After breakfast he visited the Earl and the Countess of Devonshire and their children, until about twelve o'clock, when he dined in a private apartment by himself: he then retired to his own room, where ten or twelve pipes, filled with tobacco, were ranged in a row on his table ready to be used in succession: he then commenced his usual afternoon's employment of smoking, thinking, and writing, which he continued for several hours. When thus engaged he was frequently visited by foreigners of distinction, who were attracted to Chatsworth chiefly by the celebrity which Hobbes had acquired amongst the learned and the great. St. Evermond, in one of his letters to Waller, which is dated from Chatsworth, details some interesting particulars of this extraordinary man, whom he found, as he expresses it, "like Jupiter, involved in clouds of his own raising." He says,

"I now write to you from the Earl of Devonshire's, where I have been this fortnight past, paying my devotions to the Genius of Nature. Nothing can be more romantic than this country except the region about Valois, and nothing can equal this place in beauty but the borders of the Lake.

"It was not, however, so much the desire of seeing natural curiosities that drew me hither: there is a certain moral curiosity under this roof which I have long wished to see, and my lord Devonshire had the goodness to indulge me by a very kind invitation: I need not tell you that I mean the great philosopher Mr. Hobbes, so distinguished for the singularity of his sentiments and disposition. I arrived a little before dinner, notwithstanding which the earl told me he believed I was too late to see Mr. Hobbes that day. 'As he does not think like other men,' said his lordship, 'it is his opinion that he should not live like other men; I suppose he dined about two hours ago, and he is now shut up for the rest of the day: your only time to see him is in the morning, but then he walks so fast up those

* From Rhodes's "Peak Scenery."

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hills that unless you are mounted on one of my ablest hunters you will not keep pace with him.' It was not long before I obtained an audience extraordinary of this literary potentate, whom I found like Jupiter involved in clouds of his own raising. He was intrenched behind a battery of ten or twelve guns, charged with a stinking combustible called *tobacco*. Two or three of these he had fired off, and replaced them in the same order. A fourth he levelled so mathematically against me, that I was hardly able to maintain my post, though I assumed the character and dignity of ambassador from the republic of letters. 'I am sorry for your republic,' said Hobbes, 'for if they send you to me in that capacity, they either want me or are afraid of me: men have but two motives for their applications—interest and fear; but the latter is in my opinion most predominant.' I told him that my commission extended no farther than to make him their compliments and to enquire after his health. 'If that be all,' said he, 'your republic does nothing more than negotiate by the maxims of other states, that is, by hypocrisy: all men are necessarily in a state of war, but all authors hate each other upon principle: for my part, I am at enmity with the whole corps, from the bishop of Salisbury down to the bell-man: nay, I hate their writings as much as I do themselves: there is nothing so pernicious as reading; it destroys all originality of sentiment. My lord Devonshire has more than ten thousand volumes in his house; I entreated his lordship to lodge me as far as possible from that pestilential corner: I have but one book, and that is *Euclid*, but I begin to be tired of him; I believe he has done more harm than good; he has set fools a reasoning.' 'There is one thing in Mr. Hobbes's conduct,' said lord Devonshire, 'that I am unable to account for: he is always railing at books, yet always adding to their number.' 'I write, my lord,' answered Hobbes, 'to show the folly of writing. Were all the books in the world on board one vessel, I should feel a greater pleasure than that Lucretius speaks of in seeing the wreck.' 'But should you feel no tenderness for your own productions?' 'I care for nothing,' added he, 'but the *Leviathan*, and that might possibly escape by swimming.'

Hobbes remained at Chatsworth until a very short time before his death. The Earl of Devonshire and his family were removing to Hardwick Hall in the same county, and Hobbes, who felt his days were fast drawing to a close, was anxious to be near them in his last moments; his journey, though short, was accompanied with both pain and inconvenience: he travelled on a feather bed, and in a few days after his arrival at Hardwick a paralysis terminated his existence on the 4th of December, 1679.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ANCIENT PASTIMES.

From early records it appears that the amusements of our ancestors had a direct tendency to utility; since nearly all their recreations were resolvable into public defence against the attacks of an enemy. The "play at ball was," says Fitz-Stephen, "derived from the Romans, and was the common exercise of every schoolboy." The intention of this game was to make the young men active, nimble, and vigourous, whenever they should be called upon to fight the battles of their country. The necessity of the above accomplishments must be obvious to all who are the least acquainted with their manner of fighting.

Another species of exercise was truly martial. It is related by Fitz-Stephen thus: "Every Friday in Lent a company of young men enter the field on horseback, conducted by the best horsemen. Then march forth the sons of citizens and other young men armed with lances and shields, and these practise feats of war, and show by good proof how serviceable they would be in martial affairs." This is evidently of Roman descent, and cannot fail of bringing to our recollection the "Ludus Trojæ," which is supposed to be the invention, as it was the exercise, of Ascanius. The common people in that age of masculine manners made every kind of amusement, where strength was exerted, the subject of instruction and improvement.

In those vacant intervals of industry vulgarly entitled "holidays," indolence which characterizes the present period, was left to the aged or infirm. The writer whom we have before quoted says "The youths are exercised in the summer holidays in leaping, dancing, wrestling, casting the hammer, the stone, and in practising their shields; and in winter holidays the boars prepared for brawn are set to fight, or else in bull and bear baiting." Such we see were the pursuits to which our forefathers devoted their leisure time in or about the year 1130. Their immediate descendants breathed the same spirit. In 1222 certain masters, or professors

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as we should call them, made a public profession of their instruction and discipline, which they imparted to those who were desirous of making themselves perfect in the above honourable achievements, which we think they were, in spite of these enlightened times, or of the slow "march of intellect."

But of all the manly pastimes our ancestors delighted to honour, archery appears to have gained the greatest sway over the hearts of the multitude. It is stated that through the introduction of several "pernicious games," it had for a long time been disused, and in the 33rd year of the reign of Henry VIII. a statute was made for its revival; it then continued till the reign of Charles I. A faint trial to revive it has again been attempted, but we doubt its success.

James I., at the beginning of his reign, to gratify the people, published a book of sports, of which the women had some time before participated on Sunday evenings, but which had been prohibited. These sports consisted of dancing, ringing, wrestling, and other profanations of that day, and which had risen to such a height that the land would have been deluged with immorality, if Charles I. had not wisely shown his piety, by totally abolishing them; this he did as soon as he came to his throne. In this reign may be said to have ended all those games that taught Britons to defend their altars and their homes, and unhappily nothing has been since instituted to compensate for their loss. E. J. K.

ORIGIN OF THE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

Stowe tells us—"About the year 1585, certain gallant, active, and forward citizens, having had experience abroad and at home, voluntarily exercised themselves, and trayned uppe others, for the readie use of warre, so as within two years, there was almost three hundredth marchants, and others of like quality, very sufficient and skillful to traine and teache common souldiers, the managing of their peeces, pikes, and holberds, to march countermarch, and ring; which said marchants, for their owne perfection in military affairs and discipline, met every Tuesday in the year, practising all usuall points of warre, and every man by turn bare orderly office, from the Corporall to the Captain: some of them in the yeare 1588 had charge of men in the great Campe at Tilbury, and were generally called *Captaines of the Artillery Garden*."

After the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the association soon fell to decay. The ground they used was at the north extremity of the city, nigh Bishopsgate, and had before been occupied (says Ellis) by the "fraternity of artillery," or gunners of the Tower.

From the company's register, the only book they saved in the civil wars, it appears that the association was revived in the year 1611, by warrant from the privy council; and the volunteers soon amounted to six thousand. In the year 1640, they quitted their old field of discipline, and entered upon a plot of ground in Bunhill-fields, leased to them by the city.—(See Ellis's History of Shoreditch, and Nicholson's London Artillerie.)

In the thirteenth year of the reign of Henry VII. "All the gardens which had continued time out of mind without Moorgate: to wit, about and beyond the lordship of Fensberry (Finsbury) were destroyed: and of them was made plain field for archers to shoote in." This was the origin of what is now called the Artillery Ground. P. T. W.

HINDOO BURIAL SERVICE.

During the funeral ceremony, in some parts of Hindostan, the Brahmins address the respective elements in words to the following purport:—

"O Earth! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed, by thee he was sustained, and unto thee he now returns!

"O Fire! thou hadst a claim in our brother during his life; he subsisted by thy influence in nature, to thee we commit his body, thou emblem of purity, may his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence!

"O Air! while the breath of life continued, our brother respired by thee; his last breath is now departed, to thee we yield him!

"O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother, thou wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed, receive thy share of him, who has now taken an everlasting flight." Swaine.

ORIGIN OF THE ACADEMY DELLA CRUSCA.

Crusca is an Italian term, signifying *bran*, hence the name Academy *della Crusca*, or the *Bran* Academy, which was established at Florence, for purifying and perfecting the Tuscan language:

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it was formed in the year 1582, but scarcely heard of before the year 1584, when it became noted for a dispute between Tasso and several of its members. According to its origin, its device is a sieve, and its motto, *Il piu bel fior ne coglie*; that is, *It gathers the finest flour thereof.*

In the hall or apartment where the Academy meets, every thing bears allusion to the name and device: the seats are in the form of a baker's basket; their backs like a shovel for moving of corn; the cushions of grey satin in form of sacks, or wallets; and the branches, where the lights are placed, likewise resemble sacks. This Academy is now united with two others, viz. the Fiorentian, and the Apatisti, under the name of *Reale Accademia Fiorentina.*

P. T. W.

ANGLO-SAXON DRESS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"Among the ornaments," says Mr. Turner, "worn by the ladies, mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon documents, we read of a golden fly, beautifully adorned with gems; of golden vermiculated necklaces; of a bulla; of golden head-bands, and of a neck-cross. The ladies had also gowns; for a Bishop of Winchester sends us a present, 'a shot gown *(gunna)* sown in our manner.' Thus we find the mantle, the kirtle, and the gown mentioned by these names among the Saxons, and even the ornaments of cuffs. In the drawings of the manuscripts of these times, the women appear with a long, loose robe, reaching down to the ground, and large loose sleeves. Upon their head is a hood or veil, which falling down before, was wrapped round the neck and breast. All the ladies in the drawing having their necks, from the chin, closely wrapped in this manner, and in none of them is a fine waist attempted to be displayed, nor have their heads any other covering than their hoods." W. G. C.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ARLINGTON,

By the Author of "Granby,"

Is not the most striking novel of the season. This may by some readers be attributed to the absence of that dashing *caricatura* style and constant aiming at antitheses, which, if it relieve the vapidness of the story, does not add to its natural attractions. Nevertheless, there are pictures of life and manners in these volumes which have the easy and unconstrained air of an author who is not writing for mere effect, but for the purpose of "holding the mirror up to nature," and correcting the follies and vices of the age without attempting to exaggerate them.

We do not attempt to unravel the story of Arlington, but quote a few flying extracts. First is a

Scandal-loving Letter

from Sir Gerald Denbigh to Lady Ulverston, a lady distinguished by a congenial love of *tracasserie*, and a congenial idolization of social distinctions; an address which passed for cleverness; unimpeachable taste in self-adornment; and who was courted by the ball-going part of London as a dispenser of tickets for Almack's.

"Do you know you are paying us all a very undeserved compliment in being curious about our proceedings; and I will not turn the head of any one here, by imparting a syllable touching your inquiries. You ask what the party is composed of—a sign that you don't consume your invaluable time in spelling newspapers — for Berwick announces the accessions to his menagerie as diligently as Pidcock. Our last arrivals were those Polar bears, the Rochdales, with their pretty youngest daughter, who is surprisingly little, chilly and frozen for a creature that has always been living among icebergs. We are doomed to them for a week, Lord Rochdale having promised to stay so long; and he is one of those patterns of inconvenient precision, who, having once promised, will certainly pay the heavy debt of visitation to the uttermost minute. Arlington is here—brought expressly to play suitor, and looking affectingly conscious of his *rôle*. Berwick, I believe, has told him that he shall die of disappointment, or, what is as bad, shut up his house, if he quits them unaccepted. What an alternative for the poor youth—to be forced to marry at one-and-twenty, or deprive the world of the fortunate master of the best cook in Christendom.

"There is a strange heterogeneous medley here. Fancy, of all living creatures, the Bolsovers being brought hither to meet the Rochdales, whom they suit like point ruffles with a shooting-

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jacket. Either Berwick has acquired a taste for contrasts, or, in assorting his party, has overlooked every thing but the prospective match, and drawn the rest of the company by lot. His only other considerate arrangement is having Charles Theobald here to swain Lady Bolsover, and talk 'Turf' with her Lord. This is one of Berwick's 'good-natured things.' To do him justice, nobody knows better how to place *chacun avec sa chacune*; but it is a pity that in this case it contributes so little to the general amusement; for really Theobald's intense flirtation with Lady Bolsover, is the flattest piece of dull indecorum that ever met my virtuous eyes. They are dull, these people—keep him from quadrupeds, and Theobald is a cipher; and Lady B. has little more than the few ideas which she gets sent over with her dresses from Paris. I know it is *mauvais ton* to cry them down—but I cannot help it. My sincerity will ruin me some fine day.

"The Hartlands are here: he talks parliament, and she talks strong sense, and tells every body how to do every thing, and seems to say, like Madame de Sevigné's candid Frenchwoman, *Il n'y a que moi qui ai toujours raison*. To close the list, we have that good-looking puppy, young Leighton, an underbred youth, spoiled by premature immersion in a dandy regiment, who goes about saying the same things to every body, and labouring to reward the inconsiderate benevolence of you soft-hearted patronesses, by talking as if London lay packed in Willis's rooms, and nobody existed but on Wednesday nights. Forgive my impertinence; you know how, in my heart, I revere your oligarchy.

"You will wonder how I amuse myself in the midst of this curious specimen of a social *Macedoine*—quite well—and am acquiring a taste for that true epicurean apathy which one enjoys in perfection, among people whom one expects neither to interest, nor to be interested by; and I sit down among them as calmly comfortable as I can conceive a growing cabbage to be in wet weather. I hold my tongue and watch the chaos as gravely as I can, while Berwick labours to make the jarring elements of his party harmonize, and offends every one in turn by trying to talk to him in his own way. I observe this generally irritates people; nobody likes to be so well understood.

"I can hardly judge at present, but I don't think Arlington's suit will prosper, and you will laugh when I tell you why: it is not that the youth is too shy and the maiden too cold; it is not the officiousness of the Berwicks;—it is because Lord Arlington has some thirty or forty thousand a-year. He is so rich, and the Rochdales so poor, and so stiffly disinterested withal; and it is such a mortal sin to think of money in this dirty world, where we cannot live without it, that they actually discourage him, and make it a point of honour to snub him daily, to prove their superiority to mercenary considerations. What weak things your strong-minded people sometimes do! and what horrors arise from acting upon principle! I, who have none, fancy I sometimes stumble into right by just doing what I please, and letting others do the same.

"Pray be bountiful, and send me some news, true or false—only if the latter, tell me the inventors. I have had nothing of the kind save a letter from Neville, full of comfortable lies, which I have already re-told, and now dearth is staring us in the face—not five minutes consumption in the house—and we are reduced to talk about each other, Berwick excepted, who falls back upon himself, and tells one again and again the 'very good thing' he said ten years ago. Tell me something about your intimates—what are their high mightinesses, Ladies Crawford and Cheadle, now doing for the edification of the world? Has the former forgiven his Majesty of ——? or is she *brouillée* with any other potentate! Has the latter made peace with the Cabinet? or are Ministers still doomed to exclusion from her parties unless they will be good boys, and do as she bids them? and is she still chattering party gossip, and thinks all the while she is talking politics? Send me our dear friend's last silly thing; and if you don't know which is the last, do, pray do, go to her house and gather one.

"I know nothing of Beauchamp but that he is now in Scotland, chin-deep in heather, killing grouse against time for a bet of some hundreds, which he has persuaded some simpleton to make with him. No man knows better than Beauchamp how to get paid for amusing himself. I had never heard, and don't believe, that Beauchamp is going to take a wife. Whatever you know of this, pray tell me; and say *whose* wife—not Sir Robert Ridware's, I hope; that would be so illiberal, and so unnecessary! I hate monopolies; and, moreover, I have always admired the example of the poet Thomson, who ate his peaches off the tree. Forgive this pedantry, and any other sins in my letter;

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or if you are to scold me, let it be in person. Addio! fair lady. Yours,—not unalterably, for that is tiresome,—but as long as it pleaseth you.

G. D."

A pleasant anecdote follows, by Sir James Berwick, "a busy, meddling, vain, good-humoured man, whose chief ambition it was to be considered thoroughly 'a man of the world,' and 'a good member of society.'"

"I was asked to dine with a Sir Dixie Hickson, a stiff, bluff, beef-eating sort of man, who was under some obligation to me, or I to him, I don't know which. Well, I forgot name, residence all but the day—came home in a hurry, looked into the Court Guide, found a Sir Hicks Dixon, drove to his house, found a party assembled, bowed to a fat woman in a turban who sailed forward *à la maitresse de maison*, and simpered an apology, for Sir Hicks', or Sir Dicks', or whatever he might be, 'unavoidable absence;' I forget why, 'but did not like to put off the party, and hoped to look in in the evening.' (Mind I had never seen the *femme* Hickson.) Down we went to dinner; a guest had failed, so there was a place for me; did not know a soul of the party; such a set of creatures were never before assembled on God's earth! Well, I ate, drank, and talked with the savages, told them some of my best lies, and was growing immensely popular, when in drops Sir Hicks from the country. You should have seen us! we *set* each other like two pointers backing in a stubble, with a covey between them, while the *femme* Dixon kept fussing with an introduction —'Sir Hicks, Sir James,—Sir James, Sir Hicks!' At lest the light broke in, and I explained, and we laughed about it for a whole hour. I was afraid when all was over I should have had to pay my debt of dinner to Sir Dixie; but the best of it is, I have not seen or heard more of either him or Sir Hicks. It would have served me right if they had asked me to dinner once a week for ever visiting such people. It is not likely that you should know them."

There is much truth in the following satire upon fashionable travelling; though persons of fashion are not the only unimproved tourists. In travelling, a man must carry half the entertainment along with him.

"'Listen,' said he, 'and you will hear more of the uses and advantages of travel.'

"Mr. Theobald at that instant was speaking to Lord Bolsover.

"'I will just tell you what I did. Brussels, Frankfort, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Milan, Naples and Paris; and all that in two months. No man has ever done it in less.'

"'That's a fast thing; but I think I could have done it,' said Lord Bolsover, 'with a good courier. I had a fellow once, who could ride a hundred miles a day for a fortnight.'

"'I came from Vienna to Calais,' said young Leighton, 'in less time than the Government courier. No other Englishman ever did that.'

"'Hem! I am not sure of that,' said Lord Bolsover; 'but I'll just tell you what I have done—from Rome to Naples in nineteen hours; a fact, upon my honour—and from Naples to Paris in six days.'

"'Partly by sea?'

"'No! all by land;' replied Lord Bolsover, with a look of proud satisfaction.

"'I'll just tell you what I did,' Mr. Leighton chimed in again, 'and I think it is a devilish good plan—it shows what one *can* do. I went straight an end, as fast as I could, to what was to be the end of my journey. This was Sicily; so straight away I went there at the devil's own rate, and never stopped any where by the way; changed horses at Rome and all those places, and landed in safety in ——— I forget exactly how long from the time of starting, but I have got it down to an odd minute. As for the places I left behind, I saw them all on my way back, except the Rhine, and I *steamed* down that in the night-time.'

"'I have travelled a good deal by night,' said Theobald. 'With a *dormeuse* and travelling lamp I think it is pleasant, and a good plan of getting on.'

"'And you can honestly say, I suppose,' said Denbigh, 'that you have slept successfully through as much fine country as any man living?'

"'Oh, I did see the country—that is, all that was worth seeing. My courier knew all about that, and used to stop and wake me whenever we came to any thing remarkable. Gad! I have reason to remember it, too, for I caught an infernal bad cold one night when I turned out by lamp-light to look at a waterfall. I never looked at another.'"

SCRIPTURAL ANTIQUITIES.

We resume our quotations from this treasurable little volume already noticed in No. 551, of *The Mirror*. Taken al-

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together, it is an exhaustless mine of research upon subjects which have awakened curiosity from childhood to old age — from the little wonder-struck learner on the school form to the patient inquirer with spectacle on nose.

The Raven and the Dove at the Deluge.

"We shall quote the interesting account which the Sacred Volume supplies us, of the singular messenger employed by the patriarch, to procure information as to the state of the diluvial waters;—'And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: and he sent forth a raven, which went to and fro (in going forth and returning), until the waters were dried up from off the earth. Also, he sent forth a dove from him to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground: but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark: for the waters were on the face of the whole earth. Then he put forth his hand, and took her and pulled her (caused her to come) in unto him into the ark. And he stayed yet other seven days, and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark: and the dove came into him in the evening; and lo! in her mouth was an olive leaf, plucked off. So Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet other seven days, and sent forth the dove which returned not again unto him any more.' This narrative, though simple in its style, is expressive and beautiful. There is an eloquent charm which, while it touches the chords of truth, makes the heart respond to the tale. The raven would find sufficient for its carnivorous appetite in the floatage of the animal remains, on the briny flood, and would return to roost on the ark; but it was far different with Noah's bird, so long as the waters prevailed, there could be no pause for her weary wing, and the messenger would return to the ark. So soon, however, as the subsidence of the waters had permitted the olive to emerge, a sprig was plucked off, and borne to the patriarch in triumph. Emphatic symbol of peace! Commemorated through ages, it is still the symbol of peace. Along with the fig tree and vine, it is associated, as the emblem of man's inheritance, and in the geography of its locality, the patriarch would hail the plain on which it flourished, and from which it was borne, as the place of his former abode. The dove would return, though the olive had emerged, because no food had as yet been provided. How long this ambassador of peace was absent, we cannot tell: we are only informed that the dove returned in the *evening*. If the winged messenger was despatched early in the day, it is not improbable that the delightful trophy was obtained from Mount Olivet, where, according to the late Dr. Clarke, 'the olive still vindicates its parental soil.' In considering the question of the geographical distribution of plants, this would likely be the nearest olive plane from the mountains of Armenia. It may be remarked also, that the olive remarkably synchronizes with the habits of the dove; since, according to Dr. Chandler, in his Travels in Greece, as soon as the olive matures its berries, vast numbers of doves, among other birds, repair for food to the olive groves. It cannot be irrelevant to remind our readers of the habits of the *columba tabellaria*, or the carrier pigeon, so called from the office to which it has been applied, viz. that of carrying letters, in the Levant, &c. Those of Mesopotamia are the most famous in the world, and the Babylonian carrier pigeon is employed even on ordinary occasions at Bagdad. The geographical locality, therefore, of the carrier pigeon, it is interesting to remember, is in the vicinity of those very mountains where the ark finally rested. With us the carrier pigeon is an exotic, and is now acclimated, or naturalized. Carrier pigeons fly at the rate of fifty miles an hour.—'Napoleon,' the name of one of the carrier pigeons which was despatched from London a short time ago, at four o'clock A. M., reached Liege, in France, about ten o'clock in the day. Mr. Audubon states his having shot the passenger pigeon (*columba migratoria*) in America, and found in its stomach, *rice*, which could not have been obtained within a distance of eight hundred miles."

Parable of the Good Samaritan.

"Our readers will remember the beautiful parable of the *good Samaritan*, and his kindness and compassion for the wounded stranger 'who fell among thieves,' on his journey from *Jerusalem to Jericho*. Sichem or Sychar, the district of the Samaritans, and which they now inhabit, is about forty miles from Jerusalem. Jericho is about nineteen miles from the capital of Judea; and, as it was in the first century, so the intervening country *still remains* infested by banditti. Sir Frederick Henniker, as late as 1820, on his journey from Jerusalem to Jericho, was way-laid, attacked by a band of predatory Arabs, and plun-

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dered. He was striped naked, and left severely wounded; and in this state was carried to Jericho.

David and Goliath.

"David's encounter with Goliath, the champion of the Philistines, is mentioned in 1 Samuel xvii.: and in the 40th verse is described the simple armour with which the shepherd boy, Jesse's son, repaired to the contest. Many a thirsty pilgrim, as he passes through the valley of Elah, on the road from Bethlehem to Jaffa (Joppa), has drunk of 'the brook in the way'—that very brook from whence the minstrel youth 'chose him five smooth stones.' 'Its present appearance,' says a recent traveller, 'answers exactly to the description given in Scripture; the two hills on which the armies stood, entirely confined it on the right and left. The valley is not above half a mile broad. Tradition was not required to identify this spot. Nature has stamped it with everlasting features of truth. The brook still flows through it in a winding course, from which David took the smooth stones.'"

The Willows of Babylon.

"In reference to the willow and the streams of Babylon, where the Hebrews remembered Zion so mournfully, Sir Robert Ker Porter states, that 'the banks of the Euphrates were hoary with reeds, and the grey osier willows were yet there on which the captives of Israel hung their harps,' and wept in the land of the stranger. The *salix babylonica*, or the weeping willow, in its geographical range, sweeps through the plains of Judea, and by the ruins of Babylon, from the verge of the Mediterranean to the frontiers of Japan—a lovely line of beauty—the Niobe of vegetation! Sad memorial of the mournful march of the captive Hebrews. It is, we think, a very striking circumstance, that these countries should even now retain such unchanged lineaments of their ancient history. Time seems to linger, or move slowly on; as if the wheels of nature stood still, and paused at the mournful sight of departed grandeur and buried magnificence — BABYLON in ruins! 'MENE!—GOD hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it!' Mr. Rich has given us a sketch of a spade copied from a Babylonian brick found near El Kasr, and detached from a mass of ruin, in all probability, on the very site of Nebuchadnezzar's pensile gardens; and he remarks, that it is almost a fac simile of the spade used at this very day in Chaldea."

Spirit of Discovery.

Heating with Hot Water.

Mr. A. M. Perkins has communicated to the *Gardeners' Magazine* the details of his plan for heating hot-houses by the circulation of hot water in hermetically sealed tubes of small diameter. Upon the economy of the plan, Mr. Loudon observes:—"With respect to the power of the one-inch tubes, it has been demonstrated by a mathematician and chemist of the very first authority, that as much will be effected by one of Mr. Perkins's one-inch tubes, heated to 300° as by one of the three-inch tubes, employed in any of the ordinary modes of heating by hot water when heated to 180°." A second advantage of Mr. Perkins's mode for hot-houses, is the small space which the pipes occupy. A third advantage is, that the water may be circulated without regard to whether the tubes are below or above the level of the fire-place. "But, however favourable this plan may be for heating hot-houses, the advantage for that class of structures are as nothing compared to those which it offers for heating *dwelling-houses* and all kinds of *manufactories*. This will be understood at once, when it is stated that the water may be circulated under ordinary circumstances of attention to the fire, at from 300° to 600°; and, with extraordinary strength of pipe, and application of fuel to a still higher degree. It is found that 400° will roast meat. The workmen in the bank-note printing-office of Messrs. Perkins and Bacon have dressed a beefsteak at the further extremity of the pipe of hot water used for heating the steel plates; and Mr. Perkins is constructing for himself an oven for roasting by water. It is easy to see, that, in a very short time, this will lead to extraordinary and most beneficial changes in domestic arrangements; and that if we could get rid of our prejudices in favour of open fires, the smoky atmospheres of our great towns would be got rid of at the same time. Water at 500°, or, at least, water at 300°, for the purposes of cookery, and for heating reserve cisterns of cold water, or masses of metal or masonry, for various domestic purposes, including warming rooms, heating baths, laundries, &c. may, at no distant time, be circulated by companies, in the same manner as gas; and, in London, instead of one fire for every room, as at present, there may be only one in a parish, or in every square of an acre in area."

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A Marine Railway

for the purpose of conveying vessels overland, has been projected by Mr. Henry Fairbairn, in the *United Service Journal* for May, 1832. The vessels are to be raised from the sea by machinery, placed in slips and dragged along the railway by locomotive steam-engines. The same author proposes to connect Ireland with Scotland, by means of a bank between Portpatrick and Donaghadee; and England with France, by means of a chain bridge, causeway, or tunnel, from Dover to Calais. Over all the lines of marine railways he proposes to form suspension railways, resting upon arches, in the manner of Mr. Dick's, for the conveyance of passengers, mails, and merchandise.

Silk from Spiders.

At the last Anniversary of the Society of Arts, the Silver Isis Medal was presented to Mr. D. B. Rolt for obtaining Silk from the Garden Spider. We find the details in the volume of the Society's *Transactions* lately published.

"The subject of Mr. Rolt's experiments has been the garden spider, *Aranea diadema*, the webs of which, in autumn, are so conspicuous on the surface of shrubs and in other similar situations. On allowing one of these animals to crawl over his hand, he found that it drew a thread with it wherever it went: he likewise, without any difficulty, wound some of this thread over his hand, finding that the spider continued spinning while the thread was winding up.

"On this hint, he connected a small reel with the steam-engine of the factory in which he is occupied, and putting it in motion, at the rate of 150 feet per minute, found that the spider would thus continue to afford an unbroken thread during from three to five minutes. The specimen of this silk, which accompanies Mr. Rolt's communication, was wound off from twenty-four spiders in about two hours. Mr. R. estimates its length at 18,000 feet: its colour is white, and its lustre is brilliant, and completely metallic, owing, probably, to its great opacity. No attempt has been made by him to combine two or more filaments into one by winding, nor, of course, to form it into thread by throwing.

"The thread of the garden spider is so much finer than that of the silk-worm, that the united strength of five of the former is, according to Mr. Rolt, equal only to one of the latter; and, assuming that the weight is in proportion to the strength, and that a spider will yield twice a-year a thread 750 feet long, while that produced by a single silk-worm is 1,900 feet, it follows that the produce of one silk-worm is equal to that of 6.3 spiders. Now, as on an average it takes about 3,500 silk-worms to produce a pound of silk, it would take about 22,000 spiders to produce an equal quantity. Besides, spiders are not so easily confined as silk-worms, and whenever two come in contact, a battle ensues, which ends in the destruction of the weaker one. Spiders kept for silk must, therefore, be each in separate dens or cells; and the apparatus contrived by Mr. Rolt for this purpose, although very ingenious and well adapted to carry on a course of experiments with a hundred or two, would manifestly be wholly inapplicable to any purpose of commercial utility. Mr Rolt has, however, made some interesting additions to the history of the garden spider, and has obtained the silk in its natural state, exhibiting all its peculiar lustre; his method, likewise, of winding the silk directly from the animal is, to say the least of it, effectual and ingenious."

It should be added that "the Society are of opinion that it will never be possible to employ spiders' silk, beautiful as it is, in any profitable manufacture; but have thought proper to confer a reward on this gentleman for his communication, as forming an interesting addition to the natural history of the spider."

Medicinal Employment of Holly Leaves.

Dr. Rousseau has obtained from the Medico-Botanical Society of London its silver Medal, for an essay on the effects of holly leaves in fever: he has cured several intermittent fevers by the remedy, whose alkali he calls Ilicine.—*Gazette of Health.*

Tobacco no security against Cholera.

M. Chevalier proved, from documents, that the assertion made on a former evening, that tobacco was a preservative against cholera, was erroneous. He stated that twenty-seven mechanics employed in the tobacco manufactories had died of the disease.—*Ibid.*

Prussic Acid a Poison to Vegetables.

The sensitive plant, when exposed to the vapour of prussic acid, instantly closes its leaves. The same plant, as well as other tender plants, such as the garden pea and kidney bean, when subject to the influence of this acid, quickly wither and die, and the laurel-water has the same effect upon them. It appears also that plants which naturally contain the acid, such as the cherry-laurel and almond tree, are not less susceptible of

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its poisonous action than others. Seeds, steeped for some time in the acid, lose their power of germination.—*Ibid.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE COURT OF EGYPT. A SKETCH.

Two or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shubra, a favourite residence of the Pasha of Egypt. The palace, on the banks of the Nile, is not remarkable for its size or splendour, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a Kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember.

Emerging from fragrant bowers of orange trees, you suddenly perceive before you, tall and glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. These you ascend, and entering, find yourself in a large quadrangular colonnade of white marble. It surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barques fastened to the land by silken cords. The colonnade terminates towards the water by a very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonnade, the balustrade gives way to a flight of steps which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size, admirably sculptured and all in white marble. On the farther side, the colonnade opens into a great number of very brilliant banqueting-rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a colour vividly contrasting with the white shining marble of which the whole Kiosk is formed. It is a favourite diversion of the Pasha himself to row some favourite Circassians in one of the barques and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the lake. As his Highness piques himself upon wearing a caftan of calico, and a juba or exterior robe of coarse cloth, a ducking has not for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanlee. The fair Circassians shrieking with their streaming hair and dripping finery, the Nubian eunuchs rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps,—all this forms an agreeable relaxation after the labours of the Divan.

All the splendour of the Arabian Nights is realized in the Court of Egypt. The guard of Nubian eunuchs with their black glossy countenances, clothed in scarlet and gold, waving their glittering Damascus sabres, and gently bounding on their snow-white steeds, is, perhaps, the most picturesque corps in the world. The numerous Harem, the crowds of civil functionaries and military and naval officers in their embroidered Nizam uniforms, the vast number of pages and pipe-bearers, and other inferior but richly attired attendants, the splendid military music, for which Mehemet Ali has an absolute passion, the beautiful Arabian horses and high-bred dromedaries, altogether form a blending of splendour and luxury which easily recall the golden days of Bagdad and its romantic Caliph.

Yet this Court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicious summer palace in the gardens of Shubra. During the festival of the Bairam, the Pasha generally holds his state in this enchanted spot, nor is it easy to forget that strange and brilliant scene. The banqueting-rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonnade full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some seated on small Persian carpets smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grandees lounging in their crimson shawls and scarlet vests over the white balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadow over the moonlit water: from every quarter bursts of melody, and each moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.

New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

SPANISH SUPERSTITION.

We find this spice of *the Wonderful* in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, History of Spain and Portugal.

"The character of Alfonso must be sufficiently apparent from his actions. It may be added, that his acquirements were of a very superior order. The Astronomical Tables which he composed, and which are called by his name, have been often adduced as proofs of his science. It is, however, certain, that in their construction he was greatly indebted to the Moorish astronomers of Granada, some of whom visited his court for the express purpose of superintending, if not of calculating them. That he had a hand in the composition of the Chronicle which also bears his name, is no less undoubted; but we should vainly attempt to ascertain the portion issuing from his own pen. In the compilation of the Laws of the Partidas from the Justinian and Wisigothic Codes, he had also a share,—how large a one must in like manner remain for ever unknown. On the whole, it may be said

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of him, that, like our James I., he was an extraordinary instance of weakness and learning. Of his vanity, the well known saying has been often adduced, —that if he had been consulted at the creation of the world, he could have advised some things for the better. If this saying were really uttered—which there are strong reasons to doubt—it is probable that the king had no blasphemous intention in view, but that he was merely ridiculing the then received system of Ptolemy.

The following curious account of Alfonso's punishment for his alleged blasphemy has never been noticed by any writer in this country. It is a translation of an extract made by Ortiz (Compendio Cronologica de la Historia de Espana, tom. iv. p. 184. Madrid, 1797), from a MS. in the Royal Library of Madrid:—

"On Saturday, April 2, æra 1332 (A.D. 1294), king don Alfonso having heard mass at the hour of tierce in the city of Seville, entered into his chamber, as he had long been wont, to pray before an image of St. Mary; and while he was praying, a sudden shining light filled the room, like unto the light of fire; and in this light appeared an angel's face exceedingly beautiful. And when the king saw it he was much afraid, and he said, 'I conjure thee, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to tell me what thou art,—whether thou art a good or evil spirit!' And the angel answered, 'Fear not; a messenger am I unto thee, as thou wilt soon perceive. Well, thou knowest how, on such a day, being at table in this city, thou didst blaspheme, and say, that if thou hadst been with God the Father when he made the world and all things in it, thou couldst have mended many of them; and that many others would have been done which were not done. And God the Father was much offended with thy saying (supposing it possible for Him to be offended), and he was very wroth with thee; wherefore the Highest gave sentence against thee, to the effect that, since thou didst despise Him who made thee and gave thee honour among men, so shouldest thou be despised by thine own offspring, and shouldest be degraded from thine high estate, and in lowliness end thy days! Which sentence was revealed to an Augustine friar, while in his cell at Molina studying a sermon that he was to preach the following day. This friar told it in confession to his superior, and the superior to the infante don Manuel, who loves thee like his own soul. And in a week don Manuel came to this city of Seville, and said to thee, "Tell me, I pray thee, whether thou didst ever speak so and so?" and thou repliedst, "that thou didst speak thus, and wouldst speak so again." Wherefore don Manuel was sore grieved, and exhorted thee to amend, and ask pardon of God; yet thou heardest him not. And for that thou mayest know how all power is from God the Father, and not from any other, the sentence is perfected and fulfilled. And moreover, in as much as thou hast cursed don Sancho thy son, because of the dishonour and rebellion and despite which he hath done thee, know thou for a surety that the Highest hath heard thy curse;—that all who spring from him shall sink lower and lower, with all their lordship, in such wise that some of them may wish the earth to open and swallow them up: and this shall last until the fourth generation from don Sancho thy son, when thy male heirs shall fail, and none shall remain to inherit this lordship; and the people shall be in grief and trouble, not knowing what counsel to follow. And all this dole shall be for thy sins and others, especially for the sin which thy son and those of the realm have committed in rising against thee. But the Highest shall send them salvation from the East,—a right noble king, and a good and a perfect one, and one endued with justice, and with all the great and noble things becoming a king. And he shall be fatherly to the people, in such wise that the living, and those even whose bones lie in the grave, shall bless God for his coming and for his goodness. And he shall be aided by the High God, as he shall well merit; so his people shall forget their past sufferings, how great ones soever may befall them before that joyful day. Moreover, know thou for a surety, that by reason of thy continual prayers to the Glorious Mother of God, from seventeen years of age until now, she hath obtained from the Highest, that in thirty days hence thy soul depart from the world and enter purgatory, which is good hope; and in time, when the Highest shall see fit, it shall enter into glory everlasting!'

"And these words being said, the angel vanished: and the king was long afraid. Then he arose quickly, and opened the door of his cabinet, and he found in the room his four chaplains, who never forsook him; and he had great comfort with them in his sufferings, and in reckoning his hours with them: and he made them bring ink and paper, and he made them write down all which the angel had told him. And

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during the thirty days he confessed and communicated every third day; and except on Sundays, during the whole thirty days, he ate only three mouthfuls of bread in the week, and drank water only, and that no more than once a day. And he confirmed his last testament, and promoted his servants. And at the end of the thirty days, his soul departed according to the angel's warning, which he knew through the intercession of Our Lady the Virgin St. Mary."

Ortiz thinks it necessary to enter into a formal and lengthened refutation of the angel's visit, and to prove, from the style, the anachronisms, and other circumstances, that it must be a forgery.

Don Rodrigo Sanchez de Arevalo, bishop of Valencia (in his Historia Hispana, lib. iv. cap. 5.), was the first to publish the apparition, but with many varying circumstances. He says that the angel appeared in a dream to one Pedro Martinez of Pampliega, of the household of the infante don Manuel; and that, by order of the celestial messenger, Pedro waited on the king at Burgos, who ridiculed the whole matter. Some days having passed, Alfonso went to Segovia, where he was troubled by another visit from a holy hermit, who exhorted him to repentance. The king having caused the messenger to be kicked out of the palace, there arose a furious storm, attended with thunder and lightning, which the night season rendered still more awful; the liquid element fell into the royal apartment, and consumed the queen's wardrobe. The terrified king immediately sent in search of the hermit, begged pardon of God, and confessed his impiety.

CHARACTER OF ISABEL OF SPAIN.

If we except our Elizabeth, and Catherine of Russia, no princess of modern times can equal Isabel in ability, or in the success of her administration: and, in the qualities of her heart, in Christian fervour, and an unspotted life, how far does she not exceed either! Prudent in the formation, yet prompt in the execution, of her plans; severe towards guilt, yet merciful towards misfortune; unbending in her purposes, yet submissive to her husband; of rigid virtue, yet indulgent to minor frailties; devout without ostentation, and proud without haughtiness; feeling towards the pains of others, yet exhibiting no sentiment of her own, she might well command the respect, no less than the affection, of her people. Of her humble piety an anecdote is related, with great applause, by catholic writers. When the sovereigns of Castile were at confession, it was usual for the priest to kneel at the same time with themselves. The first time she attended this duty, after her elevation to the throne, she knelt; but the priest, Fernando de Talavera, quietly seated himself beside her. On her expressing some surprise that he also did not kneel, the friar replied, "This, senora, is the tribunal of God, whom I here represent, and I shall therefore remain seated; your highness will continue to kneel!" After her devotions were concluded, instead of expressing any resentment, she observed to an attendant, "This is just the director I have long sought!" The friar became archbishop of Granada. Her only defect—yet it is surely great enough—is her approval of the infernal tribunal which consigned to torture, imprisonment, or death, so many thousands of her subjects. Strange that this very lady, whom sufferings so exquisite could not move, should have been the constant and successful advocate of the Moors, whenever any town or fortress was taken by storm.

To Isabel must be ascribed the glory of the enterprise of Columbus in his discovery of America. At first she received with natural coldness the proposals of this wonderful man; but overcome at length by the representation of a monk, the friend of Columbus, and still more by the resistless reasoning of the navigator himself, whom she admitted to her presence, she borrowed the sum of money necessary for the armament, and bade him depart.

The Gatherer.

Garratt Election. — Proclamation issued by the Mayor of Garratt. — Whereas *his* Majesty, the King and Queen, *is* expected to honour this ancient Corporation with *his* presence, in their tour to Coxheath; in order to prevent his Majesty from no impediment in his journey, the worshipful the Mayor and Bailiff, has thought proper the following regulations should be prohibited as following:—Nobody must not leave no dirt, nor any thing in that shape, before the doors nor shops. And all wheelbarrows, carts, dunghills, oyster-shells, cabbage-stalks, and other four-wheeled carriages, must be swept out of the streets. Any one who shall fail of offending in any article, shall be dealt with according to law.

J. DUNSTAN, *Mayor.*

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Punishment of Death.—The *Morning Herald* of the 14th states—"We have it on the authority of one who heard the fact from a member of the Privy Council, (at present a Cabinet Minister,) that he frequently saw George the Fourth in a state of extraordinary agitation at the meeting of the Council, when the fate of a criminal was under consideration. He would contend the matter with the ministers and leave the table, and lean sometimes on the chimney-piece, advocating the cause of mercy, until overruled by his responsible advisers."

Erratum in the Washington "Globe."—For "Bumbleton's storm destroying porringers," read "Hamilton's worm-destroying lozenges."

Plain Sermons.—Bishop Heber has the following sensible remark in his Journal of Travels:—"I am, on the whole, more and more confirmed in the opinion which Horsley has expressed in one of his Sermons, that a theological argument, clearly stated in terms derived from the English language exclusively, will generally be both intelligible and interesting to the lower classes. They do not want acuteness, or power of attending; it is their vocabulary only which is confined, and if we address them in such words as they understand, we may tell them what truths we please, and reason with them as subtlely as we can."

Chelsea Heroines.—In the year 1739 was interred in the college burying-ground, Christian Davies, alias Mother Ross, who, according to her own narrative, served in several campaigns under King William and the Duke of Marlborough, and behaved with signal bravery. During the latter part of her life she resided at Chelsea, where her third husband was a pensioner in the college: at this time she subsisted, as she tells us, principally on the benevolence of the quality at court, whither she went twice a-week in a hackney-coach, old age and infirmities having rendered her unable to walk. The famous Hannah Snell, whose history is recorded in various publications of the year 1750, was actually at that time put upon the out-pensioners list at Chelsea, on account of the wounds which she received at the siege of Pondicherry. Her singular story excited a considerable share of public attention; and she was engaged to sing, and perform the military exercises at various places of public entertainment: soon afterwards she married one Eyles, a carpenter at Newbury. A lady of fortune, who admired the heroism and eccentricity of her conduct, having honoured her with particular notice, became godmother to her son, and contributed liberally to his education. Mrs. Eyles, to the day of her death, continued to receive her pension, which, in the year 1786, was augmented by a special grant to a shilling a day. In the latter part of her life she discovered symptoms of insanity, and was admitted a patient into Bethlehem-hospital, where she died, Feb. 8, 1792, aged 69 years.

Longevity of Chelsea Pensioners.—The following records are collected from among the epitaphs in the college burying-ground:

Thomas Azbey, died	1737	aged 112
Captain Laurence	1765	95
Robert Cumming	1767	116
Peter Dowling	1768	102
A soldier who had fought at the battle of the Boyne	1772	111
Peter Bennet, of Tinmouth	1773	107

Cholera.—During the late panic, a coalheaver went into a tobacconist's shop to purchase a halfpenny worth of pig-tail, when a gentleman asked him if he was in any alarm about the cholera? "No, measter," he said, "them says it's only among the lower classes like."

Calves-Head Roll.—This is a Roll in the two Temples, in which every bencher is taxed yearly at 2*s.*, every barrister at 1*s.* 6*d.*, and every gentleman under the bar at 1*s.* to the cook, and other officers of the house, in consideration of a dinner of calves-heads, provided in Easter term. P. T. W.

Curious Registry.—The following entry occurs in the register of the parish of Hanwell, Middlesex, viz.:—

"Thomas, $\frac{daughter}{son}$ of Thomas Messenger, and Elizabeth, his wife, was born and baptized, October 24, 1731." To which is added in the margin, "by the midwife, at the font, called a boy, and named by the godfather, Thomas, but proved a girl." P. T. W.

Aged Dancers.—Sergeant Hoskyns, the owner of Ingeston House, Herefordshire, entertained James I. with a morrice-dance, performed by ten persons, whose united ages exceeded one thousand years, all natives of Herefordshire. P. T. W.

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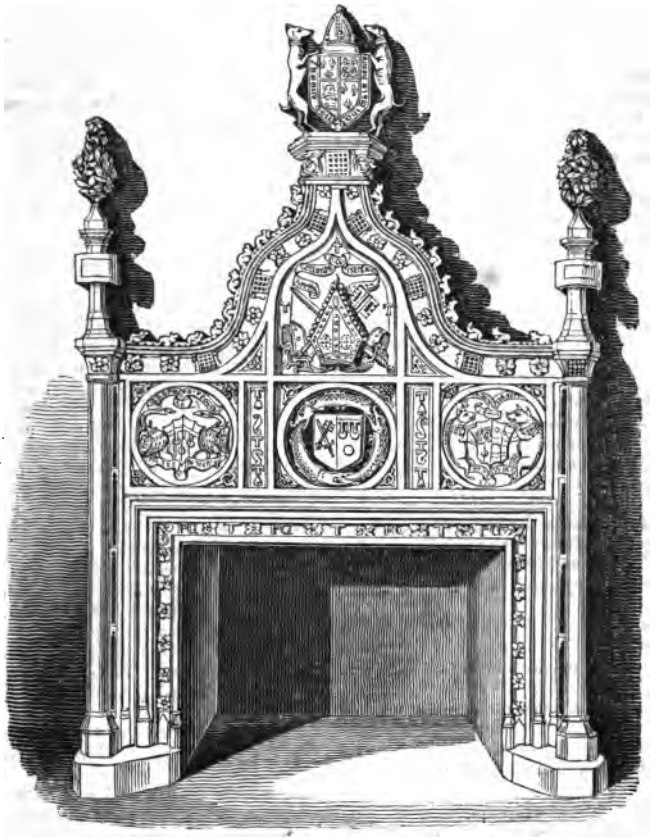
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 554.] SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1832. [Price 2d.



CURIOUS CHIMNEY-PIECE.

We select this Engraving as an illustration of the elaborate sculptural decoration employed in domestic architecture about three centuries since; but more particularly as a specimen of the embellishment of the ecclesiastical residences of that period. It represents a chimney-piece erected in the Bishop's palace at Exeter, by Peter Courtenay, who was consecrated Bishop of Exeter, A. D. 1477, and translated to Winchester, A. D. 1486. He had formerly been master of St. Antony's Hospital, in London.

The bishop was third son of Sir Philip Courtenay of Powderham, knight, (fifth son of Hugh Courtenay, second Earl of Devonshire), who died 1463.

He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford; made archdeacon of Exeter 1453; dean of the same church, 1477.

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He died 1491, and was probably buried in the chancel at Powderham, where is an effigy of a bishop inlaid in brass. He built the north tower of Exeter cathedral, and placed in it a great bell, called after him *Peter's* bell, with a clock and dial: he built also the tower and good part of the church at Honiton (which before was only a chapel, now the chancel). In the windows of the tower are the arms of his parents, now lost; but his paternal arms are on the pillars of the chancel.*

The heraldic embellishments of the chimney-piece are as follow:—

"The arms of Courtenay impaled by those of the see of Exeter are in the centre compartment. In that on the left hand is the former coat single, supported by two swans collared and chained. Motto Arma Petri Exon epi. And on the right hand it impales *Hungerford*, supported by two boars with the Courtenay label round their necks. Motto Arma Patris et Matris.

"Above the centre compartment is the mitre, with the arms of the see, and a label inscribed Colompne ecclesie veritatis p'conie;† and here the T is thrice repeated.

"The moulding of the arch is charged with the portcullis and foliage alternately; and on the point are the royal arms in a garter, and supported by two greyhounds.

"The T with the bell appendant occurs on the sides of the centre coat; also the T single and labels, and over the top of the chimney the T and P C for *Peter Courtenay*.

"The three Sickles and the Sheaf in the angles of the three compartments are the badges of the barons of Hungerford."

Further explanation is necessary, as well as interesting for its connexion with two popular origins—St. Antony's fire, and St. Antony, or "Tantony's Pig."

"The monks of the order of St. Antony wore a black habit with the letter T of a blue colour on the breast. This may sufficiently account for the appearance of that figure among the ornaments of Bishop Courtenay's arms. The following extract from Stow's Survey of London may serve to explain the appendant Bell.

"The Proctors of this hospital were to collect the benevolence of charitable persons towards the building and supporting thereof. And among other things observed in my youth I remember that the officers charged with the oversight of the markets in this city did divers times take from the market people pigs starved, or otherwise unwholesome for men's sustenance: these they did slit in the ear. One of the Proctors of St. Antony tied a bell about the neck, and let it feed among the dunghills, and no man would hurt it, or take it up; but if any gave them bread, or other feeding, such they would know, watch for, and daily follow, whining till they had something given them; whereupon was raised a proverb, 'such a one will follow such a one and whine as it were an Antony pig;' but if such a pig grew to be fat, and came to good liking, as oft times they did, then the Proctor would take him up to the use of the hospital."

"These monks, with their importunate begging were so troublesome, that if men gave them nothing, they would presently threaten them with St. Antony's fire, so that many simple people, out of fear or blind zeal, every year used to bestow on them a fat pig or porker (which they ordinarily painted on their pictures of the saint), whereby they might procure their good will, prayers, and be secure from their menaces.

"The knights of this order (of St. Antony) wore a collar of gold, with an hermit's girdle, to which hung a crutch and a little bell.'‡ See in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1750, the plate of the orders of knighthood, where T, whether a letter or crutch, is given to the order of St. Antony of Ethiopia.

"The saint is always represented with this appendage in Missals, and on monuments, the T hanging from his girdle, and the bell from the neck of the pig at his feet."

We are indebted for this subject to the *Vetusta Monumenta* of the Antiquarian Society.

The form of the arch will be recognised as strictly of the ecclesiastical architectural character; and, with reference to this style, we may observe that "the ecclesiastical residence, the dwelling of the mitred abbot with his train of shaven devotees, or of the princely bishop and humbler priest, naturally was designed to correspond with the consecrated edifice round which these buildings were usually grouped; and hence the architecture of the abbey or priory is essentially of a piece with that of the cathedral." Reverting to the chimney-piece, it should be added that formerly

* Polwhele's Devon. II. p. 281.

† The bishop's motto was, *Quod verum tutum.*

‡ Chamber's Dict *v.* ANTONY.

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both on the continent, as well as in England, fire-places and chimneys were decorated with architectural ornaments, as columns, entablatures, statues, &c., like the entrance to a small temple; now they are mostly made of marble, and more for the office of sculptural decoration than for the orders of architecture.

SONG

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF COWLEY'S MISTRESS.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh, where didst borrow that last sigh,
And that relenting groan;
Ladies that sigh and not for love,
Usurp what's not their own.

Love's arrows sooner armour pierce
Than that soft snowy skin;
Thine eyes can only teach us love,
They cannot take it in.

J. H. L. H.*

* Yes—if confined to Anecdotes.—ED. M.

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE GROANING TREE OF BADDESLEY, HAMPSHIRE.

(For the Mirror.)

GILPIN, in his "Remarks on Forest Scenery," says, A cottager, who lived near the centre of the village, heard frequently a strange noise behind his house, like that of a person in extreme agony. Soon after, it caught the attention of his wife who was then confined to her bed. She was a timorous woman, and being greatly alarmed, her husband endeavoured to persuade her that the noise she heard was only the bellowing of the stags in the forest. By degrees, however, the neighbours on all sides heard it, and the circumstance began to be much talked of. It was by this time plainly discovered that the groaning noise proceeded from an *Elm*, which grew at the bottom of the garden. It was a young, vigorous tree, and, to all appearance, perfectly sound. In a few weeks the fame of the groaning tree was spread far and wide; and people from all parts flocked to hear it. Among others it attracted the curiosity of the late Prince and Princess of Wales, who resided at that time, for the advantage of a sea-bath, at Pilewell, within a quarter of a mile of the groaning tree.

Though the country people assigned many superstitious causes for this strange phenomenon, the naturalist could assign no physical one, that was in any degree satisfactory. Some thought it was owing to the twisting and friction of the roots: others thought that it proceeded from water, which had collected in the body of the tree; or, perhaps, from pent air: but the cause that was alleged appeared unequal to the effect. In the mean time, the tree did not always groan; sometimes disappointing its visitants; yet no cause could be assigned for its temporary cessations, either from seasons, or weather. If any difference was observed, it was thought to groan least when the weather was wet, and most when it was clear and frosty; but the sound at all times seemed to come from the roots.

Thus the groaning tree continued an object of astonishment, during the space of eighteen or twenty months, to all the country around; and for the information of distant parts, a pamphlet was drawn up, containing a particular account of it. A gentleman of the name of Forbes, making too rash an experiment to discover the cause, bored a hole in its trunk. After this it never groaned. It was then rooted up, with a further view to make a discovery; but still nothing appeared which led to any investigation of the cause. It was universally, however, believed, that there was no trick in the affair; but that some natural cause really existed, though never understood.—(Vol. I. p. 163.)

P. T. W.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS RELATING TO HURLEY, IN BERKSHIRE.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. IRELAND, in his "Picturesque views on the river Thames," observes that "the fascinating scenery of this neighbourhood has peculiarly attracted the notice of the clergy of former periods."

Hurley Place was originally a monastery. In the Domesday Book, it is said to have lately belonged to Edgar; but was then the property of Geoffrey de Mandeville, who received it from William the Conqueror, as a reward for his gallant conduct in the battle of Hastings; and in the year 1086 founded a monastery here for Benedictines, and annexed it as a cell to Westminster Abbey, where the original charter is still preserved.

On the dissolution of the monasteries, Hurley became the property of a family named Chamberlain, of whom it was purchased, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Richard Lovelace, a soldier of fortune, who went on an expedition against the Spaniards with Sir Francis Drake, and erected the present mansion on the ruins of the ancient building, with the property he acquired in that enterprise. The remains of the monastery may be traced in the nume-

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rous apartments which occupy the west end of the house; and in a vault beneath the hall some bodies in monkish habits have been found buried. Part of the chapel, or refectory, also, may be seen in the stables, the windows of which are of chalk; and though made in the Conqueror's time, appear as fresh as if they were of modern workmanship. The Hall is extremely spacious, occupying nearly half the extent of the house. The grand saloon is decorated in a singular style, the panels being painted with upright landscapes, the leafings of which are executed with a kind of silver lacker. The views seem to be Italian, and are reputed to have been the work of Salvator Rosa, purposely executed to embellish this apartment. The receipt of the painter is said to be in the possession of Mr. Wilcox, the late resident.

During the reigns of Charles II., and James, his successor, the principal nobility held frequent meetings in a subterraneous vault beneath this house, for the purpose of ascertaining the measures necessary to be pursued for re-establishing the liberties of the kingdom, which the insidious hypocrisy of one monarch, and the more avowed despotism of the other, had completely undermined and destroyed. It is reported also, that the principal papers which produced the revolution of 1688, were signed in the dark recess at the end of the vault. These circumstances have been recorded by Mr. Wilcox, in an inscription written at the extremity of the vault, which, on account of the above circumstances, was visited by the Prince of Orange after he had obtained the crown; by General Paoli in the year 1780; and by George III. on the 14th of November, 1785.

The Lovelace family was ennobled by Charles I., who in the third year of his reign, created Richard Lovelace, Baron Hurley, which title became extinct in 1736. The most valuable part of the estate was about that time sold to the Greave family and afterwards to the Duke of Marlborough: the other part, consisting of the mansion house and woodlands, to Mrs. Williams, sister to Dr. Wilcox, who was bishop of Rochester about the middle of the last century. This lady was enabled to make the purchase by a very remarkable instance of good fortune. She had bought two tickets in one lottery, both of which became prizes: the one of 500*l.*, the other of 20,000*l.* From the daughter of Mrs. Williams it descended to Mr. Wilcox in the year 1771. — *Beauties of England and Wales.* P. T. W.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CLAVERING'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

Containing opinions, characters, &c. of his Cotemporaries.

SHELLEY had some excellent qualities: I attribute his eccentricities to a spice of insanity. He often wrote unintelligibly; —sometimes in short lyrics, beautifully. The ashes of him and Keats sleep together in the Protestant chapel at Rome. I am resolved once more to visit *Lirici*, where the funeral pile of his relics were lighted. I am never so happy as when I am travelling on the Continent; the mere change of air, and locomotion, gives me vigour. I saw old Sir William Wraxall at Dover, a few days before he died, and meant to have accompanied him to Paris. He was still full of anecdote, to which it was necessary to listen with caution; but his information was often curious and valuable. He was one of our oldest litterateurs.

Some years ago I met Sismondi: I could not agree with his ULTRA-LIBERAL politics! He has married an English lady, but does not seem to love the English. He himself once suffered from excessive revolutionism, and was condemned to death by it when young, about 1794, in the reign of terror, when *Monsieur Raville* and others were shot at Geneva. One would have thought that this would have made a convert of him in favour of legitimate governments. But I forget: he does not call them legitimate! He is a thick man, of middle height, with strong features, sallow, with weak eyes, rapid and rather indistinct in his articulation, with a character of great generosity and kindness; but not very tolerant to others in political thinking.

About 1802, strange lawyers perched upon the judgment-seat. Law, Pepper, Arden, and John Mitford! The little Pepper once took it into his head to review a cavalry regiment of fencibles, when he was Master of the Rolls. An unruly horse of one of the officers got head in a charge, and nearly ran over the affrighted judge. I was on the field, saw it all; and heard the small, staring man's terrible shriek! He swore that nothing should ever make him go soldiering again! He could not recollect his law-cases for a fortnight to come! He had some fun about him, and was always crying out, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam, ne sutor ultra crepidam!*" and indeed he looked like a shoemaker. A

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bowel-complaint carried him off. Perhaps it was the fright!

A certain learned theological bishop of that fraternity, a warm controversialist, long since dead, was of an amorous disposition. One day, being left alone with a pretty young lady, he began to be rude to her; she knocked off his prelated wig, and stamped it under her foot. At that time the footman entered, and all was confusion! The girl was in tears; the bishop's pate was bald. The footman was left to wonder! Some squibs appeared in the papers of the day, which few understood. I wrote a piquant epigram, which I will not revive. Old Thurlow, who was the prelate's friend and patron, laughed outright, and clapped me on the back when I dined with him a few days afterwards.

I have been more than once in company with Washington Irving, a most amiable man and great genius, but not lively in conversation. The engraved portraits I have seen of him are not very like him. He frequented the reading-room of Galignani at Paris, and seemed to have some literary connexions with him. There I saw Captain Medwin, the author of the book called *Lord Byron's Conversations*, which I believe to have been accurately reported. He was with his friend Grattan, the author of *High-ways and Bye-ways*. I was not personally acquainted with either of them. Grattan's flat nose is somewhat concealed in the print given of him in Colburn's Magazine, where this author, of course, makes a distinguished figure.

The late Professor Pictet, of Geneva, who had spent some of his early days in England, and was very fond of it, told me some curious anecdotes of his countryman De Lolme, whose book on the English constitution is much more commended than it deserves. He once endeavoured to set up a rival Journal to Old Swinton's *Courrier de l'Europe*, but his absurd denial of Rodney's victory ruined the project. De Vergennes, the French minister, patronized it. Brissot was connected with Swinton in the above-named Journal. One of Swinton's sons holds a high situation in the British Government in India:—another commanded a ship in the Company's service. Old Swinton was a Scotch jacobite, and forfeited.

Horace Walpole, who died Earl of Orford, was a little old man with small features—very lively and amusing,—who talked just as he wrote: but a little too fond of baubles and curiosities. He had a witty mind, but not a great one:—yet he was a man of genius. His family was ancient, but his vanity made him always endeavour to represent it of much more consequence than it was. They had a great deal of the Norfolk squierarchy about them. He could not bear his uncle Horace, the diplomatist, whose son, the grandfather of the present earl, with his little tie-wig, looked like an old-fashioned glover.

I have mentioned Mrs. Macauley, the historian. She had a dog latterly, of which she made a great pet, and on being asked why she bestowed so much care on it, she answered—"Why! are you aware whence it came? It is a true republican, and has been stroked by the hand of Washington!" The event of the French Revolution maddened her with joy; but when the news came of Louis the Sixteenth's escape, and before she heard he had been brought back, she took to her bed, wrote to her friends that she should die of the disappointment—and did die. She complained that Dr. Graham had given her a love-potion! Her young husband used her ill.

Tom Warton, the poet, was a good-natured man, but addicted to low company. He was fond of

"Smoking his pipe upon an alehouse bench;

He was tutor to Colonel North, the son of the minister, who thought he neglected him. This connexion, perhaps, led him to write the *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, or rather that this family were founders of Warton's college. He also wrote the life of the President Bathurst, who was elder brother of Sir Benjamin Bathurst, a commercial man, father to the first Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope the poet, and who lived to the age of ninety, in possession of his faculties,—always calling his son, the Chancellor, "the old man!" He was one of Queen Anne's *twelve* peers—but so rapid has been the extinction and change, that the Bathursts are now considered old nobility. He sprung from one of the *Grey Coat* families in the weald of Kent, the clothiers.

Old Dr. Farmer, the head of Emanuel College, Cambridge, Prebendary of Canterbury, and afterwards of St. Paul's, or Westminster, used to frequent a club in London, to which I belonged. He was at first reserved and silent: but his forte was humour and drollery. At Cambridge he neglected forms and ceremonies in his college too much: and was in all his glory when in dishabille in his study, with his cat by his side, and his

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Shakspeare tracts about him. He found no literature at Canterbury, and was disgusted with his brother members of the cathedral: quaint Dean Horne, and chattering romancing Dr. Berkeley, and his rhodomontading wife, were not suited to him, and as little her son Monke Berkeley, of whom she gave such an absurd and mendacious memoir, and who had none of his celebrated grandfather Bishop Berkeley's genius. Farmer had some cleverness, but no leading talent. He collected an immense quantity of rare and forgotten old English books—especially poetry and the drama—at a trifling price. Todd, the learned editor of Milton, Spencer, &c., was then a member of that cathedral; but as his literary superiority was not pleasant to those above him in that establishment, he was got rid of by promotion, elsewhere, out of their patronage. He wrote the lives of the Deans of that Church, which does not rise to more than local interest. It is a dull book.

It has been my fate to be acquainted with Irish Secretaries. I saw much of little Charles Abbot—afterwards Speaker—and at last Lord Colchester. He was a pompous dwarf; yet of an analytical head. Nothing could be more amusing than to see him strut up the House of Commons to take the chair; nor was the amusement less to listen to him, when he delivered his edicts, or the thanks of the House from the chair. His sonorous voice issuing from a diminutive person, and the epigrammatic points of empty sentences, formed with great artifice, were in very bad taste—though much admired by a House which consisted of so few men of a classical education. His rise was extraordinary, because his talents little exceeded mediocrity. But he was a courtier, and an intriguant. He was the son of a schoolmaster at Colchester.

Swift, though of English extraction, was born in Ireland. From some memoranda of my grandfather's, I learn, that he did not speak of his residence with Sir William Temple at Moore Park, in Surrey, without spleen. He seemed to retain a sort of unwilling awe of Sir William; but not to have loved him. Sir William was a ceremonious courtier: Swift's early habits were somewhat rude and slovenly. Swift had genius, as Gulliver's travels prove; but there is no genius in his poetry. He was both proud and vain. His ancestor was the rector of a small living in Kent; his father an attorney. When I was quartered at Canterbury, I saw the monument for one of his ancestors, preserved out of the old church at St. Andrew's and replaced in the new one. The arms sculptured on it are totally different from what Swift erroneously supposes the family to have borne: this ancestor was minister of that parish—not a prebendary, as Swift represents. Miss Vanhomrigg was cousin of my grandfather, who considered that Swift had used her very cruelly.

I often met the late Monsieur Etienne Dumont, of Geneva, the friend and commentator of old Jeremy Bentham, at Romilly's house in London, in 1789. He was a man of astonishing talents, sagacity, acuteness, and clearness of head. What part he had in the brilliant effusions of Mirabeau, and in the French Revolution, may be seen by his posthumous work, just published at Paris, entitled *Souvenirs de Mirabeau*. He was a short, thick man, of coarse features, blear eyed, and slovenly in his dress; but of mild manners, hospitable, an excellent story-teller, and much beloved. I think he had been at one time librarian to old Lord Lansdowne. He died at Milan, in 1829, aged about 70. The French cannot contain their rage at the exposure that he was the spirit who moved their brilliant Mirabeau.

I was once talking to Anna Maria Porter about him, when she expressed her astonishment at the admiration I bestowed on him! She said, "I thought you was a Whig, and an aristocrat! how can you commend a revolutionary radical?" I answered, "You mistake his character, he is not a radical in the sense you mean! he considers Tom Paine's Rights of Man to be mischievous nonsense!" I could not convince her: but I made my peace with her by praising, with the utmost sincerity, her beautiful novel, *The Recluse of Norway*. I found her full of good sense, and with much command of language. She will forgive me for saying she had not the personal beauty of her gentle sister Jane. She paid many compliments to the imaginative *vivants* of the green island; for she perceived by my tones that I was an Irishman, though I am not sure, that she knew even my name; for the company was numerous, and of all countries. It was an evening assembly, in which the rooms were so full, that one could hardly move. Tommy Moore was there, and though he is a very little man, he was the great lion of the evening: all the young ladies were dying to see the bard whose verses they had chanted so often with thrilling bo-

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soms, and tears running down their cheeks. They were not quite satisfied when they saw a diminutive man, not reaching five feet, with a curly natural brown scratch, handing about an ugly old dowager or two, who fondly leaned upon his arms, even though they discovered them to be ladies of high titles.

Rogers came in late, and went away early, looking sallower and more indifferent than usual. He paid a few bows and compliments to two or three noble peeresses, and then retired.

The Rev. Thomas Frognel Dibdin was there. He was very facetious and quaint: when he found himself by my side, he instantly started off, crying to me; "Brobdignagian; We Lilliputians must not stand by you! You would make a soldier for the King of Prussia! Look at that tall lady there, that Miss de V———; why do you not take her for a wife?" E—— G——n heard what he said, and looked fierce at us both! I expected another *Bluwiad!* Perhaps the ingenious bibliographer does not recollect the conversation; but he may be assured it took place. And I entreat also Anna Maria Porter to tax her memory, and recall the very interesting and sensible conversation I had with her. I told her some anecdotes of her brother, Sir Robert, whom I met on our travels, which pleased her. Jane would not talk much that night; something heavy seemed to have seized her spirits. Let Jane recollect how she once related to me the curious history and character of Percival Stockdale! It happened at the house of a friend in London, whom I shall not point out with too much particularity. Dibdin endeavoured to excite the envy of some of us litterateurs, that we were not, like him, members of the Roxburgh, which had dukes, and earls, and chancellors of the exchequer, and judges, and the great Magician of the North into the bargain! —*Metropolitan.*

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy Maker's knee;
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair,
Thine eyes are passion-free;
And pleasant thoughts like garlands bind thee
Unto thy home, yet Grief may find thee—
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy young heart like a bird
Singeth in its summer nest,
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No bitter, angry voice hath stirr'd
The beauty of its rest.
But winter cometh, and decay
Wasteth thy verdant home away,—
Then pray, Child, pray!

Thy Spirit is a House of Glee,
And Gladness harpeth at the door,
While ever with a merry shout
Hope, the May-Queen, danceth out,
Her lips with music running o'er!
But Time those strings of Joy will sever,
And Hope will not dance on for ever;
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy Mother's Hymn abideth
Round thy pillow in the night,
And gentle feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darken'd light.
But that sweet Hymn shall pass away,
By thee no more those feet shall stay:
Then pray, Child, pray!
New Monthly Magazine.

SONG.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

A fair lady looks out from her lattice—but why
Do tears bedim that lady's eye?
Below stands the knight who her favour wears,
But he mounts not the turret to dry her tears;
He springs on his charger—"Farewell;—he is gone,
And the lady is left in her turret alone.
"Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before
It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door."

There was never an eye than that lady's more bright,—
Why speeds then away her favour'd knight?
The couch which her white fingers broider'd so fair,
Were a far softer seat than the saddle of war;
What's more tempting than love? In the patriot's sight
The battle of freedom he hastens to fight;
"Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before
It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door."

The fair lady looks out from her lattice, but now
Her eye is as bright as her fair shining brow:
And is sorrow so fleeting?—Love's tears—dry they fast?
The stronger is love, is't the less sure to last?
Whose arm sees her knight round her waist?—'Tis his own;
By the battle she wept for, her lover is won;
"Ply the distaff, my maids, ply the distaff no more;
Would you spin when already he stands at the door?"
Monthly Magazine.

LORD CORNWALLIS'S MONUMENT, IN INDIA.

The annexed cut represents the mausoleum of the Marquess of Cornwallis, whose distinguished connexion with the success of British arms in India will be recollected by the reader. It stands at Ghazepoor, a large town or city, in the province of Benares, on the river Ganges, about 450 miles from Calcutta. His lordship died on the river in the year 1805, while proceeding to make the requisite arrangements for some ceded prisoners. He was, at the time, governor-general of India, having been appointed to succeed the Marquess Wellesley, in 1804. The last act of his life accords with his gene-

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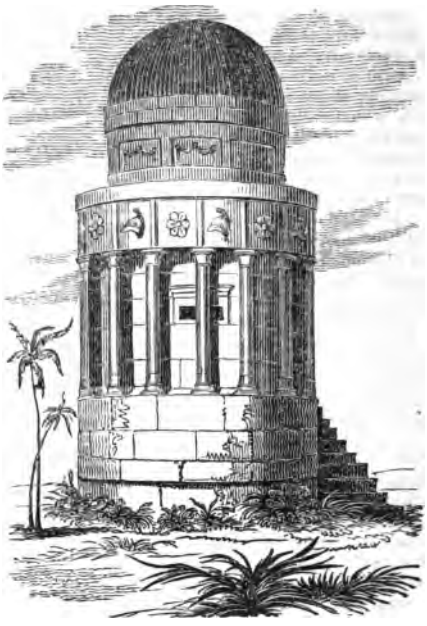

ral activity and vigilance, for he always gave his instructions in person, and attended to the performance of them. His personal character was amiable and unassuming, and if his talents were not brilliant, his sound sense, aided by his laudable ambition and perseverance, effected much good.

The monument is built of stone, and cost a lac of rupees, or 10,000*l*. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and its vicinity is the favourite promenade of the gentry of Ghazepoor, which has been termed the Montpellier of India.

Bishop Heber, in his interesting Journey through India, objects to the architectural taste of the monument in these critical observations:

"During our drive this evening I had a nearer view of Lord Cornwallis's monument, which certainly does not improve on close inspection; it has been evidently a very costly building; its materials are excellent, being some of the finest free-stone I ever saw, and it is an imitation of the celebrated Sibyl's temple, of large proportions, solid masonry, and raised above the ground on a lofty and striking basement. But its pillars, instead of beautiful Corinthian well-fluted, are of the meanest Doric. They are quite too slender for their height, and for the heavy entablature and cornice which rest on them. The dome instead of springing from nearly the same level with the roof of the surrounding portico, is raised ten feet higher on a most ugly and unmeaning attic story, and the windows (which are quite useless) are the most extraordinary embrasures (for they resemble nothing else) that I ever saw, out of a fortress. Above all, the building is utterly unmeaning, it is neither a temple nor a tomb, neither has altar, statue, nor inscription. It is, in fact, a 'folly' of the same sort, but far more ambitious and costly, than that which is built at Barrackpoor, and it is vexatious to think that a very handsome church might have been built, and a handsome marble monument to Lord Cornwallis placed in its interior, for little more money than has been employed on a thing, which, if any foreigner saw it, (an event luckily not very probable) would afford subject for mockery to all who read his travels, at the expense of Anglo-Indian ideas of architecture. Ugly as it is, however, by itself, it may yet be made a good use of, by making it serve the purpose of a detached 'torre campanile' to the new church which is required for the station; to this last it would save the necessity of a steeple or cupola, and would much lessen the expense of the building."

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The Naturalist.

We quote these Facts from the *Correspondence of the Magazine of Natural History* for May.

Luminous appearance on the ears of a Horse.

When we cannot find a satisfactory solution for any puzzling occurrence which we are desirous of investigating, perhaps the best way is to endeavour to accumulate a series of facts of the same kind. Some years ago, I was riding from Edinburgh: it was (as I happen to recollect) on the 12th of November, and in the evening. There had been, since past midday, a succession of those stormy clouds, driven by a westerly wind, which are common at that season. Perhaps the wind was a point or two to the north of west, if it makes any difference, and during the intervals there was always a comparative calm or slackening of the wind. I was once taken by one of these storm-clouds about Nether Libberton, on the Dalkeith road. I used the spur a little; and, having been a yeoman for many years, I was unconsciously holding a small rattan cane somewhat after the mode of "carry swords." Roused by the velocity of the wind, and the darkness of the passing cloud, I naturally turned my eyes to the right, and was not a little surprised to observe a pale clear flame, in form like that of a small candle, playing upon the point of the cane. Taking it for granted, forthwith, that a stream of electricity, attracted by the cane, was passing from the cloud through my body, and through the horse, into the ground, I instantly turned it downwards. At the time I did not wait to consider that I was in the hollow of the valley between one of the highest of the Pentlands and Arthur's Seat, and that there were higher objects than myself, and scattered trees in the neighbourhood far more likely to act upon the cloud, or be exposed to its influence. A short time after this happened, I mentioned the circumstance of the flame to a friend. He told me, in return, that once, when riding between Hawick and Jedburgh, during a dark and stormy night, he was greatly annoyed, for most part of the way, by two flames, like candles, that appeared to issue from his horse's ears. He certainly is as little likely to be affected by superstition as most men; but never before having heard of such a circumstance, and the idea of electricity not then occurring to his mind, he could not help thinking that Will o' the wisp and he, hoping it was nothing worse, had got into rather too close intimacy.

Another Correspondent says this luminous "phenomenon may be often seen on a gravel walk upon a moist autumnal evening. It arises from something of a slimy nature emitted by the *Scolopéndra eléctrica* (one of the animals vulgarly called centipedes), which is luminous. As the animal crawls, it leaves a long train of phosphoric light behind it on the ground, which is often mistaken for the presence of a glow-worm. In all probability, one of these animals had recently crawled over the head of the horse, or rather, might be still crawling there, and the person who saw it unconsciously watched its progress."

The Short Sunfish

appears to be the name of the "Curious Fish," described by our indefatigable Correspondent, W. G. C., in *The Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 168, and quoted by the Editor; he mentioned the occurrence of this fish to Mr. Yarrell, who has furnished a list of references to most of the British authors by whom it has either been described or figured. (See the Magazine, p. 316.)

By the way, Bishop Heber mentions a sun-fish, or, as it is popularly called *Devil-fish*: it is very large and nearly circular, with vivid colours about it, and it swims by lashing the water with its tail exactly on a level with the surface.

The Char.

The char (*Sálmo alpìnus L.*) is found in several of the deep and rocky lakes of England: viz. Coniston in Lancashire, Windermere in Westmoreland, Buttermere and Cromackwater in Cumberland, and, I believe, in Ulswater. My observations are confined to Windermere. Windermere is fed by two streams, which unite at the head of the lake, named the Brathy and the Rothay: the bottom of the former is rocky, and that of the latter sandy. On the first sharp weather that occurs in November, the char makes up the Brathy, in large shoals, for the purpose of spawning, preferring that river to the Rothay, probably owing to the bottom being rocky, and resembling more the bottom of the lake; and it is singular that those fish which ascend the Rothay invariably return and spawn in the Brathy; they remain in this stream, and in the shallow parts of the lake, until the end of March. While spawning, their colour and spots

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are much darker than when in season; the mouth and fins being of a deep yellow colour; and they are covered with a thick slime at this time. In the water before Brathy Hall, at Clappersgate, hundreds may be seen rubbing and rooting at the bottom, endeavouring to free themselves from the slime, and probably insects that annoy them. Great quantities are caught during the spawning time, by the netters, for potting, and some are sent up fresh for the London market; but those only who have eaten char in summer, on the spot, when they are in season, can tell how superior they are to those eaten in London in the winter. About the beginning of April, when the warm weather comes in, they retire into the deep parts of the lake; where their principal food is the minnow (*Cyprinus Phòxinus, L.*), of which they are very fond. At this time, they are angled for by spinning a minnow; but, in a general way, the sport is indifferent, and the persevering angler is well rewarded if he succeed in killing two brace a day. A more successful mode of taking them is by fastening a long and heavily leaded line, and hook baited with a minnow, to the stern of a boat, which is slowly and silently rowed along: in this way they are taken during the early summer months; but when the hot weather comes in, they are seldom seen. They feed, probably, at night; and although they never leave the lake, except during the period of spawning, nothing is more uncommon than taking a char in July and August. When in season, they are strong and vigorous fish, and afford the angler excellent sport. They differ little in size, three fish generally weighing about 2lbs.: occasionally, one is caught larger, but they seldom vary more than an ounce. The char, as it is well known, is a singularly beautiful fish, and is accurately described by Pennant. The fishermen about the lakes speak of two sorts, the case char and the gilt char; the latter being a fish that has not spawned in the preceding season, and on that account said to be of a more delicate flavour, but in other respects there is no difference.

DUTCH RUSHES.

THE *Equisètum hyemàle*, is commonly sold under the name of Dutch rushes, for the purpose of polishing wood and ivory. If the rush be burnt carefully, a residuum of unconsumable matter will be left, and this held up to the light will show a series of little points, arranged spirally and symmetrically, which are the portions of silex the fire had not dissipated; and it is this serrated edge which seems to render the plant so efficient in attrition. Wheaten and oaten straw are also found by the experience of our good housewives to be good polishers of their brass milk vessels, without its being at all suspected by them that it is the flint deposited in the culms which makes it so useful.—*Magazine of Natural History, March.*

WOLF-DOG.

IN Hutton's Museum at Keswick, is a large stuffed dog (very much resembling a wolf, and having its propensities), which some years ago spread devastation amongst the flocks of sheep in this neighbourhood: a reward was offered for its destruction, and, though hunted by men and dogs, its caution and swiftness eluded their pursuit, till it was found asleep under a hedge, and in that position shot.—*Corresp. Mag. Nat. Hist.*

DUCKS.

"WHILE our voiturier," says Mr. Bakewell, "was resting his horses at Villeneuve, I observed a singular instance of sagacity in some ducks that were collected under the carriage. On our throwing out pieces of hard biscuit, which were too large for them to swallow whole, they made many efforts to break them with their beaks; failing in this, the younger ones gave up the spoil, but some of the older ducks carried parts of the biscuit to a pool of standing water, and held them to soak, till sufficiently soft to be broken and swallowed with great facility. I must leave it to metaphysicians to determine whether this process was the result of induction or instinct."

POISON OF TOADS.

THE circumstance of toads spitting poison, is mentioned in *M. L. B's.* interesting paper on the *Superstitions relative to Animals.* The following is the opinion of Dr. E. J. Clark on this subject, delivered at a recent lecture. S. H.

"The opinions of the vulgar are generally founded upon something. That the toad spits poison has been treated as ridiculous; but though it may be untrue that what the creature spits affects man, yet I am of opinion that it does spit venom. A circumstance related to me by a friend of mine, has tended to strengthen my opinion. He was a timber merchant, and had a favourite cat who was accustomed to stand by him

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while he was removing the timber; when, (as was often the case) a mouse was found concealed among it, the cat used to kill it. One day the gentleman was at his usual employment, and the cat standing by him, when she jumped on what he supposed to be a mouse, and immediately uttered a loud cry of agony; she then stole away into a corner of the yard, and died in a few minutes. It turned out that she had jumped on a toad."

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

SCRIPTURAL ANTIQUITIES.

(*Concluded from page* 411.)

Phenomenon of the Rainbow.

It seems to us very probable, that the *density* of the atmosphere was changed at the deluge, having been considerably attenuated, nor can this inference be regarded in the light of mere speculation: there seems sufficient evidence that it really must have been so. The rainbow appearing for the *first* time—the abbreviation of human life, and the diminished size of animal and vegetable forms, all seem to require this condition. Far be it from us to doubt the direct interposition of JEHOVAH in this catastrophe, but GOD sometimes employs secondary agents to effect his designs. "I do set," says the ALMIGHTY, "my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of the covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud; and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh: and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." It cannot be reasonably supposed, that the rainbow ever appeared before the deluge, nor from our previous remarks, is it at all necessary to suppose it. Had the patriarchs seen this beautiful phenomenon in an antediluvian world, its recurrence after the deluge could not have been a symbol of security, since, though the spectacle had been already witnessed, the deluge had supervened; but it was a *new* phenomenon, the consequence of the altered condition of the atmosphere, and was perhaps the result of a *superadded law*. The design implies stipulations of a somewhat similar description, and even pagan testimony might be cited as concurring in this view of it.

Εν νεφει στηριξε τερας μεροπων ανθρωπων.*

"Jove's wondrous bow of three celestial dies,
Plac'd, as a sign to man, amidst the skies."

The Fall of Manna.

This remarkable and providential supply is thus described: "When the dew that lay was gone up, behold *upon the face of the wilderness* there lay a small *round* thing, as *small as the hoar-frost*, on the ground." We are further told, that "*when the sun waxed hot it melted*;" and when preserved until the following day it became corrupt, and "*bred worms.*" To preserve the extra measure which they collected on the sixth day, Moses directed that on that day of the week they were "*to bake and seethe*" what should be required on the morrow, as on the sabbath none should fall. It is further added,—"And the house of Israel called the name thereof *manna*: and it was like coriander-seed, *white; taste of it was like wafers made with honey.*" Such are the curious and interesting particulars supplied by the Sacred Text. It is well known that a substance is used in medicine under this name, chiefly obtained from the Calabrias, and is collected from the leaves of the *ornus rotundifolia*, (fruxinas ornus, of Linnæus,) and a somewhat similar substance obtains in the onion; but from its purgative qualities, it is sufficiently obvious that the manna of the Scriptures is altogether different. According to Seetzen, Wortley Montague, Burckhardt, and other travellers, a natural production exudes from the spines of a species of tamarix, in the peninsula of Sinai. It condenses before sunrise, but dissolves in the sun-beam. "Its taste," it is added, "is agreeable, somewhat aromatic, and as sweet as honey. It may be kept for a year, and is only found after a wet season." The Arabs collect it and use it with their bread. In the vicinity of Mount Sinai, where it is most plentiful, the quantity collected in the most favourable season does not exceed six hundred weight. The author of the "History of the Jews" has a note to the following effect: "The author, by the kindness of a traveller, recently returned from Egypt, has received a small quantity of manna; it was, however, though still palatable, in a liquid state, from the heat of the sun. He has obtained the additional curious fact, that manna, if not boiled or baked, will not keep more than a day, but becomes putrid and breeds maggots. It is described as

* Il. xi. v. 28.

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a small round substance, and is brought in by the Arabs in small quantities mixed with sand." It would appear from these very interesting facts, that this exudation, which transpires from the thorns or leaves of the tamarix, is altogether different from the manna of the manna-ash. We cannot doubt, from the entire coincidence in every respect, that the manna found in the wilderness of Sinai by the Arabs now, is *identical* with that of the Scriptures. That the minute particulars recorded should be every whit verified by modern research and discovery, is worthy of great attention. As Moses directed Aaron to "take a pot and put an omer full of manna therein, and lay it up before the LORD, (in the ark,) to be kept for the generations of Israel," as a memorial; so the remarkable phenomenon remains in evidence of the truth of the narrative. The *miracle*, however, remains precisely as it was. There is sufficient to appeal to, as an existing and perpetual memorial to all generations. The MIRACLE, from which there can be no appeal, and which allows of no equivocation, consisted in its ample abundance, in its continued supply, and its complete intermission on the sacred day of rest. Nutritious substances have fallen from the atmosphere in some countries; such, for example, was that which fell a few years ago in Persia, and was examined by Thenard. It proved to be a nutritious substance referable to a vegetable origin. We have before us, at the moment of writing these pages, a small work, printed at Naples in 1793, the author of which is Gaetano Maria La Pira; it is entitled, "Memoria sulla pioggia della Manna," &c.: and describes a shower of manna which fell in Sicily, in the month of September, 1792. The author, a professor of chemistry, at Naples, gives an interesting account of the circumstances under which it was found, together with a variety of interesting particulars, some of which we shall select, and we do so to prove that a similar substance may have an *aerial* origin, though carried up in the first instance, it may be, by the process of evaporation;—this would considerably modify the product. On the 26th September, 1792, a fall of manna took place at a district in Sicily, called *Fiume grande;* this singular shower lasted, it is stated, for about an hour and a half. It commenced at *twenty-two o'clock*, according to Italian time, or about five o'clock in the afternooon: the space covered with this manna seems to have been considerable. A *second* shower covered a space of thirty-eight paces in length, by fourteen in breadth. This second shower of manna, which took place on the following day, was not confined to the *Fiume grande*, but seems to have fallen in still greater abundance in another place, called *Santa Barbara*, at a considerable distance: it covered a space of two hundred and fifty paces in length, by fourteen paces in breadth. An individual, named Guiseppe Giarrusso, informed Sig. G. M. La Pira, that about half-past eight o'clock, A. M., he witnessed this shower of manna, and described it as composed of extremely minute drops, which, as soon as they fell, congealed into a white concrete substance; and the quantity was such, that the whole surface of the ground was covered, and presented the appearance of snow: the depth, in all cases, seems to have been inconsiderable. This aerial manna was somewhat purgative, when administered internally; and the chemical analysis of it seemed to prove, that its constituents, though somewhat different from that obtained from the *ornus rotundifolia*,* did not materially differ from the latter in its constituents. Sig. La Pira describes it of a white colour, and somewhat granular or spherical; it seems to have had some resemblance, externally, to that of the Scriptures; but it is not stated that it became corrupt on being preserved.

Water from the Rock.

At the rock, in Horeb, called *Meribah*, Moses miraculously supplied the people with water. He smote the rock, and an abundant stream immediately issued: this extraordinary source of supply is now dried up, but there is still left sufficient evidence to confirm the fact. It will suffice for our purpose that we quote, in corroboration, the description of an eye-witness and recent traveller: "We came to the celebrated rock of Meribah. It still bears striking evidence of the miracle about it; and it is quite isolated in the midst of a narrow valley, which is here about two hundred yards broad. There are four or five fissures, one above the other, on the face of the rock, each of them about a foot and a half long, and a few inches deep. What is remarkable, they run along the breadth of the rock, and are not rent downwards; they are more than a foot asunder, and there is a channel worn between them by the gushing of the water. The Arabs

* Also the *oak*, *ilex*, *chestnut*, &c. though less abundant and more rare than on the leaves of the manna-ash. The ordinary manna collected in Sicily, comes from districts in the *Val Demone* and the *Val di Mazzara*, at some distance from the localities where this aerial manna fell.

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still reverence this rock." Dr. Clarke only spoke the truth when he asserted that the BIBLE was the best itinerary that the traveller in Palestine could possess.

"Weighing in the Balance."

The sentence of the ALMIGHTY, emblazoned on the walls of the palace of Babylon, which registered the fate of Belshazzar, was deciphered by the skill of Daniel. Part of this sentence is thus interpreted: "TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." The author gives an interesting illustration of the allusion. Here, it will be perceived, is the *balance* in which the actions of the individual have been weighed; and we have only further to remark, that the former Mogul kings were, on their ascending the throne, *literally weighed*. Thevenot gives an account of this curious affair in his time. The balance wherein this seems to have been performed, is described as being rich. The chains of suspension were of gold, and the two scales, studded with precious stones, also of gold, as well as the beam, &c. The king, richly attired and shining with jewels, goes into one of the scales of the balance, and sits on his heels. Into the other are put little bales, said to be full of gold, silver, and jewels, or of other costly materials. These little bales are described to be often changed.

We have marked many more extracts than we can insert, and find that we must content ourselves, and we hope the author, with again directing attention to his very interesting production.

Notes of a Reader.

PICTURE OF VENICE.

(From Contarini Fleming, a Psychological Autobiography.)

AN hour before sunset, I arrived at Fusina, and beheld, four or five miles out at sea, the towers and cupolas of Venice suffused with a rich golden light, and rising out of the bright blue waters. Not an exclamation escaped me. I felt like a man, who has achieved a great object. I was full of calm exultation, but the strange incident of the morning made me serious and pensive.

As our gondolas glided over the great Lagune, the excitement of the spectacle reanimated me. The buildings, that I had so fondly studied in books and pictures, rose up before me. I knew them all; I required no Cicerone. One by one, I caught the hooded Cupolas of St. Mark, the tall Campanile red in the sun, the Moresco Palace of the Doges, the deadly Bridge of Sighs, and the dark structure to which it leads. Here my gondola quitted the Lagune, and, turning up a small canal, and passing under a bridge which connected the quays, stopped at the steps of a palace.

I ascended a staircase of marble, I passed through a gallery crowded with statues, I was ushered into spacious apartments, the floors of which were marble, and the hangings satin. The ceilings were painted by Tintoretto and his scholars, and were full of Turkish trophies and triumphs over the Ottomite. The furniture was of the same rich material as the hangings, and the gilding, although of two hundred years' duration, as bright and burnished, as the costly equipment of a modern palace. From my balcony of blinds, I looked upon the great Lagune. It was one of those glorious sunsets which render Venice, in spite of her degradation, still famous. The sky and sea vied in the brilliant multiplicity of their blended tints. The tall shadows of her Palladian churches flung themselves over the glowing and transparent wave out of which they sprang. The quays were crowded with joyous groups, and the black gondolas flitted, like sea serpents, over the red and rippling waters.

I hastened to the Place of St. Mark. It was crowded and illuminated. Three gorgeous flags waved on the mighty staffs, which are opposite the church in all the old drawings, and which once bore the standards of Candia and Cyprus, and the Morea. The coffee-houses were full, and gay parties, seated on chairs in the open air, listened to the music of military bands, while they refreshed themselves with confectionary so rich and fanciful, that it excites the admiration, and the wonder of all travellers, but which I have since discovered in Turkey to be Oriental. The variety of costume was also great. The dress of the lower orders in Venice is still unchanged: many of the middle classes yet wear the cap and cloak. The Hungarian and the German military, and the bearded Jew, with his black velvet cap and flowing robes, are observed with curiosity. A few days also before my arrival, the Austrian squadron had carried into Venice a Turkish ship and two Greek vessels which had violated the neutrality. Their crews now mingled with the crowd. I beheld, for the first time, the haughty and turbaned Ottoman, sitting cross-legged on his carpet under a co-

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lonnade, sipping his coffee and smoking a long chiboque, and the Greeks, with their small red caps, their high foreheads, and arched eyebrows.

Can this be modern Venice, I thought? Can this be the silent, and gloomy, and decaying city, over whose dishonourable misery I have so often wept? Could it ever have been more enchanting? Are not these indeed still subjects of a Doge, and still the bridegroom of the ocean? Alas! the brilliant scene was as unusual as unexpected, and was accounted for by its being the feast day of a favourite saint. Nevertheless, I rejoiced at the unaccustomed appearance of the city at my entrance, and still I recall with pleasure the delusive moments, when strolling about the place of St. Mark the first evening that I was in Venice, I for a moment mingled in a scene that reminded me of her lost lightheartedness, and of that unrivalled gaiety that so long captivated polished Europe.

SWISS LEGEND OF WILLIAM TELL.

THE famous episode of William Tell, was momentous to the main plot of the emancipation of Switzerland in its issue. This man, who was one of the sworn at Rutli, and noted for his high and daring spirit, exposed himself to arrest by Gessler's myrmidons, for passing the hut without making obeisance. Whispers of conspiracy had already reached the vogt, and he expected to extract some farther evidence from Tell on the subject. Offended by the man's obstinate silence, he gave loose to his tyrannical humour, and knowing that Tell was a good archer, commanded him to shoot from a great distance at an apple on the head of his child. God, says an old chronicler, was with him; and the vogt, who had not expected such a specimen of skill and fortune, now cast about for new ways to entrap the object of his malice; and, seeing a second arrow in his quiver, asked him what that was for? Tell replied, evasively, that such was the usual practice of archers. Not content with this reply, the vogt pressed him on farther, and assured him of his life, whatever the arrow might have been meant for. "Vogt," said Tell, "had I shot my child, the second shaft was for THEE; and be sure I should not have missed my mark a second time!" Transported with rage not unmixed with terror, Gessler exclaimed, "Tell! I have promised thee life, but thou shalt pass it in a dungeon." Accordingly, he took boat with his captive, intending to transport him across the lake to Kussnacht in Schwytz, in defiance of the common right of the district, which provided that its natives should not be kept in confinement beyond its borders. A sudden storm on the lake overtook the party; and Gessler was obliged to give orders to loose Tell from his fetters, and commit the helm to his hands, as he was known for a skilful steersman. Tell guided the vessel to the foot of the great Axenberg, where a ledge of rock distinguished to the present day as Tell's platform, presented itself as the only possible landing-place for leagues around. Here he seized his cross-bow, and escaped by a daring leap, leaving the skiff to wrestle its way in the billows. The vogt also escaped the storm, but only to meet a fate more signal from Tell's bow in the narrow pass near Kussnacht. The tidings of his death enhanced the courage of the people, but also alarmed the vigilance of their rulers, and greatly increased the dangers of the conspirators, who kept quiet. These occurrences marked the close of 1307.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia. History of Switzerland.*

GREAT PLAGUE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE early triumphs of Swiss valour were saddened by the breaking out of that great plague, which visited with its ravages the greater part of Europe and Asia, and of which the most vivid delineation ever written (except that of a similar post by Thucydides) has been preserved in the Decameron of Boccacio. Whole towns were depopulated. Estates were left without claimants or occupiers. Priests, physicians, grave-diggers, could not be found in adequate numbers; and the consecrated earth of the churchyards no longer sufficed for the reception of its destined tenants. In the order of Franciscans alone, 120,430 monks are said to have perished. This plague had been preceded by tremendous earthquakes, which laid in ruins towns, castles, and villages. Dearth and famine, clouds of locusts, and even an innocent comet, had been long before regarded as forerunners of the pestilence; and when it came it was viewed as an unequivocal sign of the wrath of God. At the outset, the Jews became, as usual, objects of umbrage, as having occasioned this calamity by poisoning the wells. A persecution was commenced against them, and numberless innocent persons were consigned, by heated fanaticism, to a dreadful death by fire, and their children were baptized over the corpses of their

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parents, according to the religion of their murderers. These atrocities were in all probability perpetrated by many, in order to possess themselves of the wealth acquired by the Jews in traffic, to take revenge for their usurious extortions, or, finally, to pay their debts in the most expeditious and easy manner. When it was found that the plague was nowise diminished by massacring the Jews, but, on the contrary, seemed to acquire additional virulence, it was inferred that God, in his righteous wrath, intended nothing less than to extirpate the whole sinful race of man. Many now endeavoured by self-chastisement to avert the divine vengeance from themselves. Fraternities of hundreds and thousands collected under the name of Flagellants, strolled through the land in strange garbs, scourged themselves in the public streets, in penance for the sins of the world, and read a letter which was said to have fallen from heaven, admonishing all to repentance and amendment. They were joined of course, by a crowd of idle vagabonds, who, under the mask of extraordinary sanctity and humble penitence, indulged in every species of disorder and debauchery. At last the affair assumed so grave an aspect, that the pope and many secular princes declared themselves against the Flagellants, and speedily put an end to their extravagancies. Various ways were still, however, resorted to by various tempers to snatch the full enjoyment of that life which they were so soon to lose, at the expense of every possible violation of the laws of morality. Only a few lived on in a quiet and orderly manner, in reliance on the saving help of God, without running into any excess of anxiety or indulgence. After this desolating scourge had raged during four years, its violence seemed at length to be exhausted.—*Ibid.*

WATERING PLACES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BADEN, the well-known and much-frequented watering-place, has been long celebrated. The following account of it in the fifteenth century is interesting. Those warriors who would wile away the interval between one campaign and another agreeably, betook themselves to Baden in Aargau. Here in a narrow valley, where the Limmat flows through its rocky bed, are hot springs of highly medicinal properties. Hither, to the numerous houses of public entertainment, resorted prelates, abbots, monks, nuns, soldiers, statesmen, and all sorts of artificers. As in our fashionable watering-places, most of the visiters merely sought to dissipate ennui, enjoy life, and pursue pleasure. The baths were most crowded at an early hour in the morning, and those who did not bathe resorted thither to see acquaintances, with whom they could hold conversation from the galleries round the bath-rooms, while the bathers played at various games, or ate from floating tables. Lovely females did not disdain to sue for alms from the gallery-loungers, who threw down coins of small amount, to enjoy the ensuing scramble. Flowers were strewn on the surface of the water, and the vaulted roof rang with music, vocal, and instrumental. Towards noon the company sallied forth to the meadows in the neighbourhood, acquaintances were easily made, and strangers soon became familiar. The pleasures of the table were followed by jovial pledges in swift succession, till fife and drum summoned to the dance. Now fell the last barriers of reserve and decorum; and it is time to drop a veil over the scene.
Ibid.

The Gatherer.

Morland.—George Morland's brother was telling me the other day, that he well remembered going with his brother in a hack to Smithfield, buying a young donkey there, and bringing it home with them in the coach; his brother laughing almost all the time. M. L. E.

The Three Death's Heads.—The following words (much altered) are from a poem entitled, "The Thre' Deid Powis, (The Three Death's Heads, by Patrick Johnstoun.)

"O, lady gay, in glittering garments drest,
Enrich'd with pearl, and many a costly stone,
Thy slender throat, and soft and snowy breast
Circled with gold and sapphires many a one.
Thy fingers small, white as the ivory bone,
Arrayed with rings, and many a ruby red;
Soon shall thy fresh and rose-like bloom be gone,
And naught of thee remain, but grim and hollow head.
O, woeful pride! dark root of all distress!
With contrite heart, our fleshless scalps behold!
O wretched man, to God, meek prayers address.

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Thy lusty strength, thy wit, thy daring bold,
All shall lie low with us in charnel cold:
Proud king, 'tis thus thy pamper'd corpse shall rot;
Thus, in the dust thy purple pomp be roll'd,
Mark then, in peeled skull, thy miserable lot."

Bushy.—Bushy, a small village, near Watford, seems to have been very unfortunate in its ancient owners. Its first Norman possessor, Geoffrey de Mandeville, having incurred the Pope's displeasure, was obliged to be suspended in lead, on a tree, in the precinct of the Temple, London, because Christian burial was not allowed to persons under such circumstances. Edmond of Woodstock, was beheaded through the vile machinations of Queen Isabella, and her paramour, Mortimer, on a suspicion of intending to restore his brother, Edward II. to the throne; and so much was he beloved by the people, and his persecutors detested, that he stood from one to five in the afternoon before an executioner could be procured, and then an outlaw from the Marshalsea performed the detested duty. Thomas, Duke of Surrey, was beheaded at Cirencester, in rebellion against Henry IV. Thomas de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, after obtaining the highest honour in the campaigns in France with Henry V. was killed by the splinter of a window-frame, driven into his face by a cannon ball, at the siege of Orleans. Richard, the stout Earl of Warwick, another possessor, was killed at Barnet. George, Duke of Clarence, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey. Richard III. was the next possessor. Lady Margaret de la Pole, was beheaded at the age of seventy-two, by the cruel policy of Henry VIII., in revenge for a supposed affront by her son the Cardinal. In this parish also lived the infamous Colonel Titus, who advised Cromwell to deliver the nation from its yoke, in a pamphlet, entitled *Killing no Murder.*

West.—A New York paper states that the old sign of the Bull's Head, which has hung at a house in Strawberry-street, for nearly seventy years, is ascertained to be one of the first productions of Benjamin West, and is said to be the first painting of the kind ever executed in America. The wood on which it is painted is much decayed, but the paint and figures are visible.

Congreve is said to have written his comedy of the *Old Bachelor* and part of the *Mourning Bride*, in a grotto formed in a steep rocky hill in the grounds of Ilam Hall, in Dove Dale, Derbyshire. This romantic retreat was furnished with a stone seat and table, and herein the poet and dramatist was accustomed to seek refuge from the license of a London life.

Rousseau appears to have been one of the unhappiest as well as the most unamiable of men. He imagined himself the persecuted of all persecutors, and sought an asylum in England from his supposed enemies. In April, 1766, having just settled in Derbyshire, he wrote "Here I have just arrived at last at an agreeable and sequestered asylum, where I hope to breathe freely, and at peace." He lived chiefly at Wootton Hall, and delighted to pass his leisure in the romantic Dove Dale. He did not, however, long remain "at peace," for in April following, he returned to the continent, heaping reproaches on his best friends. The rent of the house in which he lived had been greatly reduced, to allure him into the country; his spirit revolted at this; and as soon as he heard of it he indignantly left the place. Whilst at Wotton Hall, he received a present of some bottles of choice foreign wine; this was a gift, and his pride would not permit him to taste it; he therefore left it in the house untouched for the next comer. For some reason or other, or more probably for none, he had determined not to see Dr. Darwin. The Doctor, aware of his objections, placed himself on a terrace, which Rousseau had to pass, and was examining a plant. "Rousseau," said he, "are you a botanist?" They entered into conversation, and were intimate at once; but Rousseau, on reflection, imagined that this meeting was the result of contrivance, and the intimacy proceeded no further.

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LIST OF SIXTY-THREE ENGRAVINGS

IN THE PRESENT VOLUME.

STEEL-PLATE PORTRAIT OF THE RT. HON. EARL GREY.

Three Views in the Surrey Zoological Gardens.
Fishmongers' Hall.
———— Arms.
Law Institution, Chancery Lane.
Pontefract Castle.
Castle of Robert the Devil.
Cavern of Robert the Devil.
Cascade at Virginia Water.
Brighton in 1743.
Lady Chapel, St. Saviour, Southwark.
Three Views in the Zoological Gardens.
Entrance to the Botanic Garden, Manchester.
Tucopia, in the Southern Pacific Ocean.
Piercy Islands.
Seven Cuts of the Arbalest, or Cross-Bow.
Windsor Castle (N.E. View.)
Burial-place in Tongataba.
Ancient Bankside.
Two Cuts of Bull and Bear-baiting Theatres.
Lowther Arcade, West Strand
Beulah Saline Spa, Norwood.
Tomb of the poet, Waller.
Melrose Abbey.
Queen Anne's Spring, near Eton.
Swiss Cottage at the Colosseum.
Bay-Window at ditto.
Three Cuts of the Zoological Gardens.
"Happy Jerry."
St. Pancras (Old) Church.
Fire Temples in Persia.
Wilton Castle, on the Wye.
Skeleton of the Turkey.
Rhinoceros Bird.
Staines New Bridge.
Bamborough Castle.
The Alhambra, in Spain.
Palace of Charles V.
White-horned Arctic Owl.
Cock of the Plains.
Legs and Feet of Mountain Grouse.
Claw of Woodpecker.
Monkey Island.
Hampton-wick Chapel.
Brahmin Bull.
———— Shed.
Sir Thomas Fowler's Lodge, Islington.
Dunheved Castle.
Ancient Chimney Piece at Exeter.
Lord Cornwallis's Monument.

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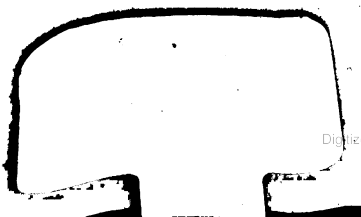

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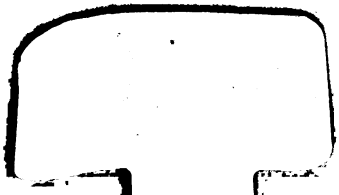

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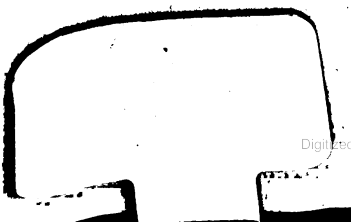

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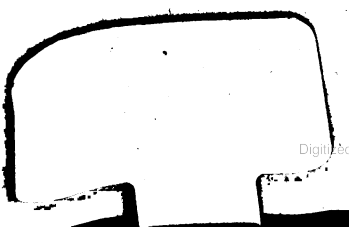
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